THE GENTILE SINNER.

OR,

ENGLAND's Brave

GENTLEMAN

CHARACTER'D

In a LETTER to a Friend:

BOTH

As he is, and what he should be.

By CLEM. ELLIS, M.A. late Fellow of Queens-Colledge, Oxon.

The Seventh Edition.

1 Cor. 1. 26. *Not many noble are called.*

—— Sanctus haberi
Justitiæque tenax, factis fidè que mereris?
Agnosco procerem. *Juv. Sat.* 8.

OXFORD,
Printed for *Ric. Davis*, and are to be Sold by *L. Meredith*, at the *Angel* in *Amen-Corner*, 1690.

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BOOK I.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL,

My Honoured Friends,

Sr. *PHILIP MUSGRAVE*,

Knight and Baronet;

AND

Sr. *GEORGE BENNION*, Kt.

The Author wishes all Grace, Health, and Honour here, and Happiness hereafter.

Right Worshipful,

YOU who have been so long time sharers both in the same great *Virtues*, and, for them, in the same great *Sufferings*: be pleased too, to share in this small tribute, for which I

have been long indebted to your Goodnesse. Your *Names*, I confesse, are either of them too great to stand in the front of so inconsiderable a paper as this wherewith I here present you, and might make a suitable *Frontispeice* to some far more excellent Tract. Whatever this be which begs your Candid acceptance, it may perhaps *need*, but I fear it *deserves* not, I am sure it does not now come abroad to *seek a Patron*. The reason why I address it to you, is an ambition I have, to bring the world better acquainted with so great a part of its own *Treasure*; and to make it know

ther

here be yet (after all these *reining times*) some such Worthy persons as *your selves*; whom even they, who are (to a *Christian staicism*) enemies to the present *world*, dare both *love* and *honour*. Were it my business to seek out an *instance* of the *genuine*, or a *pattern* whereby to correct the *spurious* and degenerate Gentleman, I should despair to fit my selfe better, then I may in *you*: in whom, after so many *killing* afflictions, the World may yet behold a true *Religion*, and *Loyalty* surviving your *fortunes*. I might well fear, should the *Reader* know you as well as *I*, his *expectation* by the view of

your prefixed *Names*, would be raised too much aboye the *contents* of the following *Letter*: and therefore I shall, no less out of *Charity* to mine own *Infirmities*, then from a due *Reverence* to that known *Modesty* which crowns your many other noted *Vertues*, forbear any further to display your *merits*: onely this I would have the World to know, and do beg you to beleive, that I shall ever be industrious to manifest my selfe

Right Worshipful,

Yours
In all Christian Services,

C. E.

To the READER.

This Formality *very much in fashion of late amongst writers, to complement the Reader, give him a view of his following* Entertainment, *in a large* Preface *to every little Pamphlet. I intend not to usher abroad this rude* Letter *in so great* State, *neither will I play the* Gentleman *so much as to tire out my* Reader *with feigned* Apologies *for that* Course *fare he is like to have anon. I am not without some of those* Common Sanctuaries, *wherein many writers can shroud themselves so secure from all* Censure; *but I dare not* pretend *to those I have not, and those I have I sleight.* Reader, *the plain truth is, the* Letter *is not now sent out, to prevent or decry any* surreptitious Copy: *neither meerly to satisfie the* importunity *of my* friends: *Nor yet am I willing so much to humour either thy* curiosity, *or the* common Vanity, *as to tell thee what* inducements *I had to this* Publication:

If what thou shalt here read, either concern *thee or not, I am sure* those *cannot.*

Perhaps thou art one of those, who may read their names *and* characters *in the former part of the following* Letter; *if so, it would be time and pains ill lost to talk with thee* now. *If thou canst be so much the* Master *of thy Passion, as to read thy selfe over herein with* Patience, *and without either* Oath *or* Curse, *for the* Paper *or its* Author; *I shall begin to hope there may be yet a* possibility *of a return to thy* self *and to my* God. *Till then, what ever cause thou hast to* carp *at the* Book, *or* revile *the* Author, *I am bold to tell thee, I have much more to* slight *thy* Speeches, *and* pitty *thy* Folly. *I* value *as little thy* Censure, *as I have reason to* envy *thy* conversation: *I* dread *as much thine* Applause, *as I* scorn *thy* Derision; *and this I do no less then I* abhor *thy* life, *or* pray *for thy* Conversion.

When thou art willing to understand *what may do thee* good, *it will be* seasonable *for me to say more, and tell thee, that if thou would'st be a* Gentleman, *there is a* Book *extant, which for that End, well deserves thy* Study, *and thy* Practice. *At present it is too noble a* Jewill *to be thrown to such a* Swine.

If

If the Courser *and more* homely *Diet I here offer thee, may beget in thee (though by loathing* it) *a liking to that far* richer Dish: *It will be* then *enough for my* Ambition, *as it is now too much for my* Hopes.

That most Singular piece of Impartiall Truth, *and unparallel'd* Ingenuity; *of most Cogent* Reason, *and Insinuating* Rhetorick; *of most sage* Advice, *and Religious* Instruction, *which abundantly commends it* selfe *to thy serious* perusall, *and its* Author (*were not his strange* Modesty *as much our* Enemy, *in Concealing his* Name, *as his* Piety *and* Ingenuity *our* Friends, *in discovering his* worth) *to thy intimate* acquaintance: It *beares for its* Title, *what thou by thy Practise labourest to prove a* Contradiction, THE GENTLEMANS CALLING: *This* Booke *would Certainly teach thee to be, didst thou not think thy selfe too wise to learn, all that becomes a* Christian Gentleman: *another* Practical piece *which for its* Excellency *is rationally supposed the work of the same* Pious *and* Ingenious *hand, would make thee, if used aright, a* Christian Man: I *meane that* Booke, *the* Title *whereof speaks much, yet no more then the* Contents *do verifie,* THE WHOLE DUTY OF

MAN. *Read those two soberly, and practise them constantly, and, though thou burn'st this paper thou shalt never perswade me, not to thinke thee a* Man, *a* Gentleman, *and a* Christian. *But if in some or other of thy* Mad Moods, *thou shalt* rage *and* foam *against what here I send thee, play the* Critick *upon it amidst thy* Pots, *or make it thy sport and merriment amongst those who cannot think themselves men except they be* Frolick *and* Jolly: *the* Paper *may suffer, and thou may'st spit in my* face; *but know, I have a* Christian name, *thou can'st not* stain: *and a* Charitable Intention, *thou canst as little vitiate, as thou hast hitherto deserved it.*

But if (Sir) *you be one of those brave* souls, *whose* Merits *are above their* Names; *whose* Honours *are not dumb* Idols, *neither their* Vertues shadows; *and yet vouchsafe to cast an eye upon this* flat *and* unstudy'd *piece of meer* Obedience: *Your* Candor *will save me the customary* Ceremony *of a long* Apology; *seeing I am assured you can sooner* pardon *an* Hundred *faults, then the other* find one: *your* Goodness *by a constant practise of all vertues being as much* augmented, *as his* Judgment *by an Endlesse succession of most sottish debaucheries is daily* Impared.

Who

Whosoever you be, who chance to hit upon this paper; let it suffice you to know, that it is but a Letter, *and that, an Imperfect birth after a* Fortnight's *labour. It had never ventured so far abroad, had not better eyes than the* Author's *directed it forth. The best on's is,* Censures *I regard not,* Frowns *I fear not,* Criticisms *I smile at, and* Derisions *I laugh at. The* Stile *('tis true) is rough, I had rather be* told of it, *then lose so much time as to smooth it: Many things are* Blunt *and* Flat, *it is my Humour, often to prefer a plain* truth, *before a Witty* Phancy: *The* Phraise *in many places is* tart *and provoking; I hope it will appear in all my Actions, that I study not to* please, *but* profit. Reader, *Call me what thou wilt,* Stoick, *or* Fool, *or* Clown, *or* Madman, *I am willing, with all my heart, to seem any, or all of these to reform a* Sinner. *If in any place thou think'st I deale uncivilly with thee, give me leave to aske thee—*where? *If in the* former *part, What busines hast thou there? Either thou art indeed a* man *there described: and then why art thou angry that I say the* truth? *Or else thou art one of the* Better *stamp; keep thee then in thine own place, and I am confident I shall do thee* right. *Art thou the*

true

true Gentleman? thou canst not so far mistake thy selfe, as to think the Characters of the False will fit thee: art thou the False? Thine own Confession quits me of the *Scandall*: And I hope thou wilt here find thy self so much in thine own colours, that thou wilt be so farre out of love with thy selfe, as to know the least commendation of thee could be no lesse then a flattery. If this little labour of mine may do thee good, it is therefore worthy of thine acceptance, and I bid thee heartily welcome: If thou seest nothing in it worth the reading, use thy freedome, I may lose my labour, neither thou nor I shall ever lose my Charity.

Instead of a longer Preface, I commend to thy reading the words of a Reverend Doctor, whose exemplary Piety, Learning, Judgment, Moderation, are sufficiently known to the greatest part of our English Nation.

Dr. SANDERSON in his Sermon on the 1 Cor. 7. 24.

As for our (meer or parcel) Gallants, who live in no setled course of life, but spend halfe the day in Sleeping, halfe the night in Gaming, and the rest of their

their time in other *pleasures* and *vanities*, to as little purpose as they can deviſe; as if they were born for nothing elſe but to eat, and drink, & ſnort, and ſport; who are ſpruce and trim as *the Lillies* (*Solomon in all his Royalty was not cloath'd like one of theſe.*) yet they neither *ſow*, nor *reap*, nor carry into *Barn*; they neither *labour*, nor *ſpin*; nor do any thing elſe for the good of humane ſociety: Let them know there is not the *pooreſt Contemptible* Creature, that cryeth *Oyſters* and *Kitchin-ſtuff* in the *ſtreets*, but deſerveth his bread better then they; and his courſe of life is of better eſteem with God, and every ſober wiſe man, than theirs. A *Horſe*, that is neither good for *the wag*, nor *the cart*, nor *the race*, nor *the wars*, nor any other *ſervice*, let him be of never ſo good a breed, never ſo well marked and ſhaped, yet he is but a *Jade*: his Maſter ſeeth no more by him, thinketh his meat ill beſtowed on him; every man will ſay, better knock him on the head than keep him; his *skin*, though not much worth, is yet better worth then the whole *beaſt* beſides.

Conſider this, you that are of *Noble* and *Generous* birth. Look upon *the Rock*, whence you were hewen, and to the pit whence you were digged. Search your *Pedigrees*; Collect the ſcattered *Monuments* and *Hiſtories*, of your *Anceſtors*; and obſerve by what ſteps your worthy *Progenitors* raiſed their houſes to the height of *Gentry* and *Nobility*. Scarce ſhall you find a man of them, that gave any acceſſion, or brought any eminency to his houſe, but either ſerving in the *Camp*, or ſweating at *the Bar*, or waiting at the *Court*, or adventuring on the *Seas* or trucking in *his Shop*, or ſome other way induſtriouſly

beſtirring

bestirring himself in some settled *Calling*, and Course of life. You *usurp* their *Arms*, if you *inherit* not their *Virtues*, and those *Ensignes* of *Honour* and *Gentry* which they by industry atchieved, fit no otherwise upon your shoulders, than as rich *trappings* upon *Asses backs*, which serve but to render the poor beast more ridiculous. If you by brutish sensuality, and spending your time in swinish luxury, *stain* the *colours*, and *embase* the *mettals* of those badges of your *Gentry* and *Nobility*, which you claim by descent: think when we *worship* or *honour* you, we do but flout you; and know, the *titles* we in Courtesie give you, we bestow upon their memories, whose degenerate off-spring you are, and whose *Armes* you unworthily bear; and they do no more belong to you, then the reverence the good man did to *Isis*; belong'd to the *Asse* that carry'd *her Image*.

The

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THE

THE GENTILE SINNER, OR, England's *Brave Gentleman*.

Honoured Sir,

I Am very much indebted to Your most obliged *Goodnesse*, for that great and undeserved *Freedom*, you were pleased to allow me in our last *Discourse*: And I am so *Confident* to meet with the same *Goodnesse* still, that I shall not *fear* to express so great a *Boldnesse* in these following lines.

With *Gentlemen*, I very much love to be talking of *Gentlemen*; with him that is a *Gentleman indeed*, that in *his* language (for in *better*, I am sure, I cannot) I may learne how to shame his *Counterfeit*, and with *him* too, who has no more then the bare

bare *Name*, that I may thereby get an opportunity of proposing to him something better then *himselfe*, as a fit object of his *Love* and *Imitation*. I confesse I am often apt, more then well becomes me, in the presence of *Persons* of your *Quality*, to inveigh somewhat *Satyrically* against such as this *wanton Age* of the World loves to *miscall* by so good a name; which might give any man of lesse *Candor* and *Courtesie* then *Your selfe* (Sir) a just occasion of judging me more *Bold* then *Wise*. What your *resentments* were of my last *unponder'd* expressions, I know not; But if in any of them I gave *offence*, I dare hope you will make your late *Commands* pass for my *Sentence*, and let this *prosecution* of that too *Inconsiderate* discourse (I beseech you) serve for my *penance*.

You were pleased to require a Summary of my thoughts, concerning our *present English Gentlemen*, both to what he *is*, and what he *should be*. I must not tax you of *Indiscretion*, by telling you how *ill* you have placed your *Commands*; and therefore I shall rather choose to shew you your *Charitable mistake*, by my *ready Obedience*, then

by

by an *unſeaſonable modeſty ſeem* to queſtion your *judgment*: The *task* enjoyn'd me is in it ſelfe ſo *odius*, that nothing *leſs* then that *higheſt* reſpect I have for the worthy *impoſer*, could make it *welcome*; and it carries ſo great a *diſproportion* to my *weaker Faculties*, that nothing but *too* great an *affection* in you (Sir) could make it appear *poſſible*. To tell you, what the *Gentleman is*, requires an *experience*; and to ſay what he *ſhould be*, muſt ſuppoſe a *Breeding* far above mine.

If by the *Gentleman*, you mean *him* whoſe *real virtues* are ſuch as have indeed *merited* him the name: I could go a very compendious way to work, and ſhew you him in as fair a piece as *virtue* can *draw*, or the *World imitate*, by directing your eye to that object, which *beſt* deſerves it: You muſt needs know *your ſelf* too well, (Sir) to be *ignorant* whom I mean. But for the *other*, whom we then took the *boldneſs* to talk of, you cannot, I hope, imagine, that one ſo little acquainted with the preſent *Garbs* and *Modes* of the world, as without *bluſhing* I dare confeſſe my ſelfe to be, ſhould be able to preſent you with

with his perfect *portraiture*.

To be short, Sir, *You* are too *well* acquainted with the *true Gentleman*, to think you shall ever read him any where better discribed then you find him *at home*: and I am too *little* acquainted with his *counterfeit*, to presume I may be able to give you an exact *Character* of him, till I use to go more, then I hope in hast I shall do, *abroad*. However, I had rather betray my *Ignorance* of what I could never yet esteem well *worth* my knowledge, then the least *disrespect* to a *Person*, whose long experienced *Goodness* hath abundantly merited the best of my *services*. Such a *prospect* therefore as I could have of him, whilest *immured* up within the *narrow* compass of a *Darke* Study, I shall make bold to lay open before your eye; and, in as *plain English* as I can, tell you what I think both of the *Man* and his *shadow*.

But before I begin to describe him, I find it necessary for me to premise unto you this *cautious request*. That you would be pleased to believe I do not *make*, nor take *pleasure* to *see*, those *wounds*, which *you* have perswaded me to *uncover*; for

I cannot but foreſee too many of them, through *Imprudence* and *Negligence*, ſo altogether *feaſter'd* and *Nauſeous*, that as they will try your *patience* to behold them, ſo will they even *dare* your *faith* to *believe* them: and this I ſhall further beg of you, that ſeeing to ſerve you I am *forced* to take the *Libertie* of a more *open*, and ſometimes *biting* expreſſion; you would not debar me of the *Priviledge* of an *Impartiall*, yet *friendly*, *Cenſurer*; one who had much rather *loſe* a *friend*, then *tolerate* a *fault*: Or the *beneficial Severitie* of a *Faithfull Chirurgion*, who is allow'd often to make the *ſmart* the fore-runner of the *Cure*, and is excuſable, though ſometimes he ſeem ſo hard-harted as to *diſregard* the *lamentable* out-cries, and moſt moving groans of his *afflicted* Patient, not ſparing his *Probe*, till he have throughly ſearch'd the *wound*.

I muſt in good Earneſt tell the *Gentleman*, how much my *Pitty* and *Commiſeration* outgo my *Reprehenſions* and *reproofs*: And that my *hearty prayers* both now *are*, and ever *ſhall be*, much more *for* him, then my *unpleaſing Invectives* can be *againſt* him

him. The *latter* are onely sent out to *invite* him to take some *knowledge* and *compassion* of himselfe. But the *former* ascend as high as Heaven to implore Gods *Mercy* and *Pitty* towards him. For I know it, (let him entertain as *flattering* thoughts as he will of himselfe) the *world* has not had since the fall of *Adam*, a more *miserable* Spectacle, than this poor wretched *Leaper*, the *debauched* Gentleman: who doubtlesse, were he not so *complacently* accessary to his own *Misery*, so *obstinately* bent upon, and *solicitously* studious of his own *overthrow*, would be no ofner *beheld* than *pitied*.

But seeing his dayly *practice* perswades me, that his main *industry* is a *design* to *ruine* himselfe, his constant *Profession* an open *defiance* to his *Happiness*; seeing his chiefe *delight* seems to be placed in *looking* upon his own *sores*, and his continual *studie* is how to *increase* them: Seeing he esteems nothing so *dangerous* as *real goodness*, and every day proclaims open *Hostilitie* against whatever shall bring along with it that *unwelcome charitie* of preserving him from *Hell*: seeing he labours

bours to expresse a deadly *feud* betwixt *himselfe* and his owne *soule*, and dreads no *torments* so much as the *joyes* of *Heaven*, seeing the *businesse* of his whole life is to *spoyle* a *Gentleman*; Without all doubt, the *safest* way now to *be* his *friend* is to *seeme* his *enemie*, the readiest meanes of *making* the *Christian*, is to *vex* the *Gentleman*, and the hopefullest method of *healing* his *sores*, is first to *search* them till they *smart*. There's no way to deale with a man in a *Swoone*, but to pinch him by the nose, and to *dash* cold water in his face; when he is thus brought to *himselfe*, he may be capable of a *Cordiall*: Thus indeed must we be constrained to deale with the *Gentleman*, who is not only voyd of all *spirituall life*, but even of all *common sense*: We must handle him a little more *roughly*, then what he will think *civilitie*, that so we may at length *force* him to open his eyes, to see how much he is *mistaken* in what *he calls* so. If after all this he will persist to call mee his *enemie*, I shall onely professe my *sorrow* for *this*, that he has *lost* the benefit *intended* him by my *paines*: Not at all that I have missed the *reward* of his *commendation* and *thankes*;

thankes, these I shall then *first* be ambitious of enjoying, when I shall be assured that he is so much become a *New man*, that I need not feare his *Commendations* may prove *Scandalls*, or his *thanks reproaches*. Till then here he has my *Confession*, I am his utter *Enemie*: and let him take my *Resolution* too along with it, so I am resolved to *continue* till I can see him, more then yet he is, his owne *friend*. *Then*, I am sure, he will without a prompter acknowledge, that thus to *appeare* his *Enemy* was the *onely* way *he* had left me to *befriend* him.

With this *resolution* (Sir) and *Confidence* I shall venture, *first* to give you a short *Character* of him, as it stands legible in his common *practise* and *Conversation*; where that he may not have so much as a *pretence* to be *angry*, I shall onely write after that *Copy* himselfe has set mee, and lets *lye* every where *wide open* to the *view* of the *world*. And having done this, I shall, in a very few words characterize the *man* I would see, and tell you what I *suppose* you *know*, God *Expects*, and his owne Name and profession do *witness* he ought to be.

SECT.

SECT. I.

The Gallant.

TO give you my sense of the *Gentleman* in a word, He is, *I know not what*. I no sooner cast my eye upon him, but (alas) I see too little to *love*, enough to *Pitty*, more to *abhor*, and in all too much to be *expressed*. 'Tis usuall with us to call *man* a *little world*, and truly the *Gentleman* may well be compared to that which is more ancient, the *Old Chaos*, when the *numerous* parts of this larger *world*, lay confusedly therein intermixed and jumbled together, without *Forme* or *Order*: before the Omnipotent *Wisdome* of the Great God had created any such thing here below as *Method* or *Beauty*: such an undigested *Masse* and *Heap* of *every thing*, have wee here met withall, and nothing *perfect*: Onely herein the *Similitude* failes, for *supposing* such an unformed heap, yet had there been nothing therein but what were to be confessed the

 works

worke of God's hands, and therefore *very good*: But *here* (alas) is almost nothing left that God created, but every thing so altogether *evill*, that hardly so much of that we call *goodness* appears, as a bare *possibilitie* of becoming so.

Sect. 1. *His Name.*

If there be such a *Sin* in the *abuse* of words as some do think there is: and if it be true that a great part of this *abuse* lies in giving *Names* unto things, *contrary* to their *Natures*, never was there a greater errour of this kind committed then here, for never Honest *name* was more abused, then this of *Gentleman*: indeed it is to be feared, that having been so long *misapplied*, it will at last finde the like hard measure, with those other once more *Honest* Names of *Tyrant* and *Sophister*; and from a *Title* of *Honour* degenerate into a *terme* of the greatest disgrace and infamy. It is indeed already made to be of no better a signification then this, to denote a Person of a *Licentious* and an *unbridled* life: for though it be as 'tis used, a word of a very

uncertaine

uncertaine and *equivocal* sound, and given at Random to persons of far *different*, nay *contrary* both *humours*, *descents*, and *merits*: yet if we look upon *him* that in this sad age comes first in play, and carries both the *Feather* and the *Bell*, as the *first Horse* in the *Team*, away from all the rest: a *Gentleman* must be thought onely such a man, as may, without *controle*, do what he *lists*, and sin with *applause*: One that esteems it *base*, and *ungentile*, to *fear* a God, to *own* a Law, or *Practise* a Religion: One who has studied to bring *Sin* so much into *fashion*, and with so much unhappy *Success*, that he is now accounted a *Clown* that is not *prond* to be thought a *Sinner*; and he is as ridiculous as an *Antick*, who will not, without all *scruple*, proclaim himself an *Atheist*.

Some of the *wisest* in the present world, have of a long time, (ashamed, I suppose, to be known by the *same* name with such a *Monster*) thought it more fit to call him *Spark*, or *Raunter*: and indeed the *former* Name carries so much of the *Fire* of Hell in the *signification*, the *other* so much of the *noise* of Hell in the *sound*, as may *almost*

suit with the *Gentlemans* Actions. But the *proudest* vice is ashamed to wear its *own* face long: Nor dare I believe the *Devil* to be much in love with his *own* Name; I am sure *neither* is willing to be thought such as intruth they are; but *wickedness* has worn *virtues mask* quite thread-bare; and *Satan* hath so often appeared like an *Angel of Light*, that 'tis now evident, he is not enamoured of his *own Form*. And thus had the *Gentleman* too, rather *deserve* then *wear* the Devils *Livery* though he be willing enough to be the *man*, yet he abhors the *Name*. Thus he thinks *virtue* and *vice*, like his *Honour* and *Reputation*, no more, but the *creatures* of *Popular breath*, and that his eternal *Happiness* (as his Temporal *Estate*) is entailed upon the *bare Name* alone, and by little alteration of *that*, he may (when he pleases) translate his *Title* from *Hell* to *Heaven*: So fondly Solicitous he is (that I may use his own Language) to *Trapan* his own *Soul*, and by the Lamentable *Imposture* of a *Borrowed* Name *cheat* her out of a most Glorious Inheritance.

Hence he endeavours a little more to

Civilize

Civilize the Title, and calls himselfe in a more *pleasing* language *Gallant*. In this he is apt to Phancy *charme* enough to bring even *Heaven* it selfe *in love* with him; and make it, as the *trees* did *Orpheus* to *follow* him whithersoever he goeth: and certainly so it must; and with some speed too, or he shall never see it, seeing he is alway *running*, as fast as he can, the quite *contrary* way. But, alas, this is all he is like to *gain* by the pitiful *exchange* (that whereas the ungrateful *sound* of the *former* names did so startle the *Devil*, that he was ready to quit his habitation, either as jealous of a *Rivall* in the very words, or else afraid of a *Discoverie*, hearing his own *names* become so *common*, he is now bribed to stay by the *Flatterie* of this *latter*, and securely *Lodges* in the *Gallant's* breast, without the least fear of disturbance.

But seeing the *Gallant* is so great a lover of *New Names*, I hope he will not be troubled, if I make bold to adde *one* more, and call him with no lesse *reason*, but in more *words*, *The Devils Ghost*. For whilest *Sathan* is put to a large *expence* of *time* and *Pains* to Haunt and Seduce *others*

Here he meets with *one* not halfe so *coy*, but such an one as by his *unseasonable* kindnes, seems to be a *trouble* rather, to the very *Fiend*, by *haunting* the *Devil*. And doubtles, if he go but one halfe so fast a while longer, as he has done of late years, he will *tire* and *puzzle* the whole numerous *Hoſt of Hell*, to invent *varieties* of *objects* answerable to *that* of his *Humour*.

To speak him out a little more plainly, our *English Gentleman*, as now a dayes we commonly meet him, is such a *strange* kind of *thing*, that no *one* name will fit him. Such an *Heterogeneous* foule he is, that no les then a *Combination* of all the *vices* in the World, must be summoned in to make up a *Partial Deſcription* of him: Of an *Eſſential Definition* I dare hardly think him capable, leaſt thereby granting him a *compleat Eſſence*, I should be forced, at leaſt in a *Metaphyſical* Notion, to call him *Good*. *Good-man* is a title he hath ever much ſcorned, and it is that which (if yet his *pride* will afford him any) he very truly thinks the fitteſt *compellation* for the poor honeſt *Labourer*. The ſame he will ſometimes,

times vouchsafe to bestow upon those few *Tenants* his *prodigality* has *spared* him. Such a *complicacie* of *evils* goes to his *constitution*, that ere we shall be able to fit him with a *name*, we must borrow it from *Sathan* himselfe, and call him *Legion*. As sin and *vanity* make up his very *Essence*; so can nothing but *wonder* and *shame* compose *his Character*.

Sect. 2. *His Nature in general.*

You have heard his *name*, and now take a farther *Generall* discription of him thus. The *Gallant* is a pretty, neat, Phantasticall *out side* of a *Man*, and if you dare alway believe your eye, 'tis not unlikely you may (now and then) be so much *deceived*, as to thinke him *something*. But a true *man* you can never imagine him, he hath too long agoe shaked hands with his *Reason*, and now counts it the greatest degree of *baseneſſe* in the world, to live what *Nature* made him, or to seeme beholding for any thing unto ought, but his owne *Humour*.

He is a well-digested *bundle* of most

coſtly vanities, and he is evermore tumbling up and downe the ſtreets to gather more of that ſame *Chargeable dirt*: as if he ſhould have enough to excuſe his ſinne, when he can at once ſay, it is both *glorious* and *coſtly*. You may call him a *Volume* of *Methodical Erratae* bound up in a *gilt cover*, and his onely commendation is this, that his *diſorders* ſeeme to be *orderly*, and his *Errours* not *Caſuall* but *Studied* and he can tell how to *ſinne* moſt *ingeniouſly*. He is a *curiouſly* wrought *Cabinet* full of *Shells*, and other *Trumperie*, which were much better quite *empty*, then ſo emptily *full*. He is a piece of ordinary *clay* ſtuck round with *Briſtoll Diamonds*, pretty ſparkling things, which for a time might perhaps make a *gay ſhow* in a *fool's cap*, or on a *Dunghill*, but in a *Lapidarie's ſhop*, amongſt *true* ſtones, have onely ſo much *luſtre* left, as will prove themſelves to be but *counterfeit*. Such a ſilly *Glow worme* may looke like a little *Star* in the *Darke*, but its *Splendour* is alwayes ſure to be *benighted* with the *Riſing Sun*. 'Tis no ſmall advantage for this fine *Sir* to live in this *Night* of the world, where that very *darkneſſe* of *ignorance*

rance which *obſcures* the great virtues of ſo many good men, is the onely thing that makes his *wild fires* ſo *viſible* as to be taken notice of. He is the *Rich Scabbard* of a *Leaden Spirit*, and that very *dulneſs* of mettal, makes him endure ſo long in the world, whileſt the *keener* zeal of *nobler* Souls, ſoon makes their way for them through the *Scabbard* into *Heaven*. I do heartily wiſh he would give us no reaſon to call him, The *painted Sepulchre* of a *Soule Dead and rotten in treſpaſſes and Sins*: If this Compariſon will ever fit any man that is no *Hypocrite*, certainly 'tis the *Swaggering Gentleman*.

He is a *mans skin* full of *prophaneſs*, a *Paradiſe* full of *weeds*, an *Heaven* full of *Devils*, or *Sathans Bedchamber* too richly hung with *Arras* of God's own making: ſuch an *Excellencie* would he faine hold in the *baſeſt Iniquity*. He can be thought no better than a *Promethean* Man, at beſt but a lump of *animated dirt* kneaded into *Humane ſhape*, and if he have any ſuch thing as a *Soule* (which he ſhall hardly be able to perſwade any man to believe that ſees how little *care* he takes to *ſave* it)

it seems to be *patch'd* up of *vice* and *Bravery*.

If you would come acquainted with his *pedigree*, let *Sin* be your *Herald*, and it will be sufficient to tell you, he was the *Son* of an *Offender*. His very *name's* enough to *blast* the *Nobility* of all that went before him, and to breath a perpetual *disgrace* upon the sleeping ashes of his worthy *Progenitors*. There may be some *question* made, whether he needs *fear* going into *Hell* or no at his *death*, because he has been so well *acquainted* with it in his *life time*; whether if he have not leave every day to take his full *Cariere*, he thinks his *Soul* bereav'd of her *Christian Liberty*, as if he had no other way left him of imitating the blessed *Saviour* of mankind, but by often *descending into Hell*. O what a piece of *Gallantry* it is now a days for a man to *give* his *Soul* to the *Devil* in a *Frolick*! It is the part of a *Gentleman* to out-brave *Damnation*, and not to be daunted with the thoughts of a future *Judgement*: A retreat into *Sobriety* would betray such an *Effemenacy* of spirit, as might argue him in love with a *Religion*, and make the world

believe

believe he were such a *Coward* as might be *Frighted* into *Piety*. Every *petty* sinner can *out-face* an *Earthly*, he I do his best to *out-vapour* an *Heavenly* Tribunal; and make it appear unto all, that a *Gentleman* has a *spirit*, dares go to *Hell*, before he will be said to *fear* it. Indeed *he* alone seems to have the art of turning *Nature* upside down, and will onely be a perfect *man* at the *Pap*, when he is *weaned* he gives both his *humanity* and *Innocency* to his *Nurse* for her *wages*, I am sure he is *rarely*, if *ever*, after that time, seen to have *either* about him. In short, the *Gentleman* is nothing that he *should* be: His whole *life* is a flat *Contradiction* to his *duty*: His constant *study* is to teach his *Body* how to put *affronts* upon his *Soul*, and to give him the *ly* who dare tell him there are any *hopes* it may be *saved*: He laughs at him that tells him there is any other *Heaven* then that of his own *creating*; any other *happiness* besides his *pleasures*, or an *Hell* diverse from that which *Christianity* has objected to the *Cowards Phancy*. He has the *Courage* to be *any* thing but *what he should* be, an *honest man*, or a *good Christian*.

Sect. 3.

§. 3. *His Calling or Imployment.*

The *Gallants* General *Calling* and *Employment* is, to ſcorn all *buſineſs*, but the Study of the *Modes* and *Vices* of the times: and herein he ſpares not to rack his *brains* and rob his *ſoule* as much of her *Naturall* as her *ſpirituall* reſt, to ſupply the *wanton* world with *variety* of Inventions. He takes an eſpeciall care that nothing may ever appear *old* about him, but the *old Man of ſin*, and him he every day expoſes to Publick view in a *ſeveral Dreſs*, that (if it be poſſible) he may perſwade the world to believe that all *there* is *New* too. Indeed ſo *miſerably* happy is he in *Inventions* of this ſinful Nature, that any man, who had not a *ſpirituall* eye, to diſcerne the ſame *Proud* and *Luxurious Devil* in all his Actions, would almoſt think he had a *new Nature* as well as a *new Suite* for every day throughout the Year.

Thus he that thinkes it ſo much *below* him, to be reckon'd amongſt the *Labourers* in Gods *Houſe* or *Vineyard*, and diſdaines to receive his *Penny*, with thoſe he

ſhould

ſhould call his brethren, either as a *Reward* or a *Gratuitie*: but ſeems rather to expect it as a *Debt*, or *Portion* due by *Inheritance*: Yet is he content to ſit all day long in *Sathan's Shop*, one of his Slaviſh *Prentices* or *Journy-men*, who feeds him with courſe and *Emptie Huske* here, and will reward him with an *Hell-full* of torments for *his labour* hereafter.

He is all but a *Proud* and *Gliſtering Maſſe* of *ſwaggering idleneſſe* and he makes it his chiefe Study to Demonſtrate to the world, how many ſeveral wayes *Idleneſſe* has found out to be *buſie*. He takes this for granted (as well he may) that he is not *Idle* but *Dead* that does juſt *nothing*. It is his task ever to be doing, *nothing* to a *Good*, but much to a *Bad* or no purpoſe. Though he may often ſeem to ſit *ſtill*, and not to *move* ſo much as a little finger, yet even *then* is his *ſoule* cloſe at *worke*. plotting and Contriving how he may for the time to come be moſt *plauſibly Idle*. He acts ſo little for the *publick Good*, as if he were afraid he ſhould be thought a *Member* of *Mankind*, or as if the only *buſineſſe* God intended him

we.e

were but to take care, that he continue *breathing*. He lives indeed as if he meant to prove, that God Almighty had *made* him to no other *end* but this, to ſhow the world that he could make *ſomething* whereof he had no *need* when *made*; as if whileſt he created *other* men for *uſe* and *ſervice*, he intended *him* only as *Artiſts* do ſome of their *neateſt* but *ſlighteſt* pieces of work to ſtand upon a ſtall, *or* hang out upon a *ſign* at the Shop-windows, to ſhow *paſſengers* with what the *Shop* is furniſh'd within. Or if you will, you may look upon him as upon the *painted ſign* of a *Man hung up in the Aire*, onely to be *toſs'd* to and fro, with every wind of *Temptation* and *Vanitie*. Such a vain *ſhadow* or *picture* is he, that were there no more but himſelfe I ſhould take the boldneſſe to Affirm there were no ſuch *Creature* as a *Man* in the world.

To me he ſeems of no more worth then a piece of *Out-caſt Iron*, lying *uſeleſſe* upon the face of the Earth, till his *Soul* be even *eaten* away with *Ruſt* and *Sloath*. *God* made him a *Man*, but to prove *himſelfe* his own *God* by a *ſecond Creation*, he endeavours

vours to *make* himself a *Brute*, nay a senseless *Carkess* that only *Cumbers* the *Earth*, & is fit for nothing but to *dung* the ground it lyes upon, and *stink* in the Nostrils of the most high. If ever he *sweat*, it is in pursuit of a *feather*, at his *play* and *sport*, in *running* away from his *Worke*, and in the *chase* after his *Ease*: And yet even in *that* he can never *rest*, this indeed being the Natural fruit of *Idleness*, that it makes the *sluggard* weary, not onely of whatsoever he *doth*, but even of *Idleness* it self.

§. 4. *His Education and Breeding.*

So soon as his *Age* is capable of *Instruction* and *Discipline* he is sent to *School*, or rather by reason of too great an Indulgence in his fond Parents, the *School* is brought *home* to him; where if the foolish *Mother* do not more awe the *School-master* then *he* his *Scholar*, the *Rod* and an *empty purse* together do for a while preserve him *himself*: But it shall not be long, ere he find room enough *abroad* in the world, wherein he may *lose* himselfe again. Yet truly

truly it is a great rarity in this Age, to see the earlieſt *Morning* of *Youth*, unclouded by the *fumes* and vapours of *luſt*. It being too uſual a thing with the *debauch'd father* to make his *child*, as we uſe to ſay, over early his *Fathers own Son*.

Moſt *Gentlemen* ſeem to make it a ſpecial piece of their *fatherly* care to ſtave off their *Children* as long as they can from *Virtue* and *Religion*, leſt therein reſembling *better men* then their *Fathers*, ſome might take occaſion to thinke them *ſpurious*. To infuſe ſo early into the *Young child* the *graver* Notions of God and Goodneſs, were to make him *Old* before his time, and theſe would looke no better then ſo many *wrinkles* and *furrowes* in the *freſh* cheeks of an *Infant*: alas, what were this but an *unſpiriting* of the *child*, and laying an unſeaſonable *Damp* upon the comely *ſprightfulneſs* of *Youth*? 'Tis fit he ſhould be man'd up by *bold* and daring exerciſes, and as men uſe their *Hounds*, be *blooded* now when he is young. *Divinity* and *Morality* are ſuppoſed too much to *molify* & *emaſculate* the brave Soule of a *Young Gentleman*, and make it of too *ſoft* and *facile* a temper

temper for *Noble* and *Generous* actions. To instruct him how *hereafter* he should manfully resist his *enemies*, he shall *first* be taught to fight against *God* and *Goodnesse*. It is indeed most lamentable to consider how very few of those we call *Gentlemen* endeavour to make their *Children* either *honest-men* or *good Christians*: as if it were their only *businesse* to *beget* them, and when they are come into the world, to *teach* them by their own *example*, how they may most *unprofitably* spend the short *leavings* of their own *Luxurie*. Thus at their *death* they leave them *doubly* Miserable in bequeathing them, *first*, little to live upon, and *secondly*, many ways to spend it; Indeed the greatest *Charitie* and *Providence* in such *Prodigal parents*, were either *not* to beget Children *at all*, or to beget them *meer beggars*, that so they might not *give* them, with their *estates* so many unhappy *opportunities* of becoming altogether as *bad* as themselves.

But the *Hopeful Youth* must be a *Gentleman*, and in all hast he must be sent to see the *University* or *Inns* of *Court*; and that before he well knowes what it is to go to *School*. Whither he comes, not to get

Learning

Learning or *Religion*, but for *breeding*, that is to enable himself hereafter to *talke* of the *Customes* and *Fashions* of the place. Here he gets him a *Tutor*, and keeps him (as he doth all things else) for *Fashion* sake. Such an one who may serve at least as *poor Boyes* do in some *Princes* Courts to *sustaine* the blame of the *Young Gentlemans* miscarriages, and whom the *Father* may *chide* and beate when the *Son* is found in a *fault*: Indeed this care is taken for the good *Tutor* that if his *Scholar* chance to returne *home* (as too seldome he does) with either *Scholarship* or *Pietie*, he shall then have the *credit* or *discredit* (call it which you will) of *making* the *Scholar*, or *spoiling* the *Gentleman*: seeing his *Parents* had taken order he should bring *neither* of the two along with him. Here perhaps he is permitted to continue a *year* or *two* if he have no *Mother* upon whom he must bestow at least *three* parts of that time in *visits*, else his *Father* knows not well where he may with more *credit* loose so much good *time*, or if it may be, afraid it will be a greater *trouble* to keep him at *home*. In this time he will, in all probability, have *learn'd*

arn'd how to make a choice of his *boon* *ompanions*, how to *raile* at the *Statutes* nd break all good *Orders*; How to wear *Gaudie Suite*, and a *Torn Gown*. To *urse* his *Tutor* by the name of *Baal*, *riest*, and to sell more books in halfe an *our*, then he had bought him in a *year*: o *forget* the *second* year what perhaps or *want* of *acquaintance* with the *Vices* of *e place* he was forced for a *Passe-time* to *arn* in the *first*, and then he thinks he has *arning* enough for *him* and his *heirs* for e- er.

And now that he may be able to *main-* *ine* his *title* to so wretched an *estate*, it is me he should be hastned away to some *me of Court* there to study the *Law* as e did the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences* in the *olledge*. Here his *pretence* is to *study* and *llow* the Law, but it's his *Resolution* never *know* or *obey* it: If in any measure he apply himselfe to it, it is this one *end*, at he may know how to *plead* for him- lfe when he *breakes* it: or to attain at last so much more *Law* then *Honesty*, as to *zen* him that has more *Honesty* than *aw*. Here indeed he learns to be (in his

his Notion of the Man) somewhat more *Gentleman* then before, having now t*Mock-happineſſe* of a *Licentious* life, and *Manumiſſion* from the *Tyranny* (as he ter it.) of a *School-maſter* and *Tutor*: this reckons the happy *Year* of his *Enfranchi ment* and in *Commemoration* whereof h whole *life time* is to be one continued *d* of *rejoycing*. From this time forward he ſolves to be a *Gentleman* indeed, and no begins to clear himſelfe from all *ſuſpicion Goodneſſe*, which *conſtraint* and *feare* ma ſome believe there was a *Poſſibility of* b fore.

§. 5. *His Habit and Garb.*

As his *condition of life* ſeems now to *New*, ſo does he endeavour that *all* ſho appear *New* about him, except his *vic* and his *Religion*; He is too much in *lo* with *thoſe*, to *change* them, and the *latter* cannot *change*, becauſe he never *had* an *Pride* and *Wantonniſſe* have a very *rare* a *readie* invention: here's a *New Garb*, Ne *Cloathes*, and a New *Bodie* too, O could but once get him a *New Soul*, or no *So*

e might be thought *happy*. When you ook upon his *Apparell*, you will be apt to ay, he wears his *Heaven* upon his *back*; nd truly ('tis too much to be fear'd) here you ſee as much of it, as he ever all. He is trick'd up in *Gauderies*, as if he ad reſolved to make his *Body* a *Lure* for he *Devil*, and with this *Bravery* would ake a *baite* ſhould *tempt* the *Tempter* to all in *love* with him. He lookes as if he had *evented* our firſt *Mother* in ſinning, and anting *patience* to *ſtay* for the *fruit*, had luck'd the very *bloſſomes*, and now wore hem about him for *Ornaments*. His *Suite* ems to be *made* of *Lace* or *Ribbon trim'd* ith *Cloath*. By his *variety* of *Faſhions* he oes nigh to cheat his *Creditors*, who for his reaſon dare never ſwear him to be he *ſame* man they formerly had to deale ithall. His *Mercer* may very well be raid to loſe him in a *Labyrinth* of his *wn* Cloth, which yet *ſits* or *hangs* (ſhall ſay) for the moſt part ſo *looſely* about im, as if it were ever ready to *fly* away or fear of the *Searjeant*. Alas, how often he proud of a *Feather* in his *Hat*, which filly *Bird* was but a while ago *weary* of

carrying

carrying in her *tayle*? Do but take him in that condition wherein you may commonly be ſure to find him, he will make a compleat *walking Tavern*. His *head* and *Feather* will ſerve both for *ſign* and *Buſh*.

If you obſerve but a little his ſtrange *Garbe* and *Behaviour*, either *that* wherein he walkes the *ſtreets*, or that other more *ſet* and *affected* one reſerved for his *forme* of *Complement*, you would conclude he were going to ſhow *Tricks*; I am ſure he wants nothing but a *ſtage* erected for the purpoſe. He takes as much care and paine to *new-mould* his *Body* at the *Dancing-ſchool*, as if the onely *ſhame* he fear'd were the retaining of that *Forme* which *God* and *Nature* gave him. Sometimes he walks as if he went in a *Frame*, again, as if both head and every member of him *turned* upon *Hinges*. Every ſtep he takes preſents you with a perfect *Puppit-play*. And *Rome* it ſelfe could not in an *Age* have ſhowne you more *Antiques* then one of our *Gentlemen* is able to imitate in *halfe* an hour: whoſe whole *life* is indeed no other then one *ſtudied* imitation of all the *vanities* imaginable; and by his daily practice, a man would

gueſs

neſs there could be no ſuch ready way invented of becoming a *Gentleman*, as to *degenerate* firſt into that *Beaſt*, which now, if ever, is moſt like a man, an *Ape*. Such an *dishonourable* creature has he made *himſelfe*, who accounts it below him to be numberr'd among the *ordinary* ſort of *men*.

§. 6. *His Language and Diſcourſe.*

His *Language* and *Diſcourſe* are altogether ſuitable to his *Habit* and *Garbe*; all *affected* and *Apiſh*, but indeed for the moſt part much more *vile*, *ſinfull*, and *Abominable*. When it is moſt *Innocent*, then is it *idle* and *Light*, and then moſt *quaint* and *Rhetorical*, when *Drolling* and *Prophane*. Although he make it his whole buſineſs whenſoever he *dares* to be *Bookiſh* (which indeed he dreads as much as any thing but to be Good) to furniſh himſelfe with an *Eligant* and *Courtlike expreſſion*; yet will all but amount to this at moſt, that ſometimes he may be *able* to talke well, and ſhow us how much he is a better *Speaker* than a *man*: That he ſhall be able to *carve* out his *Language* into ſome of the moſt

moſt *Modiſh* and *Diſſembling Complement*
and to *Interlard* an affected diſcourſe, with
many an *Impertinent Parentheſis*. And then
amidſt all this his *Time-obſerving* hand and
foot do ſo *point*, *accent*, & *adorn* all with Cu-
rious and Phantaſtick *flouriſhes*, that his
words are often as much *loſt* in his *Actions*
as his *ſence* in his *words*.

A piece of *noiſy Bombaſt* denominates
him one of the great *Wits*, where the
ſubſtance of his diſcourſe (if it have any) is
dreſs'd up in ſo *rude* and *Antique* a forme
that *ſtaring* (as it were) the hearer in his
face, it goes nigh to *ſcare* him out of his
Wits.

If *Don Quixot* or ſome *Romance* more
in Faſhion, can but furniſh him with a few
New-coyn'd words, and an *Idle tale* or two
to make up his talk at the next *Ordinary*,
in his own fond *Conceit* and by the *vote*
of his ſimple Companions, he is carried up
to *Heaven*, a wanton piece of *Drollery* will
ſend him *beyond* it.

To be truly *Ingenuous* is not the way to
Humour his *Frolick Companions*, and there-
fore he is put to ſtudy out ſomething elſe
which muſt ſerve for a while inſtead of

wit,

Wit, and 'tis ſtrange, he can thinke of nothing will do this ſo well as *flat foolery*, for moſt perfectly ſuch is that *drolling* vein wherein he is ſo frequently induſtrious to ſhew himſelfe a *witty fool*: What a *learned* Age is this we live in, when he is the beſt *Companion* for a *Gentleman*, who can beſt act the *Ruſtick*, and moſt facilely imitate the *Rudeneſs* and *Flatneſs* of his *Langnage*? and when he alone muſt be eſteem'd the *Wit*, who can *neatlieſt* play the *fool* to Humour *Mad Men*? To be *ſober* or *ſerious* in the *Gentlemans* Dictionary, ſignifies juſt as much as to be *Dull* and *Blockiſh*. A *Phancy* which dares not *roave* about, beyond the limits of *Sobriety* and *diſcretion*, nor proclaime her ſelfe to be moſt *affectedly prophane*, or as induſtriouſly *Vain* and *Idle*, as a *Bird* that has no *note* ſweet enough for his *Cage*. 'Tis a wonderfull thing to ſee, how the *Apiſh Ingenuity* of this Age, has cut the very throat of all *ſober Invention*, and *Genuine Wit*. A *Mimical* tone, A *Phantaſtick* action, a *couchant* ſenſe, and a Phraſe *Rampant*, quarter the *Coat* of our Modern *Gentile Wit*. Such are the *ſpungy Ears*

of most Companions, that they will *suck* in nothing but *froth*: And the *Gentleman* lookes upon him as a poor *solitary fool*, who will not thus make himselfe an *Asse* for *company*.

But (alas) all these are but the *Innocent recreations* of his *Tongue*: wherein it *sports* it selfe in its *Infancy*, ere it attain to that *nimblenes* and *volubility* of expression wch becomes a *Gentleman*. He is not alwaies delighted in these *soft* walks; but as he grows more a *man*, he choses him *rougher* paths,& more manly exercises. By degrees he steps up from *Idleness*, and *Emptiness*, *foolery* and *drollery*, to *scurrility* & *obloquy*; when at every step he *tramples* some *good* Mans *Honour* in the *Dust*; at each word he *spits* in the *face* of his *Betters*, and labours to *bespatter*, with the *Dirt* of *Infamy* and *Disgrace*, every *name* and *reputation* that stands above his *own*: And you may be sure he will ever throw the *blackest dirt* upon the *fairest face*, where it may certainly do the greatest *mischiefe*, and be most *conspicuous*. Like an experienced *Archer*, he never misses the *white*: but (as good luck is) such is the *Impenetrability* of *Innocence*, when

darted

darted at by the poyson'd *Arrows* of Envy, he never *holds* it. If this black *breath* of his could *blow out*, or *eclipse* those *Lights* that shine *brightest*, we should not have one *star* left in Virtues *heaven*: And those *Lights* which were sent into the World to guide him timely and truly out of it into a *better*, he *first* endeavours to *extinguish*, that so he may without *check* or *shame* wander through all the *works of darkness* into *Hell*. What so often in his mouth, as, that which he never names, but with the *deepest* accent of *scorn* and *disdain*, a *paltry Parson*! and he does not stick often to tell him to his face, that when he comes to have as much *wit* as *zeal* he will begin to tell him another *tale* then that of *Heaven*; that he may do well to keep him to his *Tub*, and tell a *precise story*, once or twice a week to his *Ignorant Auditors* in his *Country Church*; and forbear to read *Lectures* of *Godliness* to persons whom he should be afraid to look upon but at a *distance*. That he brought more learning from *school* with him, then all the *Canonicall Cassocks* and *Girdles* in the Nation, with all their tough *Logical Notions*, & *knotty Metaphysicks* shall be ever able to con-

tain. With a thousand more such like *ravings* of a *wild* and *Atheistical* brain. I shall willingly forbear to *personate* him any further in them lest he might think me able (as I hope I shall never be) to reach the *Frantick* strain of his loose and prophane *Raileries.*

Neither are his *discourses* less *beastly* then *divellish*, less *filthy* then *malicious.* So foul, *obscene*, and nauseous, for the most part are his *words*, that some one or other as little *acquainted* with a God as *himself* will be apt to conclude, that Nature *spoil'd* him in the making, and set his *Mouth* at the *wrong end* of his *Body.* Certainly there must be a *corrupted* and *putrified Soul* within, whence there daily steams out so much odious and *stinking breath.* Indeed so strangely is the *Gentlemans Palate* distemper'd by this same loathsome *Disease*, that he can now relish just nothing but the very *Excrements* of *Discourse.* He is not only taken with the *wanton Language* and *Lascivious* Dialect of Love, wherein to accomplish himself, he makes it too much his business to collect what he can out of all the loose *Pastorals*, Beastly *Poems*, and *Baudy* pieces

of

of *Drollery*, which by their *number* seem to turn our *Book-sellars* shops into so many *Stakes*: but he takes a great deal of pleasure to lick with his *tongue* the nauseous *Botches*, and putrified *sores*, and the infectious *Leproses* of *Wit*. O how does he delight to dwell upon the *sore* place of an obscene Poem! and he never *commends* the *Poet* for any thing but his *Infirmities*. He is no *company* for the *Gallants* of late, who will not once at least before the close of every Period commit *Lip-Adultery*. As there is not any more filthy vice of the tongue then this; so neither do I ever find the Gentleman more in love with any other Except it be that one which I am now to name.

And that is it, which indeed I tremble to *mention*, though he esteems it the greatest *grace* and *Ornament* of his Discourse. I mean *Swearing*. For as the *Gentleman* seems continually to *measure* out his *time* by *sins* instead of *minutes*; so his *louder Oaths*, were they not so very frequent, might well be compared to the *great Clock*, which gives us notice how his *Hours* pass. This is that pleasing part of his Language, wherein he so ordinarily bids *defiance*, to his *God*, and

so powerfully *courts* the *Devil*, with whom by this means he has a *frequent Converse* as if he were his *Familiar*. And he has so great a variety of these Hellish *complements*, that the *Master* of that Language, *Sathan* himself may in a little time stand in need of an *Interpreter* to understand him.

This is a *sin* to which there are so few colourable *Inducements* or *Provocations*, that *herein* or not at all, the *Gallant* shews his *Proficiencie* under that *good Master* He serves, and proves how *straight* he can goe to *Hell*, and how *fast*, without a *guide* or *baite*. Here indeed he seems to cry out upon *Eve* for a *lazie* and *dull* sinner, whilst in every *Oath* he loudly *swears*, that *Soul* not to be worth a damning, which cannot *sin* without a *temptation*.' Tis here he expresses his great *Charitie* to the *Devil*, for as if he were afraid the *Tempter* should have too great a Load of *Other* mens *sins* at the *Last* and *great* day of accounts, he freely *exempts* him from putting his *helping hand* to some of his sins, and openly professes he is able to go far enough *out* of the way to *Heaven* without a *Seducer*.

How-

How many *horrible* and *hidious Oaths* doth he daly *invent*, onely to *swell* up his *cheeks*, and make his *words* sound *high* and *big* in the ears of those that *tremble* not to hear him? with what *boldness* and *pride* does he abuse Gods most *Holy* and *tremendous Name*, by making it a *cloak* & *varnish* to set off his most *false*, *loose* and *prophane* speeches. As if indeed he had this desparate design upon Almighty God, to render his sacred *Name odious* to the world, by taking it so often into his *prophane lips*.

Unto *this* we may here adde that *other* as common extravagancy of his *Tongue*, which is the *abusing* and making a *Mock* of Gods *Word*, as well as his *Name*. His *Rhetorick* seems all *Low* and *Flat* so long as his *Metaphors* lye on *this* side *Prophaneness*, but when he has once got a *trick* to *heave* up his *cheeks*, and *set his face against the Heavens*, and to *emboss* his discourse with a *Rumbling Oath*, then he begins to think himself an *Orator* with a *Witness*.

§. 7. *His Religion and Conversation.*

I am afraid it is now too late to tell you what is the *Gentlemans Religion*, seeing he has

has so very little either of *honesty* or *humanity*. The *sad* truth is, he is so far from being indeed *religious*, that he is *ashamed* of nothing so much as that any man should have the *charity* to *think* him so. Against this *Ignominious brand* of a *Godly man*, he takes the readiest course he can to *vindicate* himselfe, that is openly to *deride* all those that own it, *laughing* aloud at all *such* as have more *Religion* then *himselfe*. The chief *Ceremony* of his *Religion* next to that of *blaspheming* his *God*, is lustily to *curse* the *Devil*: and to *declaime* both against *Heaven* and *Hell* in a breath. It is below a *Gentleman* to be a *Beggar*, though at the *Gates* of *Heaven*, and the *Throne of Grace*, and he does as much *scorn* to say his *Payers*, as to *beg* his *bread*. Nothing but *Necessity* can perswade him to *either*. *Devotion* and *Humility* are names wholly inconsistent with *Nobility* and *Gallantry*: These become not that *brave Heroick Spirit*, which had rather chuse to *starve* even his *soul* to all *eternity*, then to receive *salvation* it selfe at the *expence* of a *petition*. 'Tis for such *faint hearted* creatures as have not the *courage* to undergo with *Alacrity* the *torment* of *Hell*

fire,

fire, to *ſtoop* ſo low, as to beg an *Heaven* on their *knees*: Alas he ſees no ſuch *lovelineſs* in the *things above*, as may oblige him to ſo *ſubmiſſive a Court ſhip*: And yet he is ſo confident to *enjoy* them *all* at laſt, as if he thought God would be *beholding* to him for *accepting* his bleſſings: or as ſome fooliſh *lovers* take occaſion to *double* their *addreſſes* from the *unkindneſs* of a *Coy Miſtreſs*, God would the more *earneſtly* importune him to be *ſaved*, the more *diſdainfully* he looks upon *ſalvation*.

If ever the *Gentleman* appears at *Church*, it is but to give you a teſtimony of his *courage*, whereby he ſhows how he *dares* ſometimes *venture* upon what he moſt *fears*. But then he behaves himſelf ſo *proudly* there, as if he would *command* the *great* God of *Heaven* and *Earth* to *keep his diſtance*: and he may be ſure, *ſo* he will, for he will *draw nigh* unto *none* but ſuch as will firſt *draw nigh* unto *him*. But ſometimes his appearance in the *holy Aſſembly* argues more *Cowardice* than *Courage*, and ſhews that he *fears* the *Conſtable* more then *God*: and to be *religious* more then appear ſo. Here if he ſtay long he is no leſs *pain'd* in

hearing the *Sermon*, then if both his *Ears* were fast *nailed* to the *Pillory*. To prevent *tediousness* and to give himself as much *ease* as may be; he *picks* up *here* and *there* some-thing from the *Preacher* to make *merry* with, at the next *meeting*; Or else he *medi-tates* upon the *Ladies* as they sit in their *Sundaies beauties*: and then he *returns* from the *Church*, as most who do come thither with no better *intentions*, ten times more an *Atheist* then he came.

But as fast as the *Gentlemans Atheism* has taught him to *jeer* and *laugh* at all *those* who are so *soft-hearted*, as to profess a *Reli-gion*, so well has their *Religion* taught them to *pitty* and *pray* for him that has none.

If the *Gallant* have no *estate* (as many who think themselves *Gentlemen* have *none*) he makes his *vices* his *trade*, and so *trafficks* first for a *living*, and then for *dam-nation*. The *Tavern*, for the most part, is his *Exchange*, where having prepared the way for *one wickedness* by *another*, some *drunken cheat* is usually the *Enriching Bargaine*. And this when discover'd, must pass by the name of an *Ingenious Frolick*. Here he lies *drinking* out the *day*, except he be for-

ced

ced to *sleep* out the last *nights* Intemperance. This is the stage of his *wit* and *wantonness*: where he thinks himself a *Champion*, when he can kick *two* down stairs at *once*, the *drawer* and his *Bottle*, and sound the *Alarm* to the *skirmish* in a loud *peal* of new fashion'd *curses*. After all is done there, he walks the *streets* as light in his *head* as his *purse*, and much oftner salutes the *Pavements* then the *Passengers*.

He drinks as *stoutly*, as if he meant to carry *liquor* enough with him in his Belly to quench the *flames* of Hell; or rather as if he meant to *drink* himself so far into a *Beast* as he might thereby become *uncapable* of *Damnation*. When he has drunk his fill, he studies how to make the next young *Heir* he meets with *pay* the Reckoning. If he chance to meet with some poor Innocent *Lady*, whom a *sweet word* or two may make his miserable *prey*, he makes a shift to screw a *ring* or two off her *finger*, and this will pay both the *shot*, and his *common she* for his next night *Lodging*.

In a word, this *Ranting Gentleman* is a *golden*, or at least a *guilded Sinner*, a *Royal Slave*, a *Prodigal Spark*, one who hates no

name

name so much as that of *Christian*; because he is afraid it would make him *melancholy*. He travels over the wide *world* of sin, till he have as little *Money* as *Religion*, and no more *credit* then *money*. So that he is usually at last constrain'd either to lie *hid*, and so become his *own Prisoner*, or to *pawn* his *Body* to his *Goaler* for his *chamber*, or else to become a *Citizen of the World*, and so at last is *every where at home*, because he is indeed at *home no where*.

§. 8. *An Apology for this part of the Character.*

Perhaps you may here expect my *Apology* for making so *bold* with the *Gallant*, as in the foregoing lines I have done, which I am so far from *acknowledging* my self *obliged* to do, that I shall hardly obtain mine own *pardon* for being no *bolder*. 'Tis out of no other *respect* than a tender *compassion* to his *Person*, and a most perfect *hatred* of his *waies*, that I *here* take leave of him. In good earnest (Sir) I have not the *patience* to *follow* him any further, no not in those *paths* wherein he *walkes* with so much *Pride* and

Cere-

Complacency. If he think I have used him too *unkindly*, I shall only answer, that its not half so *ill* as he uses himself: who by being so much his own *Enemie*, has found out a very easie way for his *best friends* to be so too, and yet solve the *Contradiction* by an obvious *distinction* betwixt his *Spiritual* & his *Carnal self*.

I thank God, I have learn'd to *hate a vice* in my *best friend*, and the more I hate it, the *better I love* my friend, whom I shall ever wish *so* well, as that he may continue *for ever virtuous*, that so I may *for ever* have his *Friendship*. And I have as well learn'd to *love* the *soul* of my most *vicious enemie*, and the rather because I know my *Saviour* did as much for me.

I dare not think a *sinner* need my *prayers* one jot the less; but much more my *pitty*, because he pretends to be a *Gentleman*. I am sure he would say as much himself, if he could but seriously consider what *distinction* of *blood* or *degrees* there is to be expected in *hell*, or what *respect* will there be shewn to the *Son* of a *Prince* more then to a *Beggar*. Which was best rewarded, the *Noble Dives*, or the *poor* and so long *despised*

ſed Lazarus? A Captive is ſtill to be look'd upon as a *Captive*, though it be his lot to lie bound in *Fetters* of *Gold*, and to have a ſtately *Palace* for his *Priſon*: Nor ſhall I think that *Malefactors* torment much the leſſe, who has the *honour* at his *execution* to have his *Fatal Pile* made up of all the richeſt Spices of *Arabia*. How great an *Happineſs* found he in his *death*, whoſe ſentence it was to be *ſmother'd* to death in a *Bed* of *Roſes*? That *Priſoner* may be in a *merry*, but in no very *good* condition, who, when he ſhould be ſinging *Pſalmes* unto his *God*, and ſo with the *Captive Apoſtles* ſet his *Soul* at *Libertie*; when he ſhould on the *wings* of *Devotion* ſend her out with *Noahs Dove*, to fetch in the *Olive-branch* of *Peace* and *Libertie* from *Heaven*; when he ſhould do all this, can yet in a *rough* Note, and ſome *wild disjointed Catch*, Crown his Cups, and *Invoke* the curs'd inhabitants of Hell in an *Health* to the *Devil*: whatever *others* better *bred* and of a more *gentile* Education may think of him, I ſhall never be able to *commend* ſuch a mans *courage* and *Alacrity*: But this I ſhall (I hope) be able to do, with all the due affections of a *Charitable Chriſtian*,

stian, *bewale* his *Madness*, *Lament* his *Folly*, and earnestly *pray* that God would at length in great *mercy*, *restore* him to his *lost self* and *senses*. Thus would I hold my self bound to pray for a *Mad-man*, and truly no otherwise for our *English* Gallant: For were it my purpose to shew how *easily* a man might *be*, rather then how *heard* it is for him *not* to be *Satirical* upon so *foul* a Subject; or did I not more desire with *oyl* to *heal*, then with *salt* and *vinegar* to *vex* his *wounds*, I could, without the least wresting, fully apply unto the *Person* we speak of, all the *Symptoms* and *degrees* of the most *extream madness* or *brutish folly* imaginable. But I leave him here, and for those others which are behind I shall study more *Brevity* if not less *Bitterness*.

SECT.

SECT. II.

§. 1. *The second sort of Gentlemen not to be reckon'd amongst those which are truly such.*

I Would not have you think (Sir) that I have done with the *spurious Gentleman* when I have done with the *Gallant*. I should do some *violence* to the *true* Gentlemans *virtues*, should I say all that are not included in the foregoing *Character* are *just* such as *he*, and deal somewhat too *severely* with him of whom I am now to speak, if I should conclude all that are *none* of the *best*, to be the *very worst*. I find my self therefore necessitated to say a little of *another*, who, though he may be thought by many degrees above the *former*, yet have I no reason to call him a *Saint*. If we eye the *common course* of his life, and his *ordinary conversation*, we may perhaps discover in *him* something more of *modesty*, and the *man*, then

then in the *former*, yet ſhall we not find *much more* then what is to be read in thoſe *two names*, of *Religion* or the *Chriſtian*: At beſt, he has in him only *ſo* much of *Chriſtianity* as may *ſave* his *credit* in *this* world, *not* his *ſoule* in the *other*. And of this *ſort* is, (alas I may too truly ſay) far the *greateſt* part of our *Engliſh Gentry*: I muſt include very many of our *Nominal Nobility*, & not a *few* of the *Real* too, I mean as far as *blood alone*, will make them *ſo*, under this Head.

This indeed is that *Gentleman*, whether of *City* or *Country*, whom his *neighbours*, as well as himſelf, do too often for want of a *better*, *flatter* into *Some-body*. *One*, who though he has more *diſcretion* then to be *ſtark-mad*, and more *ſobriety* than to *dwell* in a *Tavern*, or to *transform* his *own houſe* (as to too many chuſe to do) into a perfect *Bedlam*: I am ſure there *wants* very *little* of it in many, but the *correction* and *diſcipline*: Though he be not fully *arrived* at the very *height* of *vanity*, nor can yet take a *pride*, by the idle *expence* both of *eſtate* & *honour*, to *purchaſe* an irremediable *poverty* to his *heirs*, and to *himſelf* the empty *title* of *Spark* & *Gallant*: Yet he can hardly perſwade me

to

to believe ehe *principles* whereby he is kept within these *bounds* of *modesty* and *sobriety*, such as may merit him the *name* of *Gentleman* or *Christian*. Indeed the greatest *difference* betwixt *him* and the *Gallant*, seems to be *this*, that whereas the *Gallant* is the very *spume* and *froth* of *Nobility*, which ever works *upwards*, impatient of a *confinement* within any *limits* whatsoever, but alwayes *flies out* by reason of its extraordinary *levity* into *emptiness* and *aire*; this *other Gentleman* like the *lees* and *dregs*, by reason of too great a mixture and participation of more *gross* and *Terrene* parts, *settles* wholly *downwards* till he come to the very *bottome* of all *baseness*: Such *lees* though at present, of some more *use* than the *other*, yet will they at *length* prove *good* for *nothing* but to be thrown away.

§. 2. *Several sorts of such Gentlemen.*

Such a *Gentleman* as he who hath a good *estate*, and a full *Chest*, and *these*, (excepting a *Coat* of *Armes*, & a few old *Pictures*, hung up in his *Parlor* or *Gallery* to let strangers see who were his *Father* and *Mother*,) are

are *all* he has to *ſhow* for his *Nobility*: and yet his *too* great *care* in preſerving *theſe*, is for the moſt part, that whereby he forfeits his *Honour*. For as the *Former* freely *ſpent* his *eſtate* to make him a *Gallant*, ſo this *latter* as freely *parts* with all *Gallantry* to *ſave* his *eſtate*. If *nature* have bleſſed him with ſome *good parts* & *faculties*, and if the *care* of his *Parents* have added many more excellent *ornaments* & *accompliſhments* of a *Gentleman*, yet there alwaies appears ſome *abatement* or other in his *bearing*, which *diſgraces* all: And there is that baſe *alloy* of (I know not what) *droſs*, in his beſt *gold*, which renders it *uncurrent*, and altogether *uſeleſs* both to *himſelf* and all the *world* beſides. In *ſome* this is *covetouſneſs*, and *love* of the *world*; in *others* 'tis *cowardice*, and a *poore ſpirit*; in a *third* ſort, *Lazineſs*, and a *love* of *eaſe*; and in *many* others *pride* and a *vain glorious humour*. Though in *favour* to the *Gentleman*, or rather to the *world*, leſt it might ſeem to be *quite void* of *all ſuch* things as true *Gentry* and *Nobility*, men are willing very often to *beſtow* upon them too *good names* calling; the *firſt providence* and a *natural care*: the *ſecond prudence*

dence, and a *commendable policy*: The *third* a *good nature*, and a *peaceable minde*: And the *laſt*, *Noble* and *brave Spirit*, and a *piece* of *neceſſary ſtate*. I confeſs I am as ready as any man to caſt into him all the *allowances* he can in any *reaſon* demand, or I with *ſafety* grant him, & *all* will be little enough to make him full *weight* for a *Gentleman*: But he muſt pardon me, if I love not to hear *good names* thus groſly *abuſed*: nor to ſee the moſt *beloved* and *plauſible vices* paſs ſo currantly & unqueſtioned for *virtues*. *Call* them what we *will*, and make them as *good* as we *can*, as they are enough to *ſink* the *Gentleman* as far *below* his *name* as *hell* is below *Heaven*; ſo they have been too effectual and prevalent of late, to the *choaking* up all *breathings* of true *Religion* and *Piety*; and to the bringing a glorious *Church* and flouriſhing *Kingdom*, to ſay no worſe, into a very *low* and *ruinous* condition. And this I dare be bold to affirm, though I take not my ſelfe for a *Politician*, that let us all *pretend* and *endeavour* to what we can, till we can make theſe *gilded vices* to be *known* & *owned* by their *own names*, we ſhall have ſmal reaſon to hope for a *ſetled Church*, or

peaceable

Peaceable ſtate. I wiſh I had a *ſalve*, which applyed to the *Gentlemans blind eye*, might take off the *Pearl*, and make him *ſee* this truth.

§. 3. *The Provident Gentleman.*

The *Provident Gentleman* (as he loves to heare himſelfe miſcall'd) is *one* who is ever putting the queſtion with him in *Job*, *What profit is there in the ſervice of the Almighty?* If you could once perſwade him to believe that every *good gift comes from above*, and that *whoſoever askes ſhall indeed receive*, you would ſoon ſee him grow *religious*, & hear him ſaying his *prayers* in good *earneſt:* But alas ſo long as he can make a ſhift to fill up his *Coffers* by *delving* in the *dirt*, you muſt give him leave to continue *Infidel* in theſe *particulars*. He is content to heare of *glorifiing God*, till you come to tell him he muſt do it with *his ſubſtance*, but then it becomes an *hard ſaying*, and he'l hear, you of that at a *more convenient time*; perhaps he means it upon his *death bed*. So little is he in *love* with, or *ſenſible* of what you call *Honour*, that allow him the *gain* and *profit*, let *God*

or

or *any one* else (it's all one to him) take the other. This *Gentleman* has just as much *God* and *Religion* as a *full cheſt* will *hold*, his *God* and his gold like *Hypocrates* his *Twins*, *live*, and *thrive*, and are *ſick* & *dy* together: & yet it were much to be wiſhed he were but *half* ſo induſtrious to preſerve the *one*, as he is to keep the *other*. Inſteed of *laying up his treaſure in Heaven*, he lays up his *Heaven* in his *Treaſury*, and, if God will be content with it ſo, he ſhall be ſure to have his *heart there too*. *Covetouſneſs*, I dare ſay in *ſuch* as *he*, is the greateſt *Idolatry*: I am confident he would *fall down* & *worſhip* the *Image* of a *Nero*, nay of a *Devil*, rather then *want* the *ſingle penny* that beares it. You will have much adoe to convince him of the truth of the *Apoſtles* propoſition, *That godlineſs is great gaine*, except you will grant him that this is a Logical Converſion, and not to be queſtioned *that great gain is godlineſs*. If with the *Silver-ſmith* he can by his *craft* get his *wealth*, then ſhall *Religion* become his *trade*, and the *Church* his *forge*. But till then you muſt give him leave to be a *worſhiper* of his great Goddeſs *Diana* So far is he from putting in practice that

good & wholesome advice, to *be careful in nothing, but in every thing to give thankes:* that he dares never read the text but backwards *Give thankes for nothing, but in every thing be careful:* He cannot esteem it a true piece of providence to make the *day content with its own labour,* but on the contrary he gives *every day* the *trouble* of *caring* for *many years,* & therefore is ready to phancy himself far from the *Rich Fools* condition in the *Gospel,* because he never yet could allow his *Soul* her *Requiem,* or thinke that he had *enough* for *many yeares.*

He takes much more *paines* to leave his *Children rich* than *good,* & had rather give them a *portion* then a *blessing:* The main *advice* he gives them is to be *thrifty* and *good husbands,* let them make themselves *godly* and *good Christians.* All the learning he intends to bestow upon them, is so much *Latine* as will fit them for understanding a *Bond,* and so much *Arithmetick* as may *secure* them from the *dishonesty* of an *unjust Steward:* If he suppose the *booke* may be made a *thrifty diversion* to keep them from the greater *expence* of the *Tavern* or their *game.* He may perhaps allow *something* towa.d

to ward a *ſtudy*. And (be ſure) he will be carefull enough, to give them ſo much *Law* as may be ſufficient to *maintain* their own *rights*, and *rack* their *Tenants*.

If he go conſtantly to *Church*, 'tis more to *ſerve himſelf* then his *God*, Often becauſe he hopes by being his frequent *Auditor*, he may *oblige* the *Parſon* to let him his *Tithes* at a *low rate*, or to *believe* him a man of *conſcience*, that ſo he may *defraud* him of his *dues* without *ſuſpicion*. For the moſt part this *Gentleman* is the *Patron*, or has the *Impropriation*, and yet, whileſt he and his family grow *fat* by feaſting upon the *bread* of the *Altar*, he grudges *him* who diſpenſes *freely* of the *bread of life* the very *crums* that *fall* from his *table*. The *Church* of God thus often *ſtarves* for want of *food* whileſt ſuch *dogs* eat up the *childrens bread*: Such mens whole *lives* are but ſo many *continued Sacriledges*, and all they can allege for themſelves comes but to this, that they *hold* their *ſin* as their *land*, by right of *inheritance* from their *Anceſtors*: Their *coffers* grow full by robbing the Sanctuary, & at every meal with their *ſacrilegious* teeth, like ſo many ravenous *Wolves* or *Vultures*, they *teare* in

pieces

pieces the *Body* of Christ's languishing *spouse*: but let her *dy*, the *provident Gentleman* had rather see her *Carkes*; then his *chests* grow *empty*; and if by her *death* he may peaceably enjoy her *revenues*, he will hardly *mourn*, but as such enriched *heirs* use to do, at her *funeral*.

It is long since this good man turned *charity* out of doors, as an *unthrifty Housewife*, and one that made it her business to *throw* all away. The *poor* come & go about his *gates*, as hungry *birds* about a *painted Vine*, at best they meet with an *hard crust* and *harder language*. He loves not thus to *lend* his *money*, though it be to the *Lord*, except he would give him *bond* to return him *eight* in the *hundred* here in this *world*: When our *Saviour* tells him of an *hundred* for *one* here below, & *eternal life* hereafter in Heaven, he hath as little *faith* to believe, as *patience* to wait for such a reward: yet he could almost wish, upon condition the *former* part of the promise might be made good to him, *without persecution*; that the *latter* might be reserved for such who can fancy a *God* in *Heaven*, better then a *thousand pound* in *hand*.

If this Gentleman can but so far deny *himself* as to do no open *violence* or *injury* to any man, if he can arrive at the degree of *Christianity* which will enable him to reach the *negative* part of *Justice* and *charity*, he is apt to think he has made a fair progress in the way to Heaven. And yet (God knows) he ordinarily mistakes this part too. For to win *anothers* estate by some *quillet* in the Law, or by *bribing* a Judg, to over-reach his *poor* neighbour in a hard *bargain*; to take *advantage* of a needy persons present *necessity*, and accordingly raise the *price* of his Commodity; to *exact* first *more* then he is able to pay, and then make him pay *use* for his *disability*; to send a *poor* naked soul to *Bridewell* instead of an *hospital*, to the *Stocks* instead of a *Bed*; to call him *knave* & *vagabond*, that he may have a *pretence* not to *relieve* him: to suffer a languishing creature to *dye* in the *street*, whilest he had enough to *spare* wherewith to *feed* and cloath him; Or to permit a *breach* in the walls of *Jerusalem*, when a small *sum* out of his *purse* would *repair* it; These he can by no means reckon amongst the *species* of *injustice*, or as *defects* in *charity*, but therefore

fore counts all good duties as things *unnecessary* & no way obliging, indeed because *chargable* and seemingly *burthensome*, and such as contradict that thrifty *forecast*, and necessary *providence* he holds himself tyed to maintain. He thinks it a greater degree of *wisdom* to trust Gods *providence* now for some *miraculous* relief of the *present* poor, then to rely upon it for the *after-enrichment* of his posterity.

Certainly this is the thing that passes so currently for *providence*, even among those who are counted the *wiser* & more *religious* sort of our *English Gentlemen*: but if this can belong to *Christianity*, then must *covetousness* and a *worldly* mind be reckoned amongst our *Christian virtues*. It is (alas) too evident what good friends such *vertues* & such *Gentlemen* have been of late to our *Jerusalem*, whilest our *richest gallantrie* has all along, in these calamitous times, chosen rather, by a kind of *constrained bounty* to *reward* the *Demolishers*, then *voluntarily* to part with a *farthing* to pay the *builders* of our ruinated *Sion*. Besides this, it is not a little to be feared that those many contrary *Oathes* and *Engagements*, *Vows* and *Protestations*

testations, which with the help of this *sauce* of *providence* have been so readily *swallowed* (I fear I may say) by the greatest part of our Country, will at last expose their *Souls* within no less to *corruption*, then the contrary *qualities* do their *bodies* without. O how happy might this poor *Nation* have been even to this day, had not the *rich Gentleman*, under pretence of a *Natural affection*, and a *necessary providence*, set an higher estimate upon his own *chest*, than the *Ark* of God; upon his own *Barn*, then the Lords *Temple*; had he not loved his *interest* more than his *religion*, the safety of his *body* more then the *salvation* of his *soul*, his *natural children* more then his *Heavenly Father*, and his *money* above them *all*.

§. 4. *The Prudent Gentleman.*

By this short view I have given you of the *provident Gentleman*, I suppose you will grant him to be none of those we may call the *best*, or such as it might be wished, we had *many* of in our *Nation*: And truly the *Prudent Gentleman*, I mean him who is *now* adayes known by that name, is not of a much *nobler dye*: very often you shall find him

him to be the very *same* alwaies very *neer* of *kind* to the former. *Cowardise* is as much afraid to be *known*, and therefore as loath to walk without her mask as *covetousness*, and would as gladly arrogate to her self the *never* more abused *names*, then *now*, of a *wise caution*, and a *Christian prudence*; as that *other* of a *virtuous thrift* and *necessary providence*.

Instead of being (as *wisdom* commanded his *Disciples*) *wise as serpents*, Gentlemen are become meer *Serpents in wisdom*, and have rendred themselves very capable of that commendable *character*, which was long ago given to the Serpent, *They are more subtle then all the beasts of the field*; and the *prudence*, they boast of, & under which they vail a *carnal* mind, and a *carking cowardly soul*, is nothing else but a *worldly policy*, or rather a *Devillish subtlety*. They have made one half of the text quarrel with and justle the other quite out of their Bibles, advancing the *wisdom* of the *serpent* to so high and *intense* a degree, that it cannot *admit* the *least* proportion of the *holy Doves* more necessary *innocence*. Such a *foraminous* piece of *Net-work* has *Christian prudence*

been made of late, that these *glib serpentine Politicians* can so *wind* themselves *in* & *out* at pleasure, as if they meant neither *God* nor *man* should ever know certainly where to have them.

It is a very famous piece of the *Gentleman prudence* to endeavour to *out-wit* an *All-wise* God, and to go about to put *fallacies* upon him out of his own *word*, often making even Gods most *righteous precepts* the *topicks* of his *disobedience*. How frequently endeavours he to cloak the violation of *one* law, by a *pretended obedience* to *another*, and by setting Gods *commands* at variance *one* with *another*, thinks to *steal* away his beloved sin, and not to be taken *notice* of? He dares not take up *his cross and follow Christ*, least he should become *felo de se*, accessary to his own death: nor knows he how to *forsake Father and Mother for Christs sake*, without a breach of the V. *commandement*, which binding him to *honour both* he cannot see how he may in any sense *forsake either*. He dares not part with *houses* & *lands*, for fear he might seem to *despise* Gods good *blessings*, nor *hazard* his *estate* in the *vindication* of his *Religion* & his *Loyalty*, least he should

ſhould be ſaid to have thereby *thrown away* the *opportunities* of expreſſing his *bounty* & his *charitie*: He knows how much he is obliged not to *denie Chriſt before men* and to *give an account* of his *faith* to ſuch as *demand* it of him; but then he produces a *text* wch tels him of dayes *wherin the prudent ſhall keep ſilence*, and theſe dayes he ſuppoſes ſtill *preſent*, whenſoever his *perſon* or *eſtate* may be *endanger'd* by an *open heart*, or an *ingenious tongue*. He will be ready to ſuffer *perſecution* for the *goſpel* of *Chriſt*, and, with St. *Paul*, to be *bound* and to *dye*: but this muſt only be when his *prudence* is at a *loſs*, & he can find out no way *juſt* or *unjuſt* to avoid all this. As long as there are *ſhifts* enow left him, ſuch as *diſſembling* language, *covert* engagements. *cunning* flatteries, *treatherous* compoſitions, *pettie* contributions, *underhand* compliances, in things both *Civil* and *Religious*, he thinks he wants no *honeſt evaſions*, to ſecure both *life* & *livelyhood*. Thus he is content to ſet him down in *quietneſs*, whileſt the *enemies* of Gods *Church* advance in *troops* and *armies* againſt her; and thinks it enough, when he can ſay he *wiſhes* all well, & *praies for the peace of Jeruſalem*.

It were no *prudence openly* to declare his *opinion*, or to *act* on any ſide; alas he is but *one ſingle* man, and *one's* as good as *none* againſt the ſtream of the *multitude*, not conſidering that where *one* does not *joyn* with *one*, there can be no *multitude*. There are *other* champions enow in the world to vindicate her quarrell, ſuch as have no *eſtates* to look after, no *families* to provide for, when if all were of *his mind*, there would not be ſo much as *one*, and beſides, who has greater reaſon to *labour* than he that has already received ſo great a *ſhare* of his *wages*? What though he freely *gives* away a large portion of his *goods* to the enemies of God? it is but the way to *ſecure* the reſt for *better* purpoſes. What though he be conſtrained with fair *ſpeeches* to *flatter* up the *tranſgreſſors* in their iniquities? his *heart*, for all this ſhall be for *God*, his *prayers* for the *Church*, and he is as good a *Chriſtian*, and as *loyal* a *ſubject within*, as the beſt. Alas, 'tis no great matter to *comply* a little in outward things; to lay an hand upon a *Bible*, to *invoak* the *ſacred Name* of *God*, and *ſeemingly* to renounce *Religion* and *Loyalty*; God knows he *intends* no ſuch matter,

matter, but only takes this course to keep his *Family* from ruine, and to preserve himself *safe* and *whole* to do *God* and his *Church* more service hereafter.

It is all one with him to go to *Church* or *Conventicle*, so he may by frequenting *either* be thought to *favour* the *Religion* in *Fashion*, and not to be suspected an *Enemy* to the *God* that *rules*, the *man* in *power* with a *sword* in his *hand*. He can take a great deale of *paines*, rise *early*, and go *far*, to encourage a *seditious* Lecturer, and when Sermon's done, with an *Hypocritical* face *smile* upon the Preacher, and *inviting* him home with him witness his *thanks* and *approbation* in a *good dinner*: but he holds it *imprudence* to frequent the *true worship* and *service* of God, which the *excellency* thereof and the *command* of his superiours commends to his *conscience*, lest he should be thereby thought *ill affected* to that *Religion*, which he would have *good men* believe his soul *abhors*. He dares countenance *Rebellion* and *sacriledge* both with his *tongue* and *purse*; but esteems it *dangerous*, and therefore (without all doubt) *Imprudence*, to contribute so much as a *good look* to the Encouragement

of the truly *Religious* and *Vertuous*, lest he should be suspected by the *prosperous* sinner, an Enemy to *Treason* and *Wickedness*. Till we can find a way how to *cast out* this *Prudent Devil*, which (as the *Prophets* tells us) *is wise to do evill, but to do good has no understanding*; we shall ever hear this *possessed Gentleman* crying out with the *Demoniack* in the *Gospel*, *What have we to do with thee, Jesus thou Son of God? Why art thou come to torment us before our time?* Such a perfect *Coward* is this *prudent Cowardise*, that the lame *Gentleman* ever *cries out* at the very *sight* of any thing that lookes like *Religion*, as if it would come too *near* him & *touch* him upon the *sore place*. So sad a thing is it to stand in *fear* of *health*, lest it should make us *sick*; to *tremble* at the *sight* of what would bring us to *Heaven*, lest we should *lose* our *Earth*: & to take so much anxious *care* to preserve the *body* whole, for fear a *courteous wound* should set open the door, and give the *soul* leave to *fly out* into *Heaven* and be at *rest*.

If such men be truly *prudent*, then are all true *Christians* unboubtedly *fools*. Or if this *over-wariness* be no more but a *prudent* & *Religious caution*, then are most of our *English*

gliſh Gentlemen (which I have not yet *charity* enough to believe) *Prudent Chriſtians.* But (alas!) *Neutrality* hangs too much betwixt *two*, ever to come ſo *high* as *Heaven*: and a *cold indifferency* comes ſo far ſhort of that neceſſary *zeal*, which is the unfailing *conſequent* of true *Piety*, that it is *impoſſible* it ſhould ever be Crown'd with eternall *happineſs*. He that is not deeply *in love* with his *God*, cannot place his abſolute *felicity* in the *fruition* of God; and he that is *afraid* to *do any* thing, or thinks it *prudence* to *ſuffer nothing* for him, is not *in love* with him. God has long agoe told the *Gentleman*, and all others, how much of another *temper* he muſt be who will *live for ever*, inſtructing him what an *immediate contrariety* there is betwixt being *for God* and *againſt him*; ſo that there can be no *mean* left for ſuch a *prudent indifferency*, betwixt *fighting under Chriſts Banner*, and being the *Devils Souldiers*. *Moderation*, 'tis true, in things of *Indifferency* is a *commendation*, but the *Gentleman* needs fear as little that he can be *over-zealous* in a *good matter* here upon earth, as that he may be *over-happy* in Heaven. As there be no *Angels* but ſuch as

are

are either *very good*, or *very bad*, ſo every *Gentleman* is either a *Saint indeed*, or elſe *ſtarke naught*. He that *ſits ſtill* ſhall come as *ſoon* to *Hell* as he that *ſweats* in *purſuit* of it: But whoſoever hopes to come to *Heaven*, he muſt *ever run*, and with his face *that way*, if he will be ſure to *obtain*. I would wiſh that *Gentleman* who has not the *heart* to *confeſſe Chriſt before men*, to conſider, how he can have the *courage* to heare *Chriſt denying him before his Father which is in Heaven*, or to endure thoſe *torments* in *Hell* which he ſhall be ſure to undergoe for not *confeſſing* him here upon Earth. Such a *Lukewarme* ſoule is *Nauſeous* unto God, that he muſt at laſt *ſpue him out* into the Bottomleſſe pit.

If this be *Chriſtian prudence*, to ſecure an *Eſtate*, or preſerve a *Family*, or ſave a *life* by being *frigid*, and ſo *Spiritleſſe* in our *Profeſſion*, as may make us *nauſeated* by God, and ſet us at ſuch a diſtance from Heaven; a *true Chriſtian* ſhall have as little reaſon to *envy* the *Gentleman* his *Prudence*, as the poor *Church of England* has cauſe to be *proud* of his *Courage*.

Sect. 5.

§. 5. *The Peaceable Gentleman.*

The *Peaceable* and *Honeſt natur'd Gentleman* (as many call him) is one to whom the poor *Church* of *England* is not much more indebted for his kindneſſe then to either of the former: this is *he* that is ſo far from being Cordially ſenſible of the *afflictions of Joſeph*, or the *deſolations of Jeruſalem*, that he ſeems to have hardly ſo much of an *humane ſpirit* in him as to underſtand the *meaning* of thoſe two *words*, *Happineſſe* & *Miſery*. *Three parts* of his time, at leaſt he ſpends in *ſleep*, as if he were reſolved to *die* all his *life* long, or by this courſe to keep himſelfe *ignorant* of the *Concerning* affairs of the *world*; being *loath* to come *acquainted* with the truth of thoſe evils which he is reſolved not to take any pains to *remove*. The other *quarter* of his time he carefully *divides* betwixt his *meals* and his *ſports*, and this he calls, living a *good*, *honeſt*, *quiet*, and *harmleſſe* life, ſuch as *hurts* no body.

Sometimes he ſeems even to *envy* the very *ſtones* that conſtant reſt which *Nature* has indulged them, whereby they are made uncapable

incapable of any *motion* but what is occasion'd, and that but rarely, by some *violence* from without them. If he had so much of that *Philosophy*, which tells us the *celestial bodies* are in a *perpetual motion*, as to believe it for a truth, he would for that very cause be unwilling to go to *Heaven*. When he hears of an *Eternal Sabbath of rest* for all those that go thither, he is *almost perswaded to become a Christian*, yet is he in great *straight betwixt two*, for though he *love* his *rest* too *well*, yet he *hates* the very *name* of *Sabbath* much *more*, especially when he hears S^t. *John* telling him, that, the *Angels* and *glorified Saints never cease day nor night from praising God*.

Sometimes again he seems to grudge the poor *brute Animals* their *Irrationality*, and to *share* with them, endeavours by a *sordid sensuality* to degrade himself into a *Beast*, or, at least, to become as *like* one as *humanitie* will permit him. That he may be better *acquainted* with their *natures* and *dispositions*, his *Dog* and his *Horse*, or his *Hawk* henceforward become his principal *companions*; with these he *plaies*, and with these he *discourses*, and towards these

(if

(if you seriously consider all his *terms of Art*, you will be ready to say) he has his *set-formes* of *Complements*: and indeed his whole *study* is to learn readily to speak that *language* wherein he may be *understood* by the silly *animals*. When the *weather* or his *health*, or the like, will not befriend him in these exercises *abroad*; then he sits at *home*, *numbring* his *minutes* by the *turns* of his *Die*, or the *playing* of his *Cards*; or perhaps gets so much liberty abroad, as to measure out his *hours* by the motions of his *bowl*. Such a mercilesse *Tyrant* is he to *that* (which he fears he shall never loose or destroy fast enough) his *pretious time*; that he alwaies studies to invent variety of *executions* for it. Now he delights to *drown* it in his *Cups*, anon he *burns* it in his *Pipe*, by and by he *tramples* it under his *horses hoofs*: again he *knocks* it in the head with his *Bowl*, *tears* and *devours* it with his *Hawks* and his *Hounds*, there is nothing he will leave unexperimented, till he have certainly found out a way to prevent its *natural*, *honest*, and *commendable departure*.

These Courses he willingly allows himself in, and desires to have *all* thought no

more

more or *worse* then his *contempt* of the *world*, and his *study* of *retiredness* from those *distracting comberances* thereof, which are unworthy of a *Christian* or a *Gentleman*.

Sometimes he delights to consume a great part of his time in unnecessary *visits*, but studies withall to make them so *unprofitable* as if he were desirous to have it thought men were *made* onely now and then to *look* one upon another: his *Discourse* (what there is of it) being so *idle* and *impertinent*, that it serves to no other end, then to *exercise* his *tongue*, and keep it by much *motion voluble*; lest for want of *use* he should in a short time (as he does by most good things) forget to *speak*. Sometimes you shall have a *Complement* from him, but huff'd up with so many *hyperbolicall* expressions of your *worth*, and of the *incredible* respects he has for your *person*, that you cannot chuse but suspect he only *labours* how to be *disbelieved* or has learned of his *Dogs* how to *fawne* and *flatter*. And thus when he has made a shift to *lose* an *hour* or two, and to *trouble* his *friends* with much *impertinent* talke, he returnes home again to *eat* & *play*, and *sleep*, and spend the remainder of his time as *idly* as he can.

In

In a word, this ſort of *Gentleman* borders ſo cloſely upom him we firſt deſcribed, the *Gallant*; that I ſhall not need to ſay more of him, then only this, that he has ſome *degrees* leſs of *madneſs* then the other: he ſeems as yet but to *hang* about the *doors*, and has nor gain'd an *admiſſion* into the *Societies* of *Raunters*: Nor is it becauſe he wants a *Genius* or *inclination* to evil in the general, but rather he is beholding to *one vice* to keep him from *another*, and being wedded ſo much to *this*, is forced to abſtaine from its *contrary*. Either he is *tyed* to his *Cheſt* with a *Golden Chain*, which will not allow him the liberty of *ranging* into ſo many *coſtly riots*: o, elſe a *leaden dulneſs* ſo much oppreſſes his ſoul, that ſhe cannot *Soare* ſo *high* in the vaſt *Region* of *Debauchery*: So that if you find him free from any *one* vice, he is to thanke the *contrary vice* and not the *vertue* for it: or at beſt, he owes it to an *Infirmity* of *Nature* that he is free from *both*.

Indeed for the moſt part this *Gentleman* is as the *Philoſophers* uſe to ſay of their *firſt matter*, though not perfectly *formed* into all thoſe *noble* qualifications (as they are

uſually

usually miscall'd) of the *Compleat Gallant*, yet is he at least, in a *remote disposition* to all or any of them: As the *Polypus* is said to be alwaies of the same colour with the neighbouring *object*, or as the *Looking-glass* reflects as many different *faces* as are obviated to its own *superficies*: So is this *Gentleman* not properly *one*, but *any* body; of the *Religion*, and the *humour*, and the *fashion* of his *Companions*, as near as his own *weakness* will permit him to *imitate* them. And this is it which commonly purchases him the repute of a *Civil*, a *Courteous*, an *Affable*, a *good-natured* and *sweet-disposition'd* person: Only because he knows as little how to be *angry* with a *vice*, as how to be *guilty* of a *vertue*. Such a *Ductile*, *soft* and *Compliant* soul he has, that as the *Wax* to the *Seal*, he would fain *smile* upon every man in his *own* face, and *speak* with every one in his *own* language: He *Complements*, and *Praises*, and *Flaters*, and performs *all* the offices of a *Gentleman*, as his *shadow* in the *glass*, only by *reflection*. For a *fair word* he will part with his own *soul*; and *with a fair word* he does often occasion the *ruine* of many more: whilest he loves as much to flatter *others* up

in

in *their* wickedneſs, as to be flattered up by *others* in his *own*. *Say* and *do* what you will (ſoe you injure not his *perſon* or *eſtate*, nor rob him of his beloved *eaſe*) you are ſure to have his *approbation*, and if for this *he* may have *yours*, he thinks it a reward and encouragement great enough. But I leave him.

§. 6. *The Stately Gentleman.*

There is yet *another* that challenges a *room* in this paper, and truly deſerves the *place* as much as any: If he will not be *angry*, and in a rage *ſwear* to burn the paper, when he finds himſelf ſet in the *laſt* and *loweſt* place; all's well enough. And this is that *Stately* and *Majeſtick he*, whom I dare hardly *name*, leſt he ſhould take it as an *affront* for though he *hunts* after a *name* and *reputation* amongſt all men, yet he looks upon it as a kind of *diſparagement* of his *vertues*, and an *undervaluing* of his *Honour*, to hear his *name* from *any* mouth but his *own*. But moſt of all he eſteems it *prophaned*, when mention'd by perſons ſo *inconſiderable*, as all thoſe of our *Colour*, unto ſuch as

himſelf

himself have ever appear'd.

This is he who thinks himself as much *too good* to be a *Christian*, as he thinks all *Christians too mean* to be accounted *Gentlemen*. His onely *God* is his *Honour*, and to give it something of a *Diety*, he phancies it to be *singular*, and that there is *none others besides it*, when (alas!) this *Idol* too is just *nothing*. But such is the strange *Omnipotence* of *Pride* and *Ambition*, this Gentleman can first *create* to himself a *God* out of *nothing*, and then fall down and *worship* the idolized *vanity* which his own ridiculous *phancy* has thus set *up*. That he does indeed more esteem this *shadow* then the true *God*, he too loudly affirms in all his *Oaths*, for when he intends what he saith shall *unquestionably* pass for *serious* and *creditable*, he swears by his *Honour* and *Reputation*: Other Oaths he hath enough, by the *Glorious Majesty* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, which are but too literally the *burthen* of his *discourse*; these (as we said of the *Gallant*) he uses not for *confirmation* of the *truth*, but as the *sportive recreation* of his *tongue*, and the *graces* and *ornaments* of good *Language*.

He it is, that (whersoever he be) will see that

that *all* men do there *duties*, but *himselfe*. And he doth *sometimes* well herein, except, when by a *proud mistake* he calls an *unmerited respect* to his own *supposititious vertues* the *indispensable dutie*. He looks that *all men* should observe as great a *distance* from his *person*, as *he* is resolved to do from their *vertues*; or as if *already* he were (where I wish by the much dispised grace of *humilitie* he may *at last* be found) in *Heaven*. He expects no lesse *observance* and *reverence* from his *Tenants*, then if he were not only Lord but *Creator* of the *Manor*, as though he would be thought as much *master* of the *Universe*, as he is the *slave* of his own *Ambition*. He *walkes* up and downe so *wantonly* & *affectedly*, as if he intended thereby principally to *demonstrate* to the *world* his great *perfections* and *excellency*, that he must take much *paines* to do *amiss*. This *Lordly Sir*, so long as he can but get a *cap* and a *knee* from his *Inferiors*, and the *chair* at every meeting with his *betters*, he thinkes that all the *blessings* of Heaven (though a *Crowne* of *Glory* be one of them) can *adde* nothing to his *Honour*: Were it but for *this one* reason, he would never make it his businesse to come

thither,

thither, because he may justly *despaire* of ever being the *best* man *there*. If it may be conferred upon him as an *honorary reward*; and upon the *meritorious* claim of his *vertues*, he will perhaps be *content* to weare the *Crowne*; but as a *gift* he *scorns* it, lest he should *draw* upon himself an *obligation* to the *Donor* by accepting it: And as his *wages* he scorns no lesse to acknowledge it, for as he has not by any labour *earn'd* it, so is he afraid to be look'd upon to his *God* in the relation of a *servant*.

In short, this *Gentleman* phancies himself endow'd with such a *transfigurative* excellency, that (as the *Philosophers Stone*, once *found*, should turne all things it touch'd into Gold) he supposes it able to turn all things into *Gentile* and *excellent* wch he is in love with: All his *vices*, whatever *deformity* the *dull* eye of the world apprehends to be in them, his *over-weaning humor* looks upon as no lesse then the most *absolute* of all *vertues*: and he conceits himself so *immoveably* fixed and setled upon the highest *Pinacle* of *Honour*, that *baseness* it selfe shall never have any power to *degrade* him. Thus ever conceiting himself placed at so great a

height

height, it is no great wonder if he become so *giddy* at length in all his actions, and beholding *others* at so great a *distance*. I marvel not, that he begins to see *men* like *Moles* upon the earth, and to think them all so *blind*, that they cannot *discerne* his *vanity*. *This* indeed it is that makes him thinke neither *Church* nor *State* worth his regarding, he can with *dry eyes* behold both *vessels* *split* at once, and in the mean time *flatter* himselfe up with the *Deviliſh* hopes of *Enriching* his *Ambition* by the miserable *Wrack*.

This is he, that thinks it no *injuſtice* to *rob* the whole *world*, and *rifle* the *ſtore-houſe* of *Nature* to *adorn* his Body and *humour* his Palate; to wear the *portions* and *livelyhoods* of (I know not how many) *Orphans* and *Widdows* in a *Band-ſtring*; and carry the *lives* and *fortunes* of many languiſhing *ſouls* upon his *little finger*. I wiſh that whileſt hee caſts ſo ſcornfull an eye upon theſe poor *naked Beggars*, he would but ſeriouſly conſider how many of their *contemptible rags* he hath *picked* up together, to *patch* up all that *bravery* upon his own back; whilſt either his *oppreſſion* occaſion'd, or his

his *uncharitableneſs* prolong'd their *lamentable* condition. He makes indeed almoſt the whole *creation club* to maintaine his *Ambition*, and returnes a *deriſion* in requital.

This Gentlemans chief *paſtime* and *ſport*, whereby he makes himſelf *merry*, is to *laugh* at *two* ſorts of men, the *Godly* and the *Poore*, the *one* as a *Praciſian*, and he that has *unmam'd* himſelfe by too much *Religion*; the *other* as the *out-caſt* of *fortune*, or a man intended by *Nature* for nothing elſe, but by his *labour* to make him *rich*, and by his *ignorance* to make him *merry*. The *Black-coat* or *Parſon* (for by theſe *names* he thinkes he does ſufficiently *pay* the *Divine* & *Scholar*) he ever looks upon with as much *Supercilioufneſs* and *diſdaine*, as if the very *colour* of his *Coat* were odious, and an *Eyeſore* to him, or as if becauſe *ſhame* and *fear* keep him from *immediate* and *direct Blaſphemie*, he were reſolved to expreſſe his *ſpleen* againſt God *himſelfe*, by deſpighting his *ſervants*. He is ſeldome or never his *Auditor* but when he has a mind to *ſleep*, or is diſpoſed to be *merry*, and then he comes to *Church* and *there worſhips God* juſt as he *honours* his *Miniſters out* of it: Nay he is unwilling

unwilling to allow his God that *ordinary civility*, which and much *more* he expects from his owne *Chaplain*, that of a *Cap* and a *Knee*: Or if his *breeding* have taught him more *manners*, then his *piety* has *reverence*, then shall all his *Religion* be pent up into this *one* poore *ceremony*, and so he makes his *worship* all one with his *complement*.

This is he, whose intolerable *pride* makes every thing that is not the very *baseſt* kind of *flatterie*, passe for an *Affront*, and an high piece of *Diſreſpect* unto his *Perſon*. For this immediately he ſtudies a *revenge*, which he has learn'd to call a neceſſary *vindication* of his *Honour*. What excellent *Chymiſtry* is there in ſuch deluded *Nobility*, which can *extract* a *Spirit of Honour* out of the very *dunghill* of *unworthineſſe*; and find ſo admirable a *ſweetneſſe*, in that which cannot be thought better then the very *Ordure* and *Excrement* of *Ambition*, *Malice* and *Envie*, I mean *Revenge*. Let but the leaſt *circumſtance* of that *reſpect*, he ſuppoſes due, be omitted, and preſently there flies out a *Challenge*, and for the moſt part ſo *vauntingly* worded, as if he meant his *breath* or his *Ink* ſhould do more *execution* then his *ſword*.

by this means he makes his first *thrust* at his adversaries very *heart*, that so he may *wound* his *courage* before they *meet*, and cause his *hart* to *faile* him before the *Encounter*; for *this* indeed is often the only way his *late mentioned temeritie* uses to leave him for the securing of his *Reputation*. But if so be his *courage* stand upon the same *leviet* with his *Ambition*, 'tis nothing but the *death* or *disgrace* of his *Antagonist*, will asswage his *fury*, in the *field* therefore he often sends his *body* to the *Grave*, and his owne *Soul* to *Hell* at a blow. This is his *Gallantry*, and this the necessary *vindication* of his *Honour*, which is so tender, that every thing, except it have in it the unworthy *softnesse* of the most *servile compliances* with his owne unconstant *humour*, *rends* *sports* or *grieves* it: and which nothing can *wash cleane*, or make *whole* again but the *heart-blood* of him who durst give the *Affront*.

I hope he will not take it as such, if I make bold here to take my leave of him; I have neither *leisure* nor *patience* to trace him through the wild *Labirinth* of his *Pride*, wherein he has long ago with no small complacency lost himselfe, and all things which looke

looke like *vertue*. I wish men, whom he studies to *provoke* into a *madnesse* equall with his *own*, may ever have that high *charity* for this *Gentleman*, which I have now; then should they *answer* all his *challenges* with this *prayer*, that God would give him more *courage*, then to suffer himself to be thus basely *affronted*, and *domineer'd over* by so *dangerously* insulting a *Passion*, without the least *Essay* towards the *just vindication* of that *Name* and *Honour* which alone are valuable,

§. 7. *The conclusion of this part.*

I should as much *erre* you (Sir) as my selfe, should I *run* (though with never so much *haste*) over all the particulars of the *Gentleman's vanity* and *madnesse*, which are so *inseparably*, for the most part, *interwoven* one within another, that I fear I may already seem too *absurd*, by dividing them into so many *Sects* and *Species*. The plaine truth is, *Vice* seemes to be that very *blood* which *Gentility* so much *boast* of, that which conveyes it selfe through all the *Gentlemans veins* and is dispersed into all the severall

members of the body, in a measure suitable to the *capacitie* of each. Or rather you may call it the *common-soul* which *informs* and *actuates* the whole *body* of *Galantrie*: and which is *communicated* to the particular *members* thereof, not by an *execution*, or *distribution* of *parts* and *degrees*, but (to borrow once more the *Philosophers* phrase) it is *wholly* in the *whole*, and *wholly* in every *part* of the *whole*. If the great *variety* & *diversitie* of *operations* will yet needs plead for a further *distinction*, we must say, what we use to say of the *various actings* of the *same* soule: This *diversitie* ariseth not from a *multiplicity* of *Souls* and *Principles*, but from the many *powers* and *faculties* of that *one* soule, and the various *dispositions* and *qualities* of the *Materiall Organs*.

Really, Sir, the *Gentleman* we have hitherto spoken of, is but the more *curious* and *costly instrument* of *sin*, and would appeare such a *breathless* thing *without it*, that a man might wel question whether or no he would be found an *animated beeing*. For ought that I can yet discover, he has no more *motions* then what *vice* gives him, excepting *that* which he expresses when he is *a sleep*, which

(setting

(setting aside his *excesse* therin) is almost the *onely* thing wherein hee lookes like a man.

To give you therefore the *Conclusion* of this whole *Character*, call him *any thing*, but what he *would* be call'd; and you can hardly *miscall* him: for indeed he is almost *any thing* but what he *would* be thought to be. A *Gentile* thing, made to weare fine clothes, and throw away much *money*: to *eate* the *best* and *drinke* the *best*, and *doe* the *worst*: one that seemes to have beene sent into the world, to help *away* with the *superfluities* of *Nature*; and by his *Intemperance* to *devour* all those *temptations* which might *allure others* to the like *sin*. He knows no *shame* but that which arises from *singularity*, nor any *singularity*, but in *doing* and *living well*.

§. 8. *A more particular application of this Character to our present English Gentleman.*

It has, alas! been but too true in all Ages, that to be *Great*, and to be *Good*, are two: and never was there more undeni-

able *demonstration* of this truth, then in the present *Gentleman* of *England*, to the no lesse *dishonour* of the whole *Nation*, then *disparagment* of his own *name* in particular. Whilest there is nothing *more* his *talke* and his *boasting*, then his *blood*, and his *breeding*, and yet nothing *lesse* his *care* then to *digniſie* the one, or make a *right uſe* of the other. How *few* of thoſe *Gentlemen* have we now to *ſhow*, who dare make it their *buſineſs* and their *glory* to be *ſerviceable* to their *God*, their *Country*, or the *Church*, or that have *breaſts* full of that *Heroick* courage and *magnanimitie*, that may *imbolden* them to *renounce* a ſin that is *proſtitable*, or in *faſhion*. How *rarely* are the men to be met with, who indeed have a reall *ſenſe*, of any thing but their *Meat*, and *Drinke*, their *Apparel*, and their *Game*? Except you will inſtance in ſome of their moſt notorious *vices* wherein indeed they do too rarely *emulate*, and labour to *out-vie* each other.

Heretofore when this ſhatter'd *Nation* was a well cemented *Kingdome*, and enjoy'd thoſe (*then* ſlighted, but *now* much deſired) bleſſings of *peace* and *plenty*, how by a *ſtudied* abuſe of thoſe great mercies did the

Gentlemen ever *dare* Almighty God to punish *him* or his *Nation*? And now that a *sad* and *long* experience of their Contraries has made him feel, though he will not yet be truly sensible of, the lamentable consequents and effects of his former bold wickednesse, how does he instead of *confessions, petitions* and *vowes*, draw up, as it were, his *Remonstrance* against his God, and wages an open *warre* with *Heaven*, endeavouring to *force* the *Almighty* unto a *composition*, and that upon the most *unacceptable* termes in the world? It is too manifest (alas) to any eye, how little *holinesse* has beene the *Product* of those *Judgements* which have doubtlesse among *other* sins, been the especiall punishments of the Gentlemans *Luxurie* and *prophaneness*. We heare him indeed very frequently crying out upon these *sad times* but too seldome reflecting upon those much *worse men* who occasion'd them, Like a churlish *Dog*, snarling at him that *beats* him, bnt never considering whose the *fault* was that *caused* the beating. I know not, I confesse, what should make the Gentleman so *Atheisticall* in all his Actions, as either formerly he has *been*, or now *is*, Except

God's *mercy* on the one hand perſwaded him he could never be *provoked* unto *Judgment*; or his *Judgements* on the other that he can never be *reconciled* in *mercy*, except he dares think the *benifits* he formerly enjoyed *greater* then a *juſt* God could poſſibly confer upon ſo *unworthy* a *ſinner*: or the preſent *Judgments* he now ſmarts under, *rather* the *croſſneſs* of an unkind *Fortune*, then the *tokens* of an incenſed *wrath* of an *Angry God* Whence elſe ſhould he be either ſo *ſtupid* or *unnatural*, as either to live *thankfully* under the *former*, nor *penitently* under the *latter*?

§. 9. *The Winner and Loſer in theſe Times.*

I find *two* ſorts of ſuch *Gentlemen*, one is the *Winner*, the other is the *Loſer*, in this late *game* (for indeed we have all along *ſported* our ſelves in our own *miſeries*) which has been *plaid* in *England*.

The *former* of theſe thinks himſelfe much *too happy* already, to become now *holy*, The fortunate *ſucceſſe* which he hath had in his *ſins*, make him onely *repent* that he practi-

ſed

fred them no *sooner*; and the *taking* away of *Religious pretences*, makes him *sorry* for nothing but that he was no *earlier* an *Hypocrite*. It is a very sad thing to consider what foule *tricks* this *Politick* Jugler every day *plaies* behind the glorious *hangings* of these *Religious pretences*: what deadly *poysons* he has sent abroad into the world in this *perfumed breath*! This *Gentlemans* onely *Religion* is his *Art of Dissimulation*: the faire *gilt* which makes his *Copper Coyn* to passe so *currently*. O what a *chargeable* commodity has this *Legerdemaine* beene to our little world! whilest they who *have* it, purchased it at no *lower* rate, then that of all *sincerity* and *honesty*, and they that will live *safe* by them, must become as very *Knaves* as *themselves*. That *garment of Religion* which is now worne, and in *Fashion* with these men, is of a very *slight* stuffe, and indeed by long *wearing* and often *piecing* is so very full of *diversly* colour'd *patches*, that it is hard to say which is *that*, which belong'd at *first* to the *whole*. And whence is all this, but from the *Gentlemans* scorning the good and strong *lineing* of *Morality* (so much now a dayes decried by the most)

which would have held all much longer together: He is the onely *Saint* in the world (if you will believe himself) and the *Moral man* is no companion for him. O how many faire *Estates* and glorious *Churches* has this mans *furious zeal* reduced to *ashes*? and yet, alas, the long promised *Phœnix* of *Reformation* appears not yet. How many *Palaces* & *Temples* has his *Fury* defaced? How many rich *treasuries* has his *self-denial* plunder'd? And whence all this but because *Robbery* and *Sacriledge* are much more *profitable* appendages of *his Religion*, then the more *costly formalities*, and *expensive superstitions* of the *other*? To how many *Sons* of *Rebellion* has that one plausible pretence of *Christian liberty*, by this Gentleman, been made the *Mother*? And yet for all this is our *Freedome* but still in *Idea*, and our happinesse a *Phancy*.

How *dearly* has the *Church* paid for the *New coyning* of this *Language*, and refining his *prophaneſs* and *Ribaldry* into *diſſimulation* and *canting*? O what an enriching commodity is *hypocricy*, which has set up so many *broken tradeſmen* in the world *compleat Gentlemen*? And *extracted* our most

refined

refined Nobility out of the very *drosse* of the *people*! Indeed if to be *rich* be to be a *gentleman*; if to be *crafty* be to be *prudent*; if to *dissemble* be the high way to be *Sainted*: and to be *fortunate* the sole *felicity*, which terminates the *hopes*, and must crown the *endeavours* of a Christian: if the *feares* and *cowardice* of *fools* and *sinners*, and the *scorne* and *pitty* of the *wise* and *good*, will make a man truly *honourable*, who hath no *foundation*, of his owne whereon to *build* a *Reputation*, then is this *prosperous* and *thriving* Gentleman, and none but such as he, the *true* Gentleman of our Nation.

But the *Gentleman* on the *losing side* will, I know, think it too much (as well he may) that another should grow so *Honourable* at his *cost* and *charges*, and give him so few *thankes* for his *Honour* when he has it. He is no lesse troubled to thinke how he shall yeild him so much *honour now*, then he was to part with his *estate* to him a *while* agoe. But then, alas! what does this *Gentleman*, who (with no small passion) calls himself a *looser*, towards the *regaining* of what he has *lost*? truly just the *same*, which at first *occasioned* the *losse* it selfe: as if not being *Evill*,

but

but *evill* to a *lesse degree* had been the *onely cause* of all his sufferings; and the way to remove his *afflictions* were to be ten times *worse* a *sinner* than *before*: He behaves himselfe under the *correcting* hand of God as if he thought, the mercifull God did onely *chastize* his *children* to make them *cry* and *complaine* of his unkindnesse, not at all to make them *sensible* of their *errours*, or forsake their *wickednesse*. Certainly such *resentments* of Gods dealings with us is a *stubbornesse*, not a *penitence*; and such a *preposterous* improvement of Gods *deserved* judgments, is the way to provoke him unto *more* and *greater*, not to *perswade* him to withdraw the *lesse* and *lighter*. O that the *suffering* Gentleman would but seriously thinke of this! who growes daily (as 'tis visible in all his actions) *worse* by *correction*, and only *swears* at, and *curses* his *oppressors*, insteed of *fasting* and *praying* for the pardon of his *offences*. He takes it to be an undeniable *priviledge* of *Loosers* to *talke* what they *list*, though never so *prophanely*: and looks upon this *time* of his sorrowes as the chiefe *opportunity* of serving *himself*, and *easing* his *heart* by all kinds of *merriment*: and therefore

fore he makes haſt to *drinke* and *play* away the *cares*, and the ſcant *reliques* of his *eſtate* together. Neither yet can I believe he would be halfe ſo bad as he is, were it not more in *oppoſition* to his *enemy*, then out of *love to* his own *vices*. He often abhors and abſtaines from the vices of *other men*, not (as good Chriſtians doe) for the *ſinnes* ſake, but for the *ſinners*; from *whom* he endeavours to ſet himſelf at ſuch a diſtance, that he never reſts till he be gotten into the contrary extreme, and often into the more *ſcandalous*, though not alwaies the more *dangerous* of the two. As if *vice* could have no *oppoſite* but of its *own name*, nor any meanes were left him to become *one* way *better* then his adverſaries, but by being *another* way *worſe*. Was the former an *Hypocrite*? He, leſt he ſhould be thought ſo too, will be *openly prophane*. If the one will not *ſweare* or *kiſſe* the *Booke* when called to it by a *lawfull* Authority; the other to be croſſe, will ſweare a thouſand *idle oathes* againſt Gods expreſſe *command*. Thus betwixt them do they labour to ſhow the world what a *Latitude* there is in *Atheiſme*.

I might to *these* very seasonably here adde a *third* person, one that has play'd his *Cards* so well, that he is neither *Looser* nor *Winner* in this *sad game*. One, who (I am sure) has done as little *good*, as he *thinkes* he has done *hurt* to any body: who still makes a shift to lie *lurking* in some *hole* or other till the *sport* (as he calls it, whilest it touches not him) may be over, so he can but *sleep* in a *whole skin*, and with a *full purse*, he takes no thought how the world goes: What my thoughts are of this *quiet Soule*, I shall have told you sufficiently by saying thus much, he loves his *ease* and *safety* better than his *God*. If you desire to read him more at large, I must intreat you to cast your eye a little back, and with the *Provident*, *Prudent* or *Peaceable Gentleman*, you will be sure to find him.

§. 10. *How good English men such Gentlemen are.*

And now (Sir) how much reason the poore *Church* or *Kingdome* of *England* has to brag of her *Gentry*, I think I have abundantly told you. Her *richest Sons* do not alwaies

alwaies prove the most *affectionate* and *Natural* to their *Disconsolate Mother*. But indeed daily aggravate her *griefe* and *sorrow*, by their *prodigall* courses, & most *barbarous* behaviour. What do they lesse then with the ungratefull *Mule*, hourly *kick* at the *paps* which give them *suck*? And with the bloody *Tyrant*, whose *Character* it was, to be *a lump of dirt kneaded up together in blood*, they have *torne* out the very *Bowels* of a most *Compassionate* and indulgent *Mother*. Our *Church* may very well complaine of some who would be thought her own *Sons*, as *God* of his ungratefull people of old, *She has brought up Children and they have rebelled against her, and among all the Sons she has nursed up, there is none to pitty her, or lead her by the hand*. When they were *full* and waxen *fat*, then they *forgot God*; and now that some of them are *leane* enough, nay as the *fat kine* in *Pharohs vision*, even *eaten up* of the very *leanest cattle* in the Nation, yet being so many waies *smitten they do but revolt more and more*. It will be a *mercy* rather then a *Judgment*, if God *vouchsafe* to *smite* them once *againe*.

Thus, whilest one is *ignorant* and can do nothing,

nothing, another *Lazy* and *will* do nothing, a third *Cowardly* and *dare* do nothing: whileſt one is ſo *prudent* he thinkes it no *wiſdome*, another ſo *covetous* he holds it not *providence*, a third ſo *Lordly* he accounts it *below* him to doe any thing but what may foment his own ſinful inclinations. Whileſt one is too *voluptuous*, another too *worldly*, a third too *ambitious*, whileſt one has a *Wife*, another a *Farme*, a third a *Dog*, and the fourth a *Pot*; It will ever either *misbeſeeme* their *dignity*, or *croſſe* their *intereſt*, or *hinder* their *calling*, or *injure* their *Families*, or *thwart* their *humours* (and indeed *there's* the *main let* of all the reſt) to follow *Chriſt*, or take care of his *Spouſe*. *God* give them *grace* betimes to *love her* better, in whoſe *armes alone* they can hope to be *ſafe* from the roaring *Lion*; and to abandon thoſe *Dalilaes* which ſo long as they *court*, they can neither love *Her*, nor ſecure *themſelves*! In a word, I ſhall put up for them a *ſhort* prayer but a *full* one, if they would but underſtand it—*God make them all ſuch as Gentlemen ſhould be!* And what that is, I ſhall now endeavour, to the beſt of my skill, to tell you: though both for want of

Age

Age and *breeding*, I must necessarily come as far *short* of him, I would describe, as I have been all this while *above* that other, whom our *Nation* had been more *happy*, never to have *known*. the *Gentlemans* virtues are as much *above* my reach, as the *Gallants* braveries *below his* imitation.

SECT. III.

The true Gentleman.

§. 1. *An Apologetical Introduction.*

BEing now (Sir) to give you the *True Gentlemans* character you might very justly expect to meet with *something* truly like the *Subject*, *High*, and *Noble*. He is indeed too *sacred* a thing to be *touched* by so *common* a pen; every *slip* whereof can be deemed no lesse then a prophanation of his wroth, who is the liveliest image which God has left us of himself upon any of his *Creatures*. However, seeing where there is so *venerable* an *Excellency*, as all *Encomiums* may be thought *Folly* and *Presumption*, so can *silence* be judged no lesse a *Sacriledge*: seeing we use to *offer* unto *Heaven*, not so much what we *owe*, as what we *may*, I think it much better becomes me

me to say that *little I can*, then just *nothing*; and to tell you, if *not* what the *Gentleman* is, yet at least *so much* of his *greatnesse*, as falls to *my share* to *understand*. I had much rather be *censured* for committing such a *pious errour* then be *condemned* for the wilfull omission of so *necessary* a *duty*. I dare not suspect the *Gentlemans goodness* to be of a lesse *extent* then *my ignorance*; and therefore I doubt not but he can *pardon* as often as I through *weakness* shall *offend*. Where I *erre*, let him think it was the *brightness* of my subject which *dazled* the eyes and occasioned me to *stumble*. Where my expressions fall *low* and flat, I do beg of him that he would impute it to that *Reverence* which I bear unto his *virtues*, which commands my *pen* to keep its *Distance*.

I hope you will not blame me for this *Apologie*, for I would gladly *keep* off as long as I can, when I cannot *draw nigh* without a *necessity* of *erring*. Even in this short *preamble* you may be pleased to read *something* of the *Gentlemans Character* to wit, such a *Greatness*, as commandes a *Distance* and *Reverence* and such a *candour* as can

pardon

Pardon a *failing*; and (which is indeed the ſumme of all I have to ſay) ſuch a *Man* as is *truly* a *Gentleman*. Which *name* ſpeaks all that beares a *contrariety* to the thing we lately ſpoke of, whoſe very *name* is ſuch a compleat *Summary* of all *Vices*, that there is but one thing left to *denominate* the true Gentleman; I mean, an abſolute *Combination* of all *virtues*. All which I can confer to his *Character*, will amount to no more then an *imperfect paraphraſe* upon his *Name*; and as much as I underſtood of this take as follows.

§. 2. *His generall Character.*

The *True Gentleman* is one, that is as much *more*, as the *falſe* one is *leſs*, then what to moſt he *ſeems* to be. One who is alwaies ſo far from being an *hypocrite*, that he had rather appear in the eyes of others juſt nothing, then not be *every thing* which is indeed truly *virtuous* and *noble*. He is a man whom that moſt *Wiſe King*, he beſt reſembles, has fitted with a Character. *A man of an excellent ſpirit.* This is he whoſe *brave* and *noble* ſoul ſoares high above the

ordinary

ordinary reach of *mankind*, that seems to be a distinct *species* of himself. He *scorns* so much the *vices* of the *world*, that he will hardly stoop to a *virtue* which is not *Heroick*; or if he do, it is by his good *improvement* of it to make it so. He is one to whom all *honour* seems *cheap*, which is not the *reward* of *virtue*: and he had much rather *want* a name then not *deserve* it.

This *Gentleman* is indeed a person truly *great*, because truly *good*; His *Honour* is of too *excellent* a nature to be supposed the *Creature* of any *thing* besides his own *virtues*; and those virtues too *eminent* to be esteemed *less* then the most *refined* actions of so *great* a soul. He is no lesse the *glory* of *mankind* then *man* the *glory* of the whole sublunary *Creation*. One that would every way deservedly be accounted *more* then what is *humane*, were not one Part of him *mortal*; however it is his *first care* and *endeavour* to make this *mortal* part of him such, as may make it apparent to the world, how great an *Excellency* may be the companion of so much *frailty*.

Till he may be so happy as to *enjoy* the *Heaven* he *hopes* for, he does what he can to

be

be an *Heaven* to himself and by his extraordinary pains so *beautifies* his soul with all *Cœlestial* accomplishments, that he needs only *die* to be in *Heaven*; and seems to want nothing of those glorious Spirits which dwell there, but only to be *without* a *bodie* and as *high* as they.

He looks upon himself whilest in *this* world as no more then a *probationer* in the *School* of *Honour*, and makes it his businesse so to *behave* himself at present, that he may be sure of an *admission* into that true *Honour* (when the *Day* comes) which will be as *certain* and *durable*, as *true* and great: Well knowing that the only way to be *Lord* of *many* things, is to be *faithfull* in these *few* wherewith he is now intrusted.

His Soul is so truly *great* and *Capacious*, that nothing but an *Heaven* and *Eternity* can *fill* it: so nobly *high* are all his thoughts: that he is ever aiming at a *Crown*: So *active* and *mounting* his holy *Ambition*, that it disdaines to *pearch* longer then a *breathing space*, upon the most exalted *spire* of all *Sublunary Glories*. He is so *throughly* sensible of the *Cœlestial* Nature of his Soule,

that

that (did he not think it *eve* great part of his *happinesse*, to *suffer* any kind of *misery* in *submission* to his *God*) he could not think his *life* lesse then one *continued torment*, and so long a *detention* here upon the *earth*, a meere *restriction* and *confinement* from all *comfort* and *blisse*.

As for the *blessings* of *this* world, he looks upon them, as the *child* should do upon his *farthings*, or his *counters*, small things, *indulged* him for the *recreation*, not the *businesse* of his soule. Yet (such a *good huswife in vertue*) he reaps no small advantage to himself, from these *subordinate* enjoyments; which by their frequent *conflicts* perswade him more to be in *love* with what's both more *Precious* & more *usefull*. Knowing that his *Mansion* is prepared in *Heaven*, he can esteem the *world* no better then the handsome *frontispice* to that most glorious *building*; where he beholds a great many *fine* flattering objects, and *pretty curiosities* both of *Art* and *Nature*; but all's no more then an *earnest* and *kind invitation* to him to *enter* in, and *possesse* those unspeakably excellent *Mansions*, which these things so dimly *shadowed* out unto

his

his eye; these *well dressed dainties* which he enjoyes here, he dares but *taste* at most, to *prepare* him an *appetite*; he intends to *feast* himself in *Heaven*.

To give you the *summe* of what I thinke of him in the *generall*: He is every way so much *more* then a *man*, that he is no *lesse* in all things then *himself*. One whose rare *excellencies* are such, as would make us believe his *breeding* had been amongst the *Angels* in *another world*, rather then amongst *Gentlemen* here in *this* and that he were only *lent* us a while, an *universall pattern* for Mankind to *imitate*; And to let us see how *much* of *Heaven* (if we will receive it) may *dwell* upon *earth*. He is so *refined* from all *Mixture* of our Coursest *Elements*, as if he were absolutely *Spiritualized* before his *time*; if ever he were *proud* of any thing, it was of being the *Conqueror* of *that*, and all other *Vices*. He *scornes* and is *ashamed* of nothing but *Sin*. He lives *in* the world as one that intends to *shame* the world *out of love* with it *self*: & he is therefore *singular* in all his Actions, *not* because he *affects* to be so, *but* because he *cannot* meet with *company* like *himselfe* to make him

him otherwise, In a word, he is such, that (could we *want* him) it were *pitty* but that he were in *Heaven*; and yet I pitty not much his continuance *here*, because he is *already* so much an *Heaven* to *himselfe*.

§. 3. *His chief Honour and Dignity.*

His *first Honour* in this world, is to be *born* the most *noble* of Gods *creatures* here *below*: His *next* is to live one of his most *Obedient* and *laborious servants*, like those *above*. His *greatest* to *die* his *beloved Son*, that so he may *reign* with him *for ever*. It was the *Honour* of his *Infancy* only, to have *Noble Parents*; It is the *Honour* of his *riper years*, that he can *imitate* their *Virtues*, and it will be the *Crown* of his *Old Age*, to be as good *a Father* as his *own*; *Blood* and *Birth* then stood him instead, when his *tender* years had not render'd him *capable* of *virtue* and *worth*. When he comes to *Age* he *Enters* upon his *Honour*, not as upon his *estate*, by the *will* or *title* of his *Ancestors*, but by the *claim* of his *merits*, looking upon it not as his *lot* or *inheritance*, but as his *choice* and *purchase*. He has an especiall care

that

that his *Honour* and his *Perſon* may both *live* and *grow* up, but never *die together*. He accounts it much *below* a perſon of his *quality* to *owe* all that *reſpect* which is *given* him when he is a man, to his full Coffers; or all the *Reverence* which is *paid* him when an *old man*, to his *gray haires*: But he ſo *provides* for his *Honour*, that whatever *reſpect* is *offered* him, may be eſteemed a *debt* and not a *Preſent*; and that his *future goodneſſe* may not be thought the *product* of the *Old*, but rather an *obligation* to *New reſpects*: Such he *civily accepts* when *paid* him, but ſeldome *challenges* when *delay'd* or *withheld*; ſo far I meane, as they concerne his *perſon*, not his *Office*. For though it be *one Honour* to *deſerve*, yet is it *another contendedly* to *want* them. He needs never go *abroad* to *ſeek himſelf*, and therefore he harkens with more *ſafety* to his *own conſcience*, then the *peoples acclamations*; and he had much rather *know* himſelfe *Honourable*, then be *told* that he is ſo.

His higheſt *ambition* is to be a *favourite* in the *Court* of *Heaven* and to this end his *policy* is to become not a *great* but a *new*

Man: and to *dresse* up himselfe in all those *Spirituall Ornaments*, which may make his soul truly amiable in the eyes of the *great King*. He considers how that he owes *himself* unto God, as he is his *Creator*; and he endeavours to discharge that *old Debt*, by a most earnest and importunate *suite* for *New* favors ever praying that God would make him *fit* to *serve* him, by making him first a *New Creature*. He could never yet think the *Old man* fit to make a *Courtier* of *Heaven*, and therefore he uses to walk in his *white Robe*, and his *wedding garment*, that so he may be admitted into the *Kings Presence*. He furnisheth himselfe betimes with such *Apparrell* as this, and he *fits* and *settles* it to his Soule *before hand*, knowing that the *longer* it is *worn*, the more *splendid* it *growes*, and the *more* it is *used*, the *longer* it will *last*; the only way to *wear* it *out*, is, not to *wear it at all*: but having once *attired* himself in this *habit* now *every* day is with him an *Holy-day*, and he is henceforward *every where* at *Court*.

But that which he esteems his great *Honor indeed*, is this, that he can with *confidence* and *truly*, call *God* his *Father* his *Saviour*, his

his *Friend* and his *Brother*, the *Church* his *Mother*, and the *Angels* his *fellow servants*. Such *Parents*, such *Kindred*, such *company* he may safely boast of; but this he does no other way, then by his *obedience* and *gratitude*. He behaves himself as a *Kings son* ought to do, that is, he does nothing misbecoming his *Birth* and *Dignity*.

§. 4. *His out-side and Apparel.*

If we may spare so much time from the contemplation of those *richer* excellencies of his *inner man*, as to take notice of his *outside*, we may there behold the *Ingenious Embleme* of his *better self*: so much good care he takes that there be nothing found about him, but what may speak him indeed a *Gentleman*; and present you (so far as the *matter* will bear it) with the fair *picture* of a *noble Mind*. He would gladly so *polish* and *adorn* his Body, as becomes the *lodging* of so *great* a Soul. He looks upon it as a thing only *so far* deserving his *care* and *pains*, as it is a necessary *Instrument* of her operations: and yet he rather could wish himself (might it so be) *freed* from the

cumberſom company of his *fleſh*, becauſe it proves often ſo great a *clog* and *hinderance* to the more *active* and *vigorous* inclinations of his *better* part. So long as he is *confined* to his *Tabernacle of clay*, he makes the *beſt* that can be made of a *Neceſſary Evil*: ſo *feeding* his Body that it may have *ſtrength* enough to ſerve his Soul; and ſo *cloathing* it, that the *other* part may be kept from *freezing*, and fit for more *ſprightlie* actings. Indeed he never makes *much* of his *earthly* part, but in ſubſerviency to his *Spiritual*; that ſo he may the better, as he is commanded *Glorifie God both with Body and Soul which are his.*

Hence is it, that you may alwaies obſerve in his *Habit*, ſuch a *gravity* as beſeems a *Chriſtian*; and yet ſuch a *decency* as becoms a *Gentleman*. He chuſes rather to have his *diſtinction* from other men founded in his *virtues*, then in his *cloathes*. Herein he ſhows that he looks more after what's *ſerviceable* and *uſeful*, then what's *pleaſing* and faſhionable. So much *curioſity* he has, as not to be *ſlovenly*: and ſo *little*, as it cannot ſhow that he is *vain* or *wanton*. He had rather have his Apparrel *rich* than

gaudy

Gaudy, and yet rather *warm* than *rich*. It is *neatneſſe* not *bravery*, a *decent* not a *gorgeous* attire, which, next unto what's *uſefull*, he aims at.

In every *Suit* he buys, he hath as great a regard to the *poor* mans *neceſſities*, as to his own *humour*, and makes choice of that *cloath* or *ſtuff* which may pleaſe God hereafter upon the *Beggars back*, more then what he knows may now flatter the wanton eye of the *World* upon his *own*. He has much better thoughts of *Virtue*, then to hope his *fine cloaths* may gain him a *reſpect* where *that* could not, nay on the other ſide, he knows that *Goodneſſe* is enough of it ſelfe, to advance the *Rag* above the *Robe*, and a *Leathern Cap* above the *golden Diadem*.

He pitties the *unskilfull wantonneſſe* of the world, which alwaies (as *Children* and *Fools* uſe to do) ſets an higher value upon the *varniſh* and the *guilded frame*, then on the *lively features* and excellent *Art in* the rich *piece* they adorn: and calls it a *blindneſſe*, at leaſt, a *weak ſight*, which cannot *behold* a *virtue*, but (as we do a *dull picture*) through the *gliſtering Glaſſe* of *Vanity*. He

esteems his *penny* in the *poor* mans *purse* a much greater *Ornament* then a fair *Plume* in his own *Hat*. Neither knows he how he may with a good *conscience* wear that, which might be made many a poor mans *livelihood* (as too many now love to do) in a *Band* and a pair of *Cuffes*. He is more pleased to see his own *cloathes cover* anothers *nakedness*, then *displaying* his *lust*: and thinks it more honourable to wear the *charity* then the *bravery*.

If his *Place* or *Office* challenge an *Habit* above his desires, by what he is forced to do, he shows what he *would chuse* to do; and must lively expresse his *singular humility*, in his *necessitated gallantry*: showing how he can *condescend* even to any thing, so it be *innocent*, though by a *Conformity* contrary to his natural *inclinations*. And even herein he takes care to provide himselfe such *Apparrel*, that his *cast suite* (as we call it) may not be quite *cast away*; and to this end he chuses rather to swagger in *Gold* then *Tinsell*, in *Cloath* then *Stuffe*: that so it may be *sullied* before it be *torn*, and *unfit* for *him* to wear, before it be *worne out*; and *then* most becoming the *poverty* and *mean*

condition.

condition of another *when* it shall be below the *State* and *Dignity* of his *Place* and *Person.*

It is most certain (and the *Gentleman* knows it as well) that the *Temper* and *Disposition* of the *Soule* is no way better *Discernable*, then through the *Habit* and *garb* of the *Bodie*: He that longs after *New fashions*, will not be backwards in embracing *New Religions*: both proceeding from *one* and the *same* dangerous *Principle*, an *unconstancy* of *mind* and a *desire* of *Novelty*. The *True Gentleman* knows it by *experience*, that where there is no *levity* in the *thoughts*, there appears no *alteration* in the *Body*; where no *inconstancy* and *Pride* o *Soul*, ther's no *change* or *flaunting* in the *cloathes*. And therefore that the world may know that he has a *fixed* and *resolved soul*, he has one *constant garb* and *Attire*: And he will never yeild that to be *out of fashion*, which is both *Serviceable* and *Frugal*. Alas the poor *Body* (he knows) desires nothing but what may preserve it *alive* and in *health*: It is the *lascivious soul* which calls for all those other *superfluities*: and the *Gentleman* accounts it below him to gratifie his *lusts*,

and to be at so vast an *expence* to *cloath* his *Humour*. He could never; since he was a *child*, play with a *Feather*, or think himself happy in the *glistering* of a *Lace*, or *Ribband*. He leaves these Toyes to those *silly* Creatures, who are resolved to continue for ever in their *childhood* or *infancy*, and *dare* to be so *foolish*, as to think a *broad Band* and a *flaunting Cuff*, as necessary as *Heaven*. He can think himself a *man* without such a *vanity*, and *know* himself a *Gentleman* without any such *mark* or *bravery*. alwaies wearing such *cloathes*, as his *Body* may in *old age* have good reason to *blesse* the *moderation* of his *Soul*, and the *needy* may have no lesse cause to pray for the *health* of his Body.

§. 5. *His Discourse and Language.*

When you hear him *speak*, you will think that he intends no lesse, then to give you a *taste* of his *Soul* at every word: Nor indeed is it possible you should in any thing plainlier discover the *nobleness* of his *Spirit* then in his *sweet breath*, so *divinely* moulded into most excellent *discourse*. Every word

word *he* ſpeaks, ſpeaks *him*, and gives you a fair *Character* at once both of his *Abilities* and his *Breeding*.

If you reſpect the *Quality* of his *Diſcourſe*, it is *Grave* and *Noble*, *Serious* and *Weighty*; and yet alwaies rather what is *fit* to be ſpoken, then what he is *able* to ſpeak; His words are moſt *Proper* and *Genuine*, but not affected; His phraſe *high* and *lofty*, but not *Bombaſtick*; His ſentences *cloſe* and *full*, but not *obſcure* and *confuſed*. His Diſcourſe is neither *flaſhy* nor *flat*, neither *Boyiſh* nor *Effeminate*, neither *Rude* nor *Pedantick*: It is alwaies *Sober*, yet *Ingenious*; *Virile*: *Strong* and *maſculine*, yet *ſweet* and *winning*: He loves a *ſmooth* expreſſion, but not a *ſoft* one: a *ſmart* or *witty* ſaying, but without a *Clinch* or *Jingle*: His words are thoſe which his matter will beſt bear, not ſuch as his *Phancy* would readieſt *ſuggeſt*; No poor half ſtarved *Jeſts*, no dry *inſipid Quibbles* can get any room in his *Rhetorick*, hardly a word in all, but what hath his *Emphaſis*, nor any ſentence without his full weight.

If you would eye the *Quantity* of his ſpeech, it is not *Long* but *Full*; not *Much*

but *Great*: He ſpeaks not alwaies, but when he ſpeaks he ſaies all. He as often ſhewes how well he can be ſilent, as how well he can ſpeak; and others alwaies love more to here him talk, then he himſelfe. He makes no leſſe uſe of his Ear in all companies, then of his Tongue; and by his ſerious harkening to the more impertinent diſcourſes of his Companions, plainly proves he has no leſſe *Patience* than *Rhetorick*. He makes it evident, that he has his *tongue* (that *unruly Beaſt* in moſt mens mouths) as much at his *Command* as his *Wit*, and that he is able to make both *reſt*, as well as both *move* at his pleaſure.

His ſayings are never long or tedious, but they alwaies reach home; and he will very ſeldome take any thing leſſe then a *Neceſſity*, for an *Opportunity* of ſpeaking. But then uſually he delivers all with that facility and perſpicuity, as if his words were not the *elect* & *voluntary*, but the *ready* and *natural* emanations of his Soul. No *Paſſion* ſhall at any time more diſturb the Order of his words, than it can Cloud the Serenity of his *forehead*. He cannot make himſelf merry, much leſſe proud, with his own

Inven-

Inventions; nor does he ever catch at the applause, but aims at the Edification of his Auditors.

If you will look upon the *matter* and *substance* of his discourse, you shall see, 'tis alwaies what he *finds*, not what he *makes*: not what he supposes may afford the *fairest field* for his *Phancy* and *Invention* to roave in; but the *best Garden* of such choise *fruits* as the *Stomachs* (not the *Palates* onely) of his company shall be best able to *bear*. Or such as may prove most *Medicinal*, when seasonably applied to the several *diseases* of those that *hear* him: These he alwaies studies rather to *heal* then *discover*, and yet rather to *discover* than *flatter*. Hence he often distributes amongst them the bitter as well as the sweet: and rather that which may *nourish*, than what may *please*.

And yet here it is, if ever, that he acts the part of the *Tempter*; for he makes even the soureſt Apple (which he knows to be *wholsom*) so *pleasant* to the *eye*, that he *forces* such as need it, by a *Pious Fraud*, into a real *love* of what *naturally* they most *hate*. Indeed the only way which for the most part

part in such company is left him to prevent the *loss* of his *own* time, is to make others with whom he converses gainers by his *society*: and he does his utmost endeavour, that every one that hears him, may by what they hear, either *gain a vertue*, or *lose a vice*.

This is it, which makes him very carefull to avoid, whatsoever might rationally be supposed able to *vitiate* either his *own discourse* or the *minds* of his *Auditors*. And very good reason *he* has to be more *cautious* in this respect then *other* men, seeing the most *odious* vice from *his Language* would gain so great a *Lovelinesse*, as would probably make it one of the strongest *temptations*. But his *Rhetorick* has too *sweet a face* to be made the Mother or Midwife to any thing that has the *Monstrous* shape of *Sinne*: he should foully Adulterate so great Purity, who should go about to *match* it with any thing lesse than *Piety* and *Virtue*.

Obloquy and *Scurrility* are too deformed and *wry-faced*, to gain any place in his *affections*: He that is able, when he will, to create to himself a *Reputation* not inferiour

to

to the *higheſt ſcornes* as much, as he *needs* little to *rob* any *other* man of *his*: His fingers are too clean to be foul'd by throwing *dirt* in other mens faces, He is as much afraid to diſcover a blemiſh in another man's *eye*, as he is to ſuffer a greater in his own; and will rather *charitably* condeſcend to licke out the Mote with his *tongue*, then deridingly to talke of it. He holds it too much below a man to imploy his Nailes in vexing an old ſore, and ſcratching till he make a new one. He leaves it to Dogs and Ravens to prey upon Carrion, Alas, it is a very hungry wit, which is fain to *feed* upon ſuch *nauſeous dyet*. Other mens infirmities, eſpecially if naturall or accidentall, are much more the objects of his Charity and Pitty, then of his Merriment and Deriſion. He judges it a *cruelty* proper to *weakneſs* alone to *Murther* the *Sick*; no true *ingenuity* can be ſo *barbarous* as to ſport it ſelf in the *miſfortunes* of the *Miſerable*. He eſteems that (as well he may) a meer *Dwarfiſh wit* wch cannot tell how to ſhew it ſelf to the world but by *trampling* (and ſo *advancing* it ſelf) upon the *Reputation* of others: It is a Barren Phancy, or at leaſt has alwaies a very

Hard.

Hard laboor, which can be *mother* to nothing but to what *misfortune* must be the *Midwife*. The *true Gentleman* has both more *wit*, more *honesty*, and more *charity*, then to permit his *tongue* to be so *foolishly*, so *unworthily*, so *Tyrannically* busied.

Nor doth he lesse abhorre to come near that filthy *puddle* of Obscenity; tis a *Sow* and no *Minerva* that can be for such nasty food. He never carried the *Goats tongue* in the *Gentlemans head*, but wishes that all who do so, would for ever use it as *Goats* do, that is, continue alwaies *mute*: All his discourses are as *chast* as *fair*, and the sweet *Loves* in recital whereof he so much pleaseth himself and all those *good* men which hear him, are no other then those betwixt God and his own soul.

He is too *just* to himself and his own *usurped Majesty*, to suffer his talk to *flag* into an *idle*, much lesse a *wanton* strain of *Drollery*: thats too *Plebain* and *Vulgar* for a *gentleman*, and *this* no lesse too *foul* and *Beastly* even for a *Man*: and he must be more then *both* these in every expression a *Christian*. He cannot but with as much *wonder* and *astonishment* as *pity* and *compas-*

sion

ſin, hear thoſe *puny* Souls, which can invent no other method of *graving* their Diſcourſe, and make it *taking*, but by a *complacent* rehearſal of their own and other mens *uncleanneſſes*; nor can find *matter* for an *hours* talk, without being beholding for it to a *Miſtreſſe* or a *whore*: Or at beſt by *dreſſing* up ſome empty piece of *Folly* in *fine words*. Thus can they never be merry, but as Children uſe to be with a *Baby*, or a *Rattle*.

His Soul preſently boyles up in a pious *Agony* within him whenſoever he hears a *vain Oath*, or any thing that ſounds like *Prophaneneſſe*: He never mentions the dreadful name of *Almighty* God, but with that due *Reverence* both of Soul and Body which ſuits with its *greatneſſe*. He is too much the *friend* of God, and is every way too neerly *related* unto him, to hear him *diſhonoured* with *patience*, or to ſuffer his *name* to be made ſo *vile*, and *cheap*, as to be uſed (as too commonly it is) onely as an *expletive particle* to prevent a *Chaſme*, or make up a *gap* in the *ſentence*, or to make all run more *ſmoothly*.

He has the like Holy reſpect for Gods *Word*

Word as his *Name*. He is too much in love with *Scripture* to see her *prostituted* to every *licentious phancy*, and by an impudent *wresting* made the subject of every *Atheistical* wit. The *Gentleman* looks with a more *reverent* eye upon this *Sacred* Fountain: not as set open to be *troubled* and made *muddy* by the *Wanton Goats*, but to *water* and *wash* the tender *Lambs*. He useth it further as a wholsome *Bath* for his *White* Soul, which will preserve her both *clean* and *whole*.

I should injure the *Gentleman*, to dwell any longer upon his *negative* vertues. Onely, this is an indulgence given to our *ignorance*, that we are allowd to speak in the *negative* of all *great* perfections, and say what they are *not*, when we cannot, as we should, expresse what indeed they *are*. If you will hear what I have to say more of his discourse in short, then know, that all his *words* are not only the *pretty*, *pleasing*, yet *empty bublings* of a *restlesse phancy*; a *raging lust*, or a *wanton* and *frolick humour*; But all of them the *grave*, *weighty*, and well *proportion'd breathings* of his *great* and *holy Soul*.

Sect. 6.

Sect. 6. *His Behaviour and Civility.*

His whole *Behaviour* and *Carriage* is *maſculine* and *noble*, ſuch as becomes his *Heroick* ſpirit; and yet alwaies accompany'd with a wonderful *Humility* and *Courteſy*: His *Body* is only made *ſtraight*, & the more *it ſelfe*, not (as moſt mens are) *new moulded* by *art*: He has juſt ſo much of the *Dancing-School* as will teach him how to laugh at thoſe that have *too* much. He Has made more uſe of the Vaulter and Fencer, then the Dance; for his deſire was more to be a *Man* then a *Poppit*, and to be a *ſervant* to his *Country*, rather then his *Lady*.

If in things of this nature he ſometimes ſtudies another ſatisfaction more then his *own*, he will ſhew how much he can be *more* then a man, not how much *leſſe*, and how *active*, he can be, not how *Apiſh*. He ſo behaves himſelf, that by what he *does*, you may rather conclude he *can* do more if he *will*, then that he *hath* done all he *can* doe. In theſe, as in all things elſe of the like *indifferency*, he manifeſts his *greateſt* power *there*, where moſt men have the *leaſt*, in *refuſing*

fusing to do, what he is sure would gain him the empty applause of the Multitude. Though so far as he can judge the *sport* or *Recreation* innocent and lawfull, he had rather manifest a *slighting* and a *disregard*, then an *hatred* towards them.

His *Complements* are not (as in others) the wild *extravagancies* of a *Luxuriant Language*, but the *naturall* breathings of a sincere *kindness* & *respect*; His civility is alwaies one, with his *Duty*, his *friendship*, or his *charity*. A *Court-dresse* cannot bring him in love with a Lye; nor can he looke upon a *Fashionable Hypocrite* with a more favourable eye, then upon a *glorious cheat*; He judges of all *dissimulation*, as in it selfe it is, for though in *Complement* the *Practice* of it may seem *Princely*, yet in its own *nature* he knows 'tis *Devillish*, and in the *issue* will prove *damnable*. He scornes to be Sathans Scholar, though for so profitable a lesson: for it was He indeed was the first master of this *Ceremony*; when he Complemented our first *Parents* out of their *Innocence* and *Paradise* at once; tickling their ambition with this strain--*Ye shall be like Gods*.

It

It is his care, that all the *Obedience* and *Honour* his *Inferiors* are obliged to render unto *him*, may seeme no more then an imitation of that he payed unto his *Superiours*. And that the *courtesie* and *civilitie* of his *equals* may be thought nothing else but the *reflection* of *his* towards them. But if anothers kindnesse chance to get the *start* in showing it self, he makes it appear that his *backwardnesse* proceeded not from any want of good will, but opportunity, and he endeavours to requite the *earlynesse* of his *friends* Courtesie, by the *measure* of his *owne*. His *Inferiours* may behold in him how well *Humility* may consist with *Greatnesse*, and how *great* an Affabili[illegible] Authority will admit of: By his *practice* our *licentious* world might easily be convinced, that *Freedome* and *subjection* may dwell together like friends.

All his *words*, and all his *Actions* are so many *Calls* to *Vertue* and *Goodnesse*, and by what he himself *is*, he shews others what they *ought* to be. If *Heaven* were such a thing as stood in *need* of an *assistant* Temptation (which a man would almost believe when he sees how little men love it for it selfe).

ſelf) certainly it would make choiſe of the *Gentleman* as the lovelieſt bait to draw others thither, were not the Generality of Mankind grown ſo *ſtupid* in their ſins, as to fall in *love* with *hell*; were they not *infatuated* even to a *confidence* in thoſe *vanities*, which are *worſe* then *nothing*, and *beſpotted* into a *ſenſuality* below what's *brutiſh*, who would not make *haſt* to *Heaven*, were there no greater *Happineſſe* than the fruition of ſuch a *companion* as is the *True Gentleman*?

And truly thither with all *ſpeed* he muſt reſolve to go that intends to *enjoy* him *long*: for he makes too much *haſt* to that *place* of happineſſe, to ſtay *long* by the *way*. Such *good men* indeed are *ſoon taken away*, and this is ſo little *laid to heart* by us, that we have great reaſon for our own ſakes to fear that *they are taken away from the Judgments yet to come* upon this ſinful and rebellious Nation. The world grows ſo thin of ſuch as he, that we may too truly now ſay he is but *one* of a *thouſand*; and then 'tis no leſſe then a *thouſand* to *one* that very ſhortly whoſoever would *find* him, muſt go to *Heaven* to *ſeek* him. And indeed it were an high-

high injury to perſwade him to a longer *ſtay* here, except we could aſſure him of our *company* thither at laſt.

Sect. 7. *His Inſide.*

It is now time to take a ſhort view of his *Inſide*, and it muſt indeed be a very *ſhort* & *imperfect* one, for you cannot but imagine what would be the unfortunate *event*, if ſuch *weak* eyes as mine are, ſhould *gaze* too *long* and *intently* upon the *Glorious* body of the *Sun*. I ſhall only therefore be ſo *officious* to ſuch (if any ſuch there be) as need my help, as to ſet *open* the *windows* for them, the *Sun* (I am ſure) will *ſhine* in of it ſelfe. And truly his *rayes* dart in ſo *thick* and *faſt* upon us, we ſhall hardly know *which* to take notice of *firſt*: An underſtanding here we meet withall, ſo *clere* and *unclouded*, a *Will* ſo *regular* and *uncorrupted*, *Affections* ſo well *refined*, ſo *orderly*, and *uninterreſted*, that 'tis wholly evident, that as *Nature* found *Materials*, and *Education built* the Houſe and ſet all in *Order*, ſo do *Religion* and *Morality Govern* within, and betwixt them keep all *cleane* and *handſome*.

His

His *virtues* seem to be so much the *Necessary* and *Natural* Emanation of his most *active* and *boundlesse* soul, that he is in danger by being altogether *good* to loose the *praise* & *honour* due to so *eminent* a Goodnesse: If he could *leave off* to be *Vertuous*, the world might then seem to have some *excuse* for being *vicious*. But his *Goodnesse* is too *absolute*, to grow out of *love* with *it self*, and too *knowing* to lye *obnoxious* unto such a *cheat*, as to part with her *own* face, in exchang for the *fairest* of *Vices*. I wish the world would *forbear* to love vice, till he *begin* to *forsake* virtues; and that all our *Gentry* would endeavour to be *like him*, till he become like *them*, or *esteeme* any thing truly *Noble*, which he cannot prove to be really *good*.

As for his *Intellectual* Excellencies, so far as he owes them *purely* and *immediately* to *God* and *Nature*, I think it not fit so much as to touch any further upon them; least I should not bear up *even* in that great *variety*, wherein they are distributed among the many individuals; God having *proportioned* them out unto the *severals* in so *different* a measure, as nothing but his

own

own Infinite wisdome can give a *particular* reason of it. Only this I may safely say, that whatsoever his *Talent* is, the Gentleman *digs* not in the *Earth* to *hide it*; but so *trafficks* with it, till *Art* and *Industry* have brought in an *encrease* some way proportionable to the *stock* of *Nature*: at least to that degree which may intitle him to the *Euge* of his Lord, and the glorious *welcome* of a *good and faithfull Servant*. He makes use of Gods *Bounty*, not as a *Warrant* for his *sloath*, or an *indulgence* to his *idleness*, but as a *Spur* and motive to a gratefull *Care* and *Industry*: Not as a *treasure* to be *prodigally spent*, but a *stock* to be *thriftily husbanded* and improved: He accounts it a thing most unworthy in a *Gentleman*, to be an *ill husband*, especially where the *treasure* is *Gods*, and he but his *Steward*, yet such a steward, as has the *use*, as it were, of his Lords *purse* for his Incouragement.

His *acquired* Intellectuall accomplishments, are too *numerous* and *various* to be here characterized; something must be said of them hereafter in his *study*, though but very little; for I chuse rather to insist upon what

what denominates him *Good* and *Noble*, then *great* and *knowing*: for though the *latter* be *useful* and *excellent*, yet the *former* are more *praise-worthy* and *necessary*.

Sect. 8. *His command over himself.*

His *Will* and *Affections* he makes the *Instruments* and *servants*, not the *Guides* and *Mistresses* of his *Soul*. He subjugates his *Will* unto *Reason*, and *this* to *Religion*, and by this meanes it comes to passe that he never misses of having his own free *Choice* in all things. He both *Doth* and *Hath* what he *will*, because he never *wills* but what is according to *reason*, nor thinks any thing *Reasonable* but what's *honest* and *Lawful*: thus by making *Gods will* his *own*, he is never *croſt* in his *desires*.

Thus he exerciſes the *first* and *main* act of his *Authority* at *home*: and that he may be more *expert* in governing *others*, he firſt *practiſes* upon himſelf; and learnes to command his *inferior* Soul. He will not *submit* in the leaſt to the *Tyranny* of a *Paſſion*, nor hearkens he further to the moſt tempting *Suggeſtions* of his *Senſitive* part, then he

he sees that *Subject* to the *grave* and *sober* dictates of its lawfull *Empresse Right Reason*. His *affections* when *prepared* and fitted by an *unprejudiced judgment* for his service, he delayes not to put into *exercise*, but imployes them as so many *wings*, whereon his soul may be carried up *above* the reach of *Vulgar* men. It would be too great an *indulgence* in him, to suffer his *Passions* to be their own *carvers*, and *chusers* of their own *objects*: for *these* being the Natural *Daughters* of his *untamed sensitive Appetite*, have too much of their *mother* in them, to be *discreet* in their choise; like *wanton* and *imprudent* Girles, they would pitch upon the *fairest* rather then the *best*, & more labour to *flatter* the *Sense* then *obey* the *Reason*. As their *Lord* and *Soveraine*, therefore he *appoints*, and *Reason cuts* them out their work, and *assignes* every one its proper task; and by this meanes at length they become the *beauty*, *ornament* and *strength*, which otherwise had naturally been the *Blemishes*, *disorders*, and *Infirmities* of the Man.

He desires in all things to be *above* the *world*, that's his *Ambition*; and therefore *he sets his affections on things above*, and *points*

them out the way to *Heaven*, that's his prudence. The soul without them would be *lame* and unable to *go*; and they without its *eye* of *Reason*, are *blind* and know not which way to go, but (as the *Cripple* upon the *blind mans* back) let but the *judgment* direct *them* in the right path, and then *they* will carry the *soul* to Heaven. The *Gentleman* is too much a *man* to be *without* all *passion*, but he is not so much a *beast* as to be *governed* by it.

In this *moderation* and *Empire* over *himselfe*, where he gives *Law* to his *Affections*, and *limits* the extravagances of *Appetite*, and the insatiable *cravings* to *sensuality*: the just *rule* he goes by, is not *opinion* but *knowledge*: not that *leaden* one, which is so easily *bent* and made *crooked*, or *melted* and *dissolved* by the *heat* of *passion*, or the *arts* of *Sophistry*, into *error* and *Skepticisme*: but that other *Golden* one, which lies as *close* & *firm*, as 'tis made *straight* and *even*. When he would *imprint* the true *lovelinesse* of any *object* upon his affections, he takes it into a true *light*, and has a care to remove from before his eye all those cunningly wrought *Glasses*, or other instruments of *Sathan* and

Lust

Lust, set so frequently to *prejudice* and *deceive* the *sight*; whatsoever might cause him to *mistake* a *false* object for a *true*, or to see a true one *amisse*: so endeavours he to be as free from *errour* as from *vice*: esteeming it as a *sin* to act against his *knowledge*, so a *shame* at least to be *deceived* in his *opinion*.

He judges of *things*, as he does of *men*, not by what they *promise*, but by what they *prove*; and so he *trusts*, and *loves*, and *fears* them, not for what in *appearance* they *seeme* to be, but for what in the *use* and *trial* of them he *finds* that in truth they *are*. He accounts not an *Ox* therefore more *terrible* than a *Lion*, because he is *greater*: nor a *Pebble* more *desirable* than a *Pearle*, because 'tis *heavier*: But he first collects the *Excellency* of every thing from its *usefulnesse*, and *tendency* unto that *end* he *aims* at in the *pursuit* after, or *use* of it, and then he *proportions* his affections according to that *degree* of excellency, he has thus *rationally* concluded to be in it. After this manner does he in the first place *Lord* it over his *Passion*, till in a long *obedience* she have served out her *apprenticeship* to his *Reason*: then

is she deservedly *enfranchised* into a *vertue*, and so becomes at length her *Lords Mistresse*: and 'tis *she* will get him a *reward* for his service in *Heaven*.

Sect. 9. *His Magnanimity and Humility.*

There is a Brave *Heroick* vertue, which is as a *second soul* unto the true *Gentleman*, and *Enspirits* every part of him, with an admirable *Gallantry*: I mean, *Christian Magnanimity* and *Greatnesse* of *Soul*. This presently heaves him up to that *size* that the wide *world* seems too *strait* and *narrow* to containe him, or afford *room* enough for him, to expresse the *activity* of his Spirit. This is it which teaches him to laugh at *small* things, and disdaine to go *lesse* then his *Name*. Being carried up on *high*, upon the wings of this *Vertue*, he casts *down* his eye upon those *little* Happinesses, which seem enough to satisfie the *narrow* souls of other men, with no little *contempt* and *scorne*; but on those poor *starvlings* themselves, whose *earthly appetites* can make such *trash* their *diet*, with as much *pitty* and *compassion*. It is this *Vertue* which so *ennobles* all

all his *actions* that they bear a juſt proportion to the *largeneſſe* of his *thoughts*, and permits him to engage in nothing which is not truly *Honourable*. And it is this ſame *Vertue* which makes his own *Boſome* his *Treaſury*, and that ſo *rich* and *ſelf-ſufficient*, that all the *external* felicities this world has or can *caſt in* to the *Bargain*, are look'd upon by him with as ſlender a regard, as the *Widows Mite* would have been by the great *Lord* of the *Temple*, without a large *augmentation* for her *piety* and *devotion*. It is this *vertue* which makes him *calme* in his own *breſt*, when the whole world beſides *rages* like a *troubled Sea* round about him. Let the *ſtorme* and *tempeſt* threaten never ſo loudly a *ſplitting* and a *wrack* to other *unballanced* ſoules: he knows not how to fear, whileſt his courage is his Anchor, and Innocence his ſafe Harbour. This is it which makes him conclude their labour very ill ſpent, who for the cheriſhing of a childiſh humour, uſe to *ſweat* and *conſume* their *ſtrength* and *ſpirits* in purſuit of a *Feather*: or *ſtrain* their *backs* to take up every *ſtraw* that *gliſters* in their way. It ought to be a much nobler *Game* then ſuch

a silly *Fly*, that this *Eagle* vouchsafes to *stoop* to.

But as this brave *Vertue* thus teacheth the *Gentleman*, to be *enough* to himself, and rest *content* and *satisfied* with what he hath at *home*; so does it likewise teach him to be *too much* for himself, and commands him not to vindicate *all* of himself wholly to his *own* use and service. It were pitty so *great* a *goodnesse* should be thus *confined* within *one* subject, as not to be able to *distribute* something of it selfe to *every* one of its neighbours. Nay this *Christian Magnanimity* doth so *stretch* out his Soul, that ever *that* too, seems to be *communicated* unto *others* besides himself. It is a kind of *violence* and *restraint* to her to be pinned up within the narrow *Province* of one *Individuall* body, and therefore she studies how she may *enlarge*, if not her *Empire*, yet her *Charity*, and makes a *number* by being the *object* of her *bounty*, the *witnesses* of her *Greatness*. Indeed so *diffusive* and spreading is *Vertue*, when she growes in so *rich* a soyle, that of a *little* she soone becomes *great*, and of *One* a *Multitude*. This *Grain* of *Mustard-seed* grows up so fast, and so

great,

great, that many may reap the benefit of its growth, by partakiog of its branches. And such a *Cloud*, as at first might appear but of an *hand breadth*, will suddainly make a *nation* happy in that refreshing *dew*, which by its *plenty*, will argue a strange *increase* after so *small* an appearance. Indeed the *Gentleman* acts as if he intended, that his *soule* should in a short time *animate* the *Universe*; & make it more than ever the poor *Philosopher* could dream of, *One great Gentleman*; and the severall *Individuals* therein but the numerous *members* of his own body. Though the *indocile* and *untractable* spirits of the *common* sort of men be such as *force* him against his will to be *singular*: yet to show us how *unwilling* he is to *remain* so, his *virtues* are too *charitable* to be long *alone*: and hence are all his *breathings* such, as might well be thought intended by him to *inspire* his company with something *like* himself: and all his *Actions* so many earnest *Essayes*, towards the *assimulating* of their Natures unto his own. He is Master of so *inexhaustible* and *Miraculous* a treasury of *goodness*, that he may very well afford *every* man a *little*, and yet keep *all* unto *himself*.

He knows not how to *be* good, and not to *do* good, and therefore one half of his ſtudy is to *give himſelfe* away. Neither his *breſt* nor his *purſe* are ever *ſhut* to ſuch as *need* him, and (God knows) more *need* him then will make *uſe* of him.

The *Gentleman* may well be compared unto a Great *Book*, which alwaies lies wide *open* to the world; that whoſoever wants *advice* or *counſell*, may freely *conſult* him at pleaſure: there they may *read*, that himſelf, as opportunity ſerved him, has taken great paines to *copy* out *faire* in all his *Actions*, what ever is both *ſafe*, *great*, and *good*: thus in *one* and at *once* they may behold both the *rules* of a *good life*, *Precept* and *Example*.

Nor doth this *vertue* more manifeſt it ſelf in a liberall *diſtribution* and *inſtruction* then in as *free* and *impartiall* a *correction* and *reproofe*, whenſoever it is requiſite, chuſing much rather to *croſs* the *humour* of his *friend*, then flatter his *vice*; and to loſe his *friendſhip* here, then his *company* (if it may be poſſible for him to have it) in Heaven another day. He is not *afraid* to call every man by his *own* name, or adde the *Epithet* which

which is due unto it: that ſo every one that comes into his preſence, may be *afraid* to bring a *bad name* along with him. *He* can *envy* no man becauſe he cannot ſee any one *better* than himſelfe; neither yet can he *deſpiſe* any man, becauſe he really *deſires* every one ſhould be as *good* as himſelf.

So that what's moſt of all commendable, this moſt excellent *vertue* is accompanied with a moſt exemplary *humility*, and there is nothing can more deſervedly *exalt* him in the thoughts of *all* men, then this, that he is ſuch a *Diminitive* in his *own*. Nor does this proceed from an *ignorance* of his own *excellencies*, but rather hence, that he *knows* whence he *had* them. Neither does he therefore *preferre* every man in *Honour* before himſelf, becauſe he knows not what other men are, but becauſe he knows not what they may be. He is really ſo *high* that he may with eaſe *reach* Heaven, but he *makes* himſelf ſo *low* that he may goe in at the *ſtrait gate*. When he looks upon his own *vertues* (which he had rather *ſhow* than *ſee*, and *have* than *ſhow*) he will not think them *great*, becauſe he intends to make them yet much *Greater*, neither can he tell how to

applaud himselfe when he *sees* them *great*, because he knows well how little *he* either *made* or *deserved* them. It is this *vertue* that makes him much more desire the *friendship* of a *vertuous begger*, then the *favour* of a *vicious* and *licentious Prince*: because *this* he must assuredly *lose*, seeing he knows not how in a *compliance* to his humour to become *wicked*: but *that* shall never *end*, but *last* as long as his *Heaven*. He chuses his *companions* not by the *outward* habit of their body, but that *internal* of the soul: and sets an higher *value* on them for their *Merits*, then their *Births*. He is so little *proud* of what he *is*, that he is indeed very *Humble* for what he is *not*. He will never be perswaded (as most of those we call *Gallants* do) to *pride* himself in his *Vanity Boast* of his *folly*, and *Glory* in his *Prophaneneſſe*.

Sect. 10. *His Charity and Temperance.*

The Gentlemans *Charity*, is no other then his *Soul drawn out to his fingers ends*. Every piece of *money* he hath, bears as well the *Impreſſion* and *Image* of this *vertue*, as *that* of his *Prince*: and *this is* it which makes him

him value the *Coyne more*, and the *Silver leſſe*. He is indeed that true *Briareus*, which has as many *hands*, as he meets with *receivers*: and for this cauſe he is look'd upon as a *Monſter*, in theſe latter dayes, and very *rarely* to be met with.

The courſe he takes to *air* his *Bags*, and keep them from *moulding*, is to *diſtribute* freely to *all* that are in *need*. If he take ſome paines to become *richer* then others. it is only to put a *cheat* upon that which men miſcall *Fortune*, and to manifeſt he hath a *power* ſo great as hers: that is, to make himſelf *poor* again at his pleaſure: and to ſhow that *charity* can entertaine as *rich* ſervants as *ſhe*. Though God hath indulged him the *priviledge* and *inheritance* of an *Elder brother* in the world, yet he wiſely conſiders that the *youngeſt* of all may in equity challenge a *childs portion*. He eſteems it a very high *Honour*, that God hath vouchſafed to make him *one* of the *Stewards* in *His* great *Family*: and he is nothing *ambitious* of *his Epithete*, to his *Name*, or *reward* of his *pains* who is recorded in the *Goſpel* for his *injuſtice*.

When by *giving* to the *poor*, he *lends* to the

the *Lord*, the Honour of being the Lords Creditor is all the intereſt he expects; and doubtleſſe this *Happineſs* is not *every* mans, to have *God* his *Debtor*. He accounts it much the *ſafer* way, to truſt his *Charity* than his *Luxury* with the *Bag*; the former will bring in an *even reckoning* in *Heaven*; the latter perhaps a *jolly one* in the *Tavern*, but a very *ſad one* in *Hell*. He delights not to ſee *any* thing *ſtarve* but his *Luſts*, he lets theſe *crave* without an *anſwer*, and *die* without *compaſſion*. I would to God, there were many in the world ſuch as hee, we ſhould then ſee *fewer Beggars*, and *more Gentlemen*. Mens *Backs* and *Bellies* would not then ſo frequently *rob* and *undoe* their *ſoules*. Now adaies, the Gentlemans *cloathes* wind about his *body*, and his *body*, about his *Soule*, with no greater *kindneſſe*, then the twining *Ivy* about the *Oake*, the *Apparrell* ſucks away the *nouriſhment* which is due to the *body*, and *this* that *other* which we owe to the *Soule*.

Where he is not able to make his *Eſtate adequate* to his *deſert*; he takes a better courſe, and *Levels* his *deſires* to his *Fortune*, though he *ſeldome* have all that he *deſerves*, yet

yet he *alwaies* has whatsoever he *covets*. He never wants *much* of that which is *needful*, because he *enjoys* all that he is in *love* with. He makes his *life* and *health*, not his *Estate* or *ambition*, the *standard*; his *Reason*, and not his *Humour*, the *judge* of his *Necessities*.

Such is his *Temperance* and *Sobriety* in the use of those *Creatures*, of which by Gods *blessing* he is made *owner*: that he *sacrifices* very *much* to his *God* in the *relief* of the indigent, *nothing* to *sin*, in satisfying the importunate cravings of his *carnal lusts*. Above all he is *ashamed*, when *Fortune* hath used him very *hardly*, and spoil'd him of many opportunities of exercising his *bounty* and his *charity*, to permit his *lusts* to use him yet *worse*, and leave him *nothing* at all. He scornes *first* to *swagger* and *swill* away his estate, and *then curse* his *fortune* for using him so roughly; first to *make* himself a *Begger*, and then cry out upon his *poor* condition: or to complaine he is *as poor as Job*, when every day he *fares as deliciously as Dives*. When he has the *least*, he shows that he is able to live with *lesse*: and when he is brought into a *low* condi-

tion

tion, tries how he he could beare up in a *lower*; and proves by his *cheerfulneſſe* in that ſome would call *want* and *miſery*, that *Happineſſe* does not conſiſt in *ſuperfluities*. He is *content* with *any* thing, and by this meanes *enjoyes* all things: and is ſo *Charitable* of a *little*, that it is evident in that *little* he *wants* not *much*.

He chuſes rather to *be well* in the morning, then drunke overnight, and at any time had rather be free from the *Sin*, then *pleaſe* his *Companions* with the *Frolick*. His *money* is too *little* to *love*, but too *much* to *throw* away: and he had much rather *give* it then *loſe* it: preferring his *charity* before his *Game*, and the *poore* mans *life*, before his *own wantonneſs* and *riot*: though he had never ſo *much*, he could never have *more* then *enough*, becauſe he ſees ſo *many* that *want* what *he* has, and *pities* all he *ſees* in *want*. He looks upon his *eſtate* as that which was given him for *uſe* and not for *waſte*: and upon ſo much of it as he *loſes* at play, as that whereby he hath *rob'd himſelf* of a *vertue*, and *another* of a *comfortable* livelihood and he cannot ſport himſelfe with ſuch *loſſes*.

Sect. 11.

Sect. 11. *His Valour and Purdence.*

Having ſpoken already of the Gentlemans *Magnanimity*, I ſhall need to adde very little of his *valour*; which he exerciſes more in *obeying* his *God*, then *Oppoſing* his *Brethren*. His higheſt piece of *Fortitude* is that whereby he *conquers himſelfe* and his ſin; and in this he is alway *practiſing*. He knowes that by thus becoming his *own captive*, he ſhall not want the *uſage* of a *Gentleman*; and thus being made his own *Lord* too, he is ſure to be *free* from all the *world* beſides. He lookes upon it as the baſeſt degree of *Cowardice*, to yeild unto thoſe *feeble paſſions*, which, did not both *Reaſon* and *Religion* ſtep into their *Succour*, would certainly become the *prey* of every *light* and *empty* toy. His Chriſtian *Fortytude* is ſuch, that he fears not to *Encounter* the Great *Goliah* of *Hell*, or an whole *Army* of ſuch *Philiſtians* as have ſet themſelves in array againſt his *Happineſſe*, all at once: not though they be ſuch, as by their *Cunning* have already got *within* him. He never gives over *reſiſting the Devill* till he have

put

put him to *flight*. He hath that *greatest courage* which is so rarely found in others, who would be called *Gentlemen*, he dares be *Religious* in spite of the *World*. He sets himself, without betraying the least *timidity*, against the great *Bugbare*, which so *scares* most men, not only out of their *wits*, but out of all *good actions*, *shame*, or *derision*. These are they which, as the *Elephants* in King *Pyrrhus* his Army terrified the *Romans* with their prodigious *Bulke*, do so *affright* the greatest part of our *Gentry*, that they never leave *flying* till they *tumble* into the *Bottomlesse Pit* together. The true Gentleman, like the stout *Minucius*, has by experience proved these *Monsters* to be of more *Bulke* than *Mettall*, and to want *nothing* but an *Adversary*, to bring them into *Subjection*.

The *True* Gentleman hath so much *true valour*, as not to *fear* the brand of a *Coward*, where his *courage* should be his *sin*, & his *conquest* his *ruine*. He is ever the *fugitive* in such a *chase*, and dare *boast* of nothing but being *routed*. 'Tis then alone he *fears* not *death*, when he is sure there is no *Hell* will *follow* it. His *life* is more *deare* to him,

then

then that he ſhould be content to part with it for any thing *leſſe* then *Heaven.* He has an *Honour*, and that's his *Religion*, a *Miſtreſs* too to vindicate and defend from all injuries and affronts, and that's his own *Soul*: For the ſakes of *theſe two* he is engaged in many a *Duel*, with thoſe *Hereſies* and thoſe *ſins*, which would *ſtrain* and *corrupt* the *one*, or *ſteale* away & *deflower* the *other*.

He thinks that *Honour* too *deare* which muſt be *bought* with a *Murther*, and a *Name* which is never to be *worne*, but by his *Monument*, none of the *cheapeſt*, when *purchaſed* with his *life*. He has much *honeſter* thoughts of his *Miſtreſſe*, then to think her ſuch a *Proſerpine* that either *he* or his *Rivall* muſt be ſent to *Hell*, before *either* can *enjoy* her.

There is indeed a *Beauty*, for which the *Gentleman* thinks it no *loſs* to *die*; but ſuch an one as is often *blacke*, though alwaies *lovely*: I meane, his own *Mother* and his Saviour's *Spouſe*, the *Church* of God: and there is an *Honour* which he holds *cheap* enough when bought with the high *price* both of *life* and *livelihood*, though (if he might have his choiſe) he had rather *preſerve*

ſerve both to *maintain* it, then *loſe either* to *purchaſe* it, *Loyalty* to his *Prince*, and *Fidelity* to his *Country*: For theſe he does not fear to *Embrace* a *Stake*, to make the *Scaffold* his *Bed*, and a *Block* his *Pillow*: ſeeing he is aſſured, that whoſoever thus *lies down* to *reſt* at *night*, ſhall without faile *riſe* againe to *Glory* in the *morning*. He holds it much more deſirable to *live* a *Beggar*, then to *die* a *Traytor*. And that his *Honour* and *Conſcience* ſhould expoſe him to *Tyranny* and *Violence*, then his *Treachery* or *Hipocriſie* buy out his *temporall ſecurity*. He thinkes it no great matter to *truſt* that *God* with his *Perſon* and his *Family*, who hath *truſted* him with his *Spouſe* and his *Children*.

Hence is the *Gentlemans* prudence, the *Legitimate Daughter* of *Loyalty* and *Conſcience*, not the *Baſtard* of *Covetouſneſſe* and *Cowardice*: 'tis mixt of *Diſcretion* and *Wiſdome*, not *Craft* and *Knavery*. He was never yet ſo blindly *zealous*, as to worſhip a *Golden Calfe* for a God, that ſo he might keepe his *Cheſt* from being *broken* open: Nor was he ever ſo abſolute a *Stateſman*, as to call *Rebellion Reformation*, for fear of *Poverty*,

ty, or an *Halter*. His naturall affection to *wife* and *children* is ſuch that he would enjoy them *for ever* in happineſſe; and therefore his care is *ſo* to *part* with them *now*, that he may *meet* them againe in *Heaven*, not in *Hell*, hereafter: His whole *Policy* is to avoid an *eternal*, though by incurring a *temporal*, miſery: Such a *Politician* only he thinks fit for *Heaven*, that hath *prudently* managed his *Lords* affaires upon *Earth*: he cannot call him either a *prudent* or a *faithfull Ambaſſador*, who proſecutes his *owne* deſigne with more earneſtneſſe then his *Maſters*. or acts more vigorouſly for the advancement of his *own*, particular *intereſt*, then the *Publick good*, or his *Princes Honour*.

It is his *prudence* to *ſecure* what's *beſt*, by the *loſs* of what's *indifferent*, whenſoever he is *neceſſitated* to part with *one* of the *two*; and he chuſes rather *freely* to part with *that* which he is only *ſure* once to *loſe*, and by that *loſſe* become eternally *happy*, then to *throw* away *that* which in ſpight of *violence* he might for ever have *kept*, and can never *Part* with without his utter *ruine*: If *tares* muſt ſpring up amongſt the good *corne* in that *field* wherein God has intended him a labourer,

labourer, he had rather ſhow by his *activeneſſe* that they were not ſowne whileſt he *ſlept*; then by a *covetous lazineſſe* give the *enemy* an opportunity of compaſſing his deſignes, or occaſion the diſheartning all his *brethren*, by withdrawing *his* ſhoulder, and leaving them *alone* to beare the *burthen* in the *heat* of the *day*. He can think it a greater *prudence* with the *Diſciples* of his *Lord*; to leave his *Father* and his *net*, to follow a *Saviour* through *perſecution* into *Heaven*; then with the carking *fool*, to lie modelling out a *Barn* which may contain his *wealth*, and in the mean time ſuffer his *ſoul* to be ſtoln out of his Body by the ſedulous craft of the *ſeducer*.

Sect. 12. *His behaviour in both Fortunes.*

If *Fortune* ſmile upon him; and be indeed ſuch as he dare call her *good*, he makes it his buſineſſe to be altogether as *good* as ſhe, and will be ſure as well to *deſerve* as to *wear* her *Livery*. His care is that her good uſage of him may be rather deemed the juſt reward of his own *moderation* and *good Huſbandry*; then the unmerited *Bounty* of ſo

blind

blind a *Miſtreſs*. He makes *Proſperity* a motive to his *Piety*, not (as others) the *opportunity* of *diſplaying* his *Vanity*. He proves by his example, that *he* moſt happily *enjoyes* the *World*, that glories *leaſt* in the enjoyment of it. He looks upon his preſent flouriſhing condition, rather as that which is not without ingratitude to be *refuſed*, then with eagerneſſe to be *deſired*, and upon what now he *poſſeſſes*, as that which he knows not how *ſoone* he may *loſe*; and therefore he makes himſelf now ſo *carleſſe* an *owner*, that (if the wind chance to turne) he may prove a *cheerful* and *contented loſer*. He dares not phancy himſelfe one jot the *nearer* Heaven, for being thus *mounted* on the deceifull wings of *Fortune*, leſt when the contrary wind of *adverſity* diſmounts him, and his unexpected fall *awakes* him from his pleaſant *dreame*, he ſhould find himſelfe to be *really* as *low*, as he was before but *ſeemingly high*. If *Fortune* be content to *lodg* with him as his *gueſt*, ſhe is *welcome*; But he cannot be ſo dotingly enamour'd of her, as to entertaine her, either as his *wife*, or his *harlot*; leſt either an untimely *divorce* ſhould *break* his *heart*, or ſhe

ſhould

should bring a *Bastard* for a *Son*, and so at length *shame* and *disgrace* him. He can neither so farre *flatter* her as to call her *Goddesse*, which he knowes of her self to be no more but a *name*; nor so far *Honour* her as to *ask her blessing*, because he knowes that whatsoever *goodnesse* men are apt to ascribe unto her, is but one of the *meanest* blessings of a *greater* then *she*. *Laugh* she never so heartily, her *pleasantnes* shall never *overjoy* him seeing (for ought he knowes) she either does or may ere long *laugh* at *him*, and if she *Frown*, *he* can frown as fast as *she*, and that for her kindnesse. He never *relies* upon her, because he knowes she is naturally so *unconstant*: nor can he see any reason why he should be *proud* of being her favourite, because he may every where behold many of the most *undeserving* altogether as much in her *Favour* as himself.

To speak the whole, the *true Gentleman* hath so slight an esteem of *Fortune*, that he cannot vouchsafe her the *Honour* of a *Being*, but leaves that to those poor Heathens who were indeed as *blind* as they *supposed* her to be. Whatsoever *blessings* he enjoyes

be received them, as indeed they are, as the *bounties* of an indulgent *father*, with *thanks* and *love*, and he useth them to that *end*, for which he supposes so *good* and *prudent* a father would bestow them on a *beloved Son*; so that he may make them as much *instruments* of his own *good*, as they are *testimonies* of his Fathers *affection*. He looks upon his Prosperity, not so much as a *reward* for doing *well*, as an *encouragement* to do *more*, and an *opportunity* of doing *better*: Much lesse can he think his flourishing condition, as many seem to do, a piece of *Heavens* flattering *Courtship*, where no more is intended, then the affording him an opportunity of *pampering* up his *lusts*, and making himself a *Glorious Sinner*. Seeing he has already received so *bountiful* a reward for doing so *little*, he accounts it a shame for the future not to make himself a fit object for a *greater*, by doing both *more* and *better*. Such an *ingenious* spirit hath the *Gentleman*, that he thinks every reward for what's past, an obligation to future good services; and he had rather wait with patience for all his *arrears* together, then ever be thought to have received the *last payment* here.

If it be his lot to groane out his daye
under the heavy pressures of *affliction*, he i
not like the inconsiderate *drunkard*, who
in the morning after his *double* intempe
rance in *drinking*, and *sleeping* complaineth
that his *head akes*, and begins to *curse* his
Pillow and his *Bed-maker*, for his want o
ease; forgetting to turne that *sinne* out o
doores which occasion'd all this the day be
fore: Nor like a *wretched* and *impenitent*
Malefactor, who when he is hurried away
to a just *Execution*, does nothing but *cry out*
upon the *hard heart* of his *Judge*, and the
Rigour of the *Lawes*, *Cursing* the *Execu*
tioner, but forgetting to *repent* him of the
murther or the *robbery* which brought his
body into the hands of *this* executioner,
and will, unrepented of, deliver his *soul* into
the far lesse mercifull of *another* hereafter:
But like a naturall and hopefull child, he
seriously considers his owne *errors*, which
provoked his Father thus to *Chastise* him;
and so by *stroking* the hand, and *kissing* the
rod, and humbly *begging pardon* for his of
fence, he sets his fathers affections, which
before he had *turn'd aside*, not *lost*, into
their own proper *channell* againe.

He looks upon his *Afflictions* with one eye, as *Corrections*, and so blames *himself* for the *occasion*, but blesseth *God* for the *Charity*, with the other, as *Tryals*, and so makes it his care that he come not all *drosse* out of the *Furnace*. The same fire which *consumes* others, doth but refine his soule, and separating from it, the more grosse and *Terrene* Mixtures, makes it the fitter for Heaven. He grudges not to undergoe the *Winnowing*, so he may be sure to lose the *Chaffe*, and be made all *Wheat*, such as his Lord may think fit to receive into his *Garner*. He is ashamed to think that God should lose his paines, and the more he *threshes*, find only more *straw* but lesse *Corne*: rather, like good grain from the *Mill*, he comes forth from the *grinding*, more in *measure*, *purer* in *colour*, and *readier* for *use* and *service*. Though a *Brier*, or a *Thorn*, may *scratch* or *prick* his *heel* a little in his way to Heaven, and draw a little *useless* blood, though he may sometimes be so *intangled* in the *Brambles*, that he may be forced to part with something of his *fleece*, and perhaps so much of his *skin* too, as may make it *smart* a while; Yet has he

too *high* a ſoul, to fall ſo much within the *reach* of theſe *creeping* Brambles, as to receive from them the leaſt *ſcratch* in his *face*. He alwaies carries an *head* as *erect* as his *hopes* are *high*, and takes great care that neither his *Religion*, his *Honeſty*, nor his *Honour* be made to *ſuffer* by it.

He dares not make either a *baſe compliance* with the *vices* of his *perſecutors*, the *refuge* of his *cowardice*, or the *wings* of the *Potent* by bribing their *Ambition* with *flattery* and *diſſimulation*, his *Sanctuary* of protection. He will not attempt the *lightning* of his ſufferings by a *voluntary* caſting any *part* of his eſtate into the *devouring* Treaſury of the *Churches Enemy*; nor hope to appeaſe the wrath of a diſpleaſed God, by bringing an *oblation* to the *Avarice* of his oppreſſors; neither doth he eſſay to *drown* his *ſorrowes* in the *bottom* of his *Cup*: But he flies, and takes *Sanctuary* at the *Horns* of the *Altar*: and by a *magnanimity* which becomes a *Gentleman*, ſhows that true *Honour*, is a *Jewel* indeed, ſuch as will not *break* with the *Hammar*: His *Religion*, like the *Flint*, never ſo much diſcovers thoſe holy *fires* of *zeal* and *devotion*, which were

not

not before ſo apparent, as when it moſt experiences the *violence* of the *hardeſt ſteel*: And his *innocence* is ſo perfectly *malleable*, that the more you *beat* it, the *broader* it grows. In ſhort, the Gentleman carries himſelfe ſo *evenly* betwixt theſe *Contrary* winds, that he is neither *ſhaken* by the *one* nor *puff'd up* by the *other*: He is ſuch in *proſperity*, that he does not *feare adverſity*: and ſuch in *adverſity*, that he need not to *wiſh* for *poſperity*; ſuch indeed in *both*, that it ſhall never *repent* him that he hath taſted *either*.

Sect. 13. *His reſpect and affection for his Country.*

The true *Gentleman* is no leſſe *ſerveceable* to his *Country*, then *Honourable* in *himſelfe*. He cannot phancy himſelfe ſo *great*, as to forget that he is but a *creature*, and ſo made for *ſomething*; and till he can perſwade himſelf to be a *God* (who is his owne *End* and *Happineſſe*) he cannot think that he was made *only* to ſerve *himſelf*. He that made him made him a *brother* to *many*, and he owes a duty of *love* unto them all.

He is not like a lump of *Gold* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*. which is neither for *sight* nor *service*, but like *that* which having once received the *stamp* of the *Prince*, is ever after *current*, and *usefull* for *many*. Neither resembles he the *Glow-worme* or a *rotten stick* in the *darke*, which hath no more *light* then will show it selfe to be *something*, though no body by that light *alone* knowes *what*; but *illuminates* nothing *else* about it: no, he rather emulates the *Sun* in the Firmament, from which this Inferiour World receives all its *life* and *vigour*. Thus the *Gentleman* is continually scattering the *rayes* and *influence* of his *vertues* round about him, quite through all that lies within the wide Sphere of his motion, As amongst the *Elements*, the most *Noble* and *Pure*, is alwaies the most *Active* too; and most *profitable*, as well as most *high* and *distant*: And as the *highest* of bodies, to wit, the *Celestiall* cannot naturally *rest*, but indeed by their continuall and swift *motion*, do never faile to *labour* for the *benefit* of the *whole* World besides: So is this the *Little Heaven* and *glory* of mankind, never without some commendable *businesse* and *employment*, and

such

such as shall assuredly at last tend unto the great good and advantage, of as *many* as be within the *compasse* of his *influence*.

The *Gentleman* (without doubt) is made for some other end, then to stand, like a *fair* and *goodly Tulip*, in a *painted pot*, in some *window* or other *corner* of the Chamber, only to grace the Room, without either *smell* or other *apparent vertue*: He is rather like the sweet and *lovely Rose*, which *perfumes* the Air all *about* it, and is besides, no lesse *medicinal*, then *fragrant*. If ever the Gentleman *seem* to be *idle*, he does no more but seem so. He only sets himselfe *down* a while, as he would do a *Bottle* of precious *Water*, which has been *troubled* by much *motion*, that so it may by a *setling* of its heavier parts become *clear* again: Thus does he order his *Soul*, after that she hath been violently *shaken* to and fro, and much *troubled* with the affairs of the World; he may by this *rest*, give leave to the more *terrene* parts therein to draw towards the *bottom*, that so the *Grosser descending*, his *best* and *cleareſt thoughts* may again be *uppermost* and at *Liberty*. He carries not his *fine* body up and down the *streets*, as men use to

do their *Dancing-horses* in a *Faire*, only to be *seen*, and make *sport* for the *Spectators*? No, though never so *gloriously* trick'd up and accoutred, yet does he freely *stoop*, to take some part of that weighty *burthen* of the *Commonwealth* upon his *back*; and never walks with more *ease*, nor shows more real *state*, then when thus *loaden*.

He cannot call him a *man* that is without all *calling*, knowing that every *servant* (and every *man* ought to be Gods *servant*) how *proud* soever must have his *worke*, Seeing God hath so blest him with *abundance*, that he *needs* not *work*, for his *own bread*, he will in *gratitude* to God, *worke* for his *Countries peace*, and *safety*. He scornes to have it thought, that *he* is the only *cumbersome* thing in the *Nation*, the only *Wen* in the *Body Politick*, which growes *great* only by sucking away that *nourishment*, which should *feed* and *strengthen* the *serviceable* members, and is good for nothing at length but to *improve* the *Chirurgion's skill*, and the *patience* of the *diseased*. Those *parts* and *members* of the man which are *uppermost* in the body, and most *honourable*, are alwaies most *busied* too for the Good of the *whole*:

In

In the *Head* are placed the *Eye* and the *Eare*, and the *Organs* of *ſenſe*; there is too the *Underſtanding*, *Phancy* and *Judgment*, to *ſee*, to *hear*, *diſcerne*, *contrive*, *plot*, and *direct*: and as he knows it is his *honour* to be made a *part* of the *Head* of his *Country*; ſo doth he owne it his *duty*, not to refuſe the exerciſe of that *office* which belongs unto him. Hence he thinks, it an *unworthineſſe* in him, not only, to do *ill*, but to do *no good*; and theſe *two* he can very hardly *diſtinguiſh*, as ſome would faine do, ſeeing undoubtedly that which doth *no good*, is *good for nothing*, and this is to be *ſtarke naught*.

He holds it to be (as indeed it is) a crying ſhame, whileſt the *Taylor*, and the *Cobler* are juſtly reckon'd among the *Neceſſary* members of a *Commonwealth*, that the *Gentleman*, who takes it as an affront not to be thought much *better* then ſuch *mechanicks*, ſhould not be ſo much as *uſefull* to the place where he lives: or at moſt, but as the *trimming* is to a good *ſuit*, or the *haire* to the *head*, which may be *cut off* and thrown away, and no great hurt done to either. This indeed is the *Gentlemans* priviledge,

not to be ſervant to any *one* particular Member, but to the *whole* body, and that whileſt others in their inferiour Condition are only made capable of ſerving a *few*, *his* fortune is ſuch as will allow him to be truly ſerviceable unto *all*. Herein conſiſts his *Honour*, that he is not put to work as a *drudge* or *journy-man* but is a *Freeman* indeed, and *Maſter* of his Trade, and whileſt others *toyle* hard, and receive a *ſcant* pittance when their worke's done, He is able to worke *gratis*, and ſo *oblige* a great part of the world by his *ſervice*. Indeed this muſt needs be the greateſt oblation can be laid upon the *Gentleman*, to labour *harder* and do better then other men; becauſe he is before hand, not only furniſhed with good *tools*, by an *Ingenuous Education*, to worke withall; but hath (as we ſaid) received ſo great a part of his *reward* already, and yet is aſſured of an infinitely greater yet behind. How is he aſhamed to *deceive* him by his *Idleneſſe*, who of his great *goodneſſe* hath ſo farre already *truſted* to his *honeſty*?

As he *refuſeth* no Employment, which may render him according to the meaſure

of his Abilities *serviceable* to his *Country*; so is he no way *ambitious* of that which he knows to be *above* his *strength* and *reach*. As his great *love* to his *Country* perswades him not to *refuse* the *higher*, so doth his *humility* Command him to *accept* the *lower*: he accounts no burthen *heavy* which he is *able* to bear; nor any *light* which is either *beyond*, or not *worth* his bearing. He makes not his *Ease* an *excuse*, nor the *Difficulty* an *apology* for his refusall. He dischargeth his trust with that *fidelity*, which will be sure to gaine him, though perhaps the *hatred* of the *Bad*, yet the *applause* and *love* of the *Good*, and the unanimous *thankes* of his *Country*.

§. 14. *His Studies and Recreation.*

That he may in good time be fitted for the *Calling* he intends, he begins to think upon it early in the *Morning* of his age, and accustomes himself to the *yoake* whilest he is *young*, that so he may bear it without *galling* his neck when he growes *old*. He make it *now* his businesse to gather the *Thyme*, which he intends shall prove *Honey*

hereafter, and to lay up in the *Spring* what may ſtand him in ſtead when his *winter* is come. That he may indeed be *young* in *Old-age*, he learns to be *old* in his *youth*: and he ſucks ſo much out of every *ſcience* now, as *Experience* and *years* may by *degrees* hereafter improve into that *Prudence* which becomes a *Gentleman*.

Having in his greener years only ſo much *diſcretion*, as to *find* the *want* of what he ſhould *have*, he is willingly directed by the *prudence* of another, till he can get enough for himſelfe. He is not *Impatient* of *Subjection* now to that wiſe and grave *Inſtructor*, from whoſe both *dictates* and *examples* he hopes to gaine ſo much as may make him the *Inſtructor* of others hereafter: And he learns ſo betimes to *obey*, that the world may never have reaſon to ſay he began to *Command* too *ſoone*. It is his choice to live under a *ſevere* diſcipline, rather than to be left to himſelf as his *own* Maſter; leſt perhaps failing in his *firſt* Command, whereby he ſhould have Govern'd *himſelf*, he might deſpaire of better ſucceſſe in his *ſecond* of commanding *others*.

His firſt care therefore now is to be wholly guided

guided by him to whose *prudence* he is intrusted; lest by rejecting *him*, he might seem to disparage the *judgment* of his *parents*, who made that *choice* for him. Where the *Commands* laid upon him *seem* to him *irrational*, so long as he knows them not *sinful*, he had rather *distrust* his own *judgment*, then neglect his directors *counsel*. And he never thinks himself (as very many doe) a *better man* then his *guide*, till he be sure he *knows the way* to that he aims at, *better* then he. He never shows himself more to be his *own* man, and at his own disposal, then by this *inconstrained* act of *resigning* himself up unto *another*.

When he is come to that maturity of *Age* and *Discretion*, as to be able to benefit himself by his *Company*, he will be sure to make choise of such *Companions* as may serve him instead of *Books*, and of such *Books* as he intends shall often serve him for *Companions*; He is not ashamed to be now the *worst* man in that *Company* wherein he may *learn* from his betters how to be the *best* in *another*: this is much more *honourable*, then to be the *best* man *there*, *where* he can never learne to be *better*, but often

often *worse* then he was before.

The *Studies* whereunto he cherefully applies himself, are such as will more *make* the *man*, then *please* the *Boy*. He takes delight in nothing which will send him *back* again towards his *Infancy*, but *Innocence*. As for *Poetry* and such like *pleasing* studies, he does not wholly neglect them, but uses them as good *sauces* to make others more *substantial*, and *nourishing*, *relish* the *better*. He loves not to spend his time in cracking *Empty* Nuts without a *Kernel*; nor to break his *tender* teeth by *gnawing* upon *Sapless* bones. Neither Nice *Criticismes* nor tough *Notions*, can recompence him for the vast expence of that precious time, he should be at in making himself the Master of *either*. When he is entred into the fair *garden* of the *Muses* it is not his only business to *pick* up here and there a *few leaves* to hide the *Nakednesse* of his *discourse*; or to *adorne* it with *Blossomes* and *flourishes* out of some *Poetick* figment, or *Romantick* story; but he *gathers*, *eats*, & *digests* that which is *fruit* indeed, and such as is truly *wholsome* and *nourishing*: Nor doth he, as the Emperours Army, lie loytering, and picking

up

up *Cockle ſhels* upon the *ſhores* of good litterature, but he boldly launches out into the maine *Ocean*, and there comtemplates the wonders of the *deep*. It is not his deſigne to be called, *Witty Gentleman*, and ſuch an one as can talke *high*, and breath *flaſhes*, and *thunder* out *big* words, and ſtore himſelfe with ſo many *jeſts*, and ſo much *Bombaſt*, as may *tickle* ſome, and *ſtupifie* others; he ſtudies more to make himſelf a *man*, then a *Companion*; and more how to *live* and *do well*, then talke *finely*. *True Hiſtories*, and *Sound Politicks*, and *grave Moral* diſcourſes, are the *fruitfull* Gardens where his *Muſes* doe ordinarily *recreate* themſelves: that ſo by his *Pleaſures* as well as *Paines* both the *Common-wealth* may in due time be happy in *him*, and *he* in *himſelf*. As for thoſe *lighter* and more *ayery* ſtudies, ſuch as too frequently by their lovely *paint* and *diſſembled* beauty, *ſteale* away the *amorous* and *unfixed* youth of moſt Gentlemen, he makes the ſame uſe of *them* which he does of his *Galleries* or his *Arbours*; whither, now and then he comes to take a *turne* or two for *Recreation's* ſake, and as he paſſes along ſometimes caſts a *careleſſe eye*

upon

upon those many pretty *blossomes* or *pictures* which he finds there. These may for a *moment* or two command his *eye*, but never his *affection*. Of such toys he had rather say hereafter that he *has seen* them, then that he *knows* them. He would be *ignorant* of *nothing*, but he would only be *acquainted* with the *best*. He has a more *Masculine* stomack, then to *feed* upon that which is all *sauce*, but if there be a *little* in the Dish, to make him relish his *meat* the better, he is not *displeased* with it, though so long as his *meat* of it self is *good*, he doth not *greedily desire* it.

Divinity can never lie out of the *true* Gentlemans *way*, because he is alwaies going towards *Heaven*: For notwithstanding she seems so *pale faced*, and of so *soure* a Countenance to those that *love* her *not*, because they do not *know* her; yet is there so much *heavenly beauty*, and so many *noble features* discernable in her face, by the Gentlemans *undistemper'd* Eye, that he soon begins in earnest to *love* her, and he can never go on farre in any other path whatsoever; but he must often cast a *longing Eye* back upon her. Still bearing in mind the

happy

happy place whither he is travelling with ſo good a will, he *calls in* at other *Arts* and *Sciences* as at ſo many *Innes*, to take a ſhort *repaſt* by the way: or he ſtands *looking* upon them a while, as upon ſo many *way-marks* ſet up at the ſeveral *turnings* & *croſſe paths*, that from them he may receive *directions* which way to turne: But the *knowledge* of his *God*, that's the way he conſtantly *walks* in, and that which will certainly bring him at laſt to that *home*, where he ſhall meet with a *Welcome*, which will abundantly recompence the *tediouſneſs* of his *journey*, and an *entertainment* ſuitable to the *Quality* of a *Gentleman*.

His way being *long*, it is not amiſſe that he allowes himſelfe ſometimes a *recreation* and *diverſion*. But then his *recreation* ſhall be alwaies ſuch as he *dares not* make his *buſineſs*, and yet ſuch as he *dares* ſafely make his *play*: It hath alwaies ſo much of *Innocence* as to be *blamleſſe*, and ſo much *Brevity* as to be no *Hinderance*. It has ſo much *Youthfulneſſe*, as not to be a *Buſineſſe*, and yet ſo much *Buſineſs* as not to be *Boyiſh*. It ſhall bring with it ſo much real *pleaſure* as may make it a *refreſhment*, and yet ſo little

little *lovelineſſe* as may ſpoile the *temptation*. He may ſtep *over* the Hedge into the pleaſant *Meadow*, and pluck a ſweet *flower* or *two* to *ſmell* to as he goes along, but he dares not lie him *down*, or *rowle* himſelf upon the tender *graſſe*, leſt he ſhould be tempted to too *long* a *ſtay* and thereby be *benighted* in his journey.

He thinks it no *prudence* to fall in *love* with any *ſport*, which like a cunning thiefe, *ſmiles* him in the *face*, whileſt it *cuts* his *purſe*, *ſteals* away his *time*, and *cheats* him of a *good Conſcience*. If *Agar* once begin thus to inſinuate her ſelfe into thoſe affections, *which* are *only* due to her *Miſtreſſe*, out of doors ſhe ſhall goe. He intends not to *ſell* his *Charity* at ſo *cheap* a rate, as the *falſe pleaſure* of his *game*, Nor has he ſo little either *thrift* or *Religion*, as to make ſo *fooliſh* an *Exchange* and part either with his *Soule* or his *Time* for the *Tranſitory* delight of a *dangerous* temptation. His uſual *Recreation* therefore is, to make a *play* of his *Study*. He makes *one* ſtudy, like a *ſhooing-horne*, to *draw on* another, and makes the *variety* the *recreation*. Thus he takes the ſureſt courſe that may be for making his

Study

Study ſo much his *Delight*, he ſaves himſelf the *labour* of ſtudying for a *Paſs-time*.

§. 15. *His Good Husbandry at Home.*

When the Gentleman comes to have the managing of his own *Eſtate*, he takes pains to inſtruct the World, how farr a man may be *Frugall* with *Honour*; and a *Good Husband* without a ſuſpicion of being *worldly* or *covetous*, & againe how *freely* a man may *ſpend* his *Eſtate*, and yet be not *prodigall*. He hath ſo *Circumſpect* and watchfull an Eye upon all his *affaires*, that you may ſee he had much rather *give* away his *eſtate*, then be *cheated* of it. He would be *cozen'd* of *nothing*, for fear of loſing the opportunity of *beſtowing much*. As he would not allow the *unfaithfulneſſe* of a *ſervant*, to prevent the *Bounty* of the *Maſter*; ſo neither would he have the *Maſters negligence* to occaſion the *ſervants diſhoneſty*.

His *Table* is *moderate*, that ſo his *Charity* and *Hoſpitality* may *exceed*: as he ſtudies to be good *himſelfe*, ſo endeavours he to make *every* member of the *Family* as *good* as he; and he will have his *ſervants* to be his

his *Disciples*, no lesse then his *Children*, Neither ever does he so *wholly* vindicate their *service* to *himself*, but he allowes them *time enough* to *pay* what they *owe* both to *God* and their *owne soules*.

If his condition of life be *single*, he so behaves himself therein, that no man shall thence be able to conclude, either that *he* wants a *Wife*, or his *house* a *Mistresse*, So much *Chastity* has the *one*, and so much *good order* is there in the *other*. But if he thinke it fit to *change* his condition, he endeavours to chuse a *second selfe*, that may *suite* with the *former*; that so they may be (as neare as he can effect it) one *Spirit*, as well as one *flesh*. Whom, not long agoe, he *courted* rather as a *Vertue* then a *Mistresse*, he now *uses* as a *wife*, and not as a *servant*; not (as 'tis usually of late) calling her *Mistresse* and *Lady before* she be his *wife*, whom he intends to make his *drudge* all her life time *after*. Nor does he (as too many) marry *onely* for *Money*, knowing that *such* are in danger of committing *Adultery* after *Marriage*, seeing they never marri'd the *Woman*, but her *Portion*: With him *Vertue* and *Love*, not *Money* and *Parentage*, make the match,

and

and the *queſtion* he asks, is not—*What has ſhe?* but—*What is ſhe?* He makes *Prudence* and *Religion* the *guides* of his *Love*; and ſo he becomes as *good* an *Husband* and *Father*, as before he was a *man*.

Sect. 16. *His Religion.*

I have told you (Sir) already that the Gentleman is not *aſhamed* to be call'd a *Religious* man; although that *Epithete* be thought no better then a terme of *debaſement*, by the *degenerate* Gentry of our age. He *owns* a *God*, and he *Worſhips* him, and makes that *Honour* which he obſerves *others* to render unto *God*, the ground of *his* reſpect to *them*. He looks upon no man as a *Gentleman*, but *him* alone, who derives his *pedigree* higher then from *Adam*, even from *Heaven*: and he accompts all thoſe who can brook any *Diſhonour* or *Contempt* of their *God*, that one *Common Father* of us all, as a *Baſtard* and no *Son*. It would be no *Honour* for him to ſeek an acquaintance here upon *Earth*, and therefore by his frequent *Devotions* he often goes to ſeek out a better in *Heaven*; where he may be ſure

to

to meet with ſuch as ſhall be worth his *keeping*. He dares call every man a *Fool* to his face, who with *Davids Fool*, ſuffers either his *tongue* or his *heart* to ſay, *There is no God.*

If you ask him what *Religion* he is of, his anſwer is ready, o f his *mothers*; that is he is a *true Son* of the *Church*: And yet is he only ſo far *her Son*, as he ſees her willing to continue his *Saviors Spouſe*. Neither is he content to be ſtill an *Infant* in Religion, and to be taught only (as *mothers* uſe to teach their *young* children) to ſay his *prayers* and his *Creed* by *rote*, but he *prayes* and *believes* and *practices* all truly *by heart*. Notwithſtanding, he never *forgets* his *Mother*, nor neglects to *Honour* her with his *Life* and *Subſtance*. He is alwaies more ready to take her *Directions* for the *Forme* and *Method* of all his *duties*, then to be *Diſciplined* by all thoſe *Cheating Dry-Nurſes* which are ſo buſy about him, ſuch as indeed have *talke* enough, but (alas) no *Milke*, whoſe whole buſineſſe is indeed to make him *undutifull* to his *own Mother*, and to ſet light by all her *Counſels*, and *Commands*, perſwading him to believe that a *true Child*

of

of God, is not *subject* to a *Mother* in any thing, And they never show their *venemous* teeth more plainly, then when they go about to make him forget what this *Mother* of all *Christians*, by strict *Command* from her *Dearest Lord*, has ever been most *careful* to *teach* all her children, to say—OUR FATHER.

He goes not to *Church* to *save* his *Credit* or his *Purse*, to *see* his *friend*, or *speak* with his *Tenent* but to *meet* his *Heavenly Father*, and *Commune* with his *God*, and take *Directions* from *him* how to *behave* himself the following *Week* or *Day*. When he is there, he makes his *heart* accompany his *tongue*, and his *Eare* keep time with the *Preacher*. Every *Morning* and *Evening*, like a *Dutifull* Son, he in private *Confesseth* his *faults*, and *begs* his Fathers *pardon* and *blessing*; and for the better ordering of his *following* duties, reads over with *care* and *humility* some part of those *Directions*, which he had long since commanded his servant to set down in *writing* for his use.

He chuseth his *Religion*, not by its *commonness* but its *truth*: and often *weighs* each branch

branch of in the *Balance* of the *Sanctuary*, that he may be ſure it is *full weight*. He takes it not up by *votes*, nor (as it is moſt evident too many do) thruſt his hand at all *peradventure* into an Hat-full of *Lots*, being content with whatſoever he *hits* on *firſt*; for ſhould he goe the *firſt* way to work, he knows, he ſhould be ſure to have, not what's *beſt* and *ſoundeſt*, but the *eaſieſt*, and moſt *gainful*; if the latter, it is an hundred to one that he ſhall draw a *blanck*, and be made an *Atheiſt* for his labour. Here he dares not by any meanes follow or embrace what's moſt in *Faſhion*, for that ('tis clear) is *Hypocriſie*, the cunning *Siſter* of *Atheiſme*, or *Atheiſme ſhamed* or *frighted* into *conformity*: but he profeſſes that which is moſt *Ancient*, for that (he may be ſure) will at laſt be found moſt true.

His *Religion* is not ſuch a *Young*, *Light*, and *wanton* Girle, as pleaſes the vain *Phancy* of every giddy *Intereſted Profeſſor*; but ſuch a *Grave Matron*, whoſe natural *Beauty* and *Conſtancy*, the Gray-haires of *Prudence* and *Sobriety*, have ever judged to be truly *Venerable* and moſt deſerving of the *Chriſtians* embraces. This is that worthy *Lady*, which

which he dayly *courts* to make her the *Mistresse* and *Protectresse* of his *Soule*, and she it is alone that can give him a *breeding* fit for *Heaven*.

He showes how *freely* he can go on in the waies of *Godlinesse* without a *Spurre*; and how *base* a thing it is, and unbecoming his *Quality* to be *driven* into Heaven by *force*. By his *haste* and *chearfulnesse* in his race, he evidences his *sense* of the *worth* of what he aimes at; And by his *eagernesse* in the pursuit of another world, endeavours to confute the *folly* of those, who would linger out an *eternity* (were it possible) amongst the *Onyons* and *Fleshpots* of *this Ægypt*. As he was *borne* a *man*, so he had his *Inherttance* upon *Earth*; but as he is *New-borne* a *Christian*, he leaves this *trash* to the *Prodigall younger Brother*, expecting a *Possession durable in the Heavens*.

He feares as little the name of *Precise* and *Zealous*, wherewith the *Devill* in the Mouths of his *Disciples*, thinks to *fright* him out of all *Holiness*; as *they* understand them, who thus too frequently *abuse* them. That *Boysterous* breath which the *prophane* world sends forth to *deride* and *cross* him in his intended

intended voyage, he, like a *skilful* Pilate so orders by the right *Composing* of his *Sayles*, that he makes *that* his greatest *advantage* and furtherance, which was intended for his *ruine*. He can go to Heaven with any *wind*, and with any *Name*, where he is so sure to meet with a *title* of *Honour*, *a name written in the Book of Life*, even the *Honour of all his Saints*. He cannot phancy that to be any *debasement* of his Spirit, which carries him out upon so *High* and *Noble* Atchievements; but thinks it an Happinesse to go into *Canaan*, though it be through a *Red Sea*, and a rude *Wildernesse*; whilest others (alas) feed so greedily upon the *Quailes*, that they never *say grace*, but in a *murmuring*, that they have not *more* and *better* cheer; He feeds more upon his *hopes*, then his *enjoyments*, and blesses his God for *both*.

And now this *Religion*, which he has thus wisely *espoused*, and entirely *loves*, he dares not prostitute to *Interest* or *Humour*: But as any man accounts the enjoyment of *one* thing which he principally *loves*, enough to recompence him for all that he has been constrain'd to part within his pursuit after

it

it: so the *Religious Gentleman* can freely part with both *Honour* and *Interest*, with all he *enjoyes*, and all he hopes for here, for his *Religions* sake, being sure to find them all againe hereafter, in the fruition of *Her*, whom he so sincerely loves. Like a *Prudent* lover, he removes all occasions of *Jealousy* from his beloved; His *Religion* shall never have cause to feare, that either his *Pleasure* or his *Honour*, or his *Profit*, shall gaine so much upon his affections, as to become her *Rivall*.

§. 17. *The Conclusion of this Character.*

Thus (Sir) Whilest I goe about to give you the Character of a true *Gentleman*, I am falne into that of a *Christian*; and indeed no wonder, for there is such a necessary *Connexion* betwixt those two, that they seem to be no more then the *Different Names* of the *same man*. If you desire to have his picture in a lesse compasse here it is.

The *true Gentleman*, is one that is God's *servant*, *the Worlds Master*, and his *own man*.

His *Vertue* is his *Buſineſſe*, his *Study* his *recreation*, *Contentedneſſe* his reſt, and *Happineſſe* his *reward*. *God* is his *Father*, the *Church* is his *Mother*, the *Saints* his *Brethren*, all that *need* him his *Friends*, and *Heaven* his *Inheritance*. *Religion* is his *Miſtreſſe*, *Loyalty* and *Juſtice* her *Ladies* of *Honour*; *Devotion* is his *Chaplain*, *Chaſtity* his *Chamberlain*, *Sobriety* his *Butler*, *Temperance* his *Cook*, *Hoſpitality* his *Houſekeeper*, *Providence* his *Steward*, *Charity* his *Treaſurer*, *Piety* is *Miſtreſs* of the *Houſe*, *Diſcretion* the *Portor*, to let *in* and *out* as is moſt fit. Thus is his whole *Family* made up of *Vertues*, and he the true *Maſter* of his *Family*. He is neceſſitated to take the world in his *way* to Heaven, but he walks *through* it as faſt as he can; and all his buſineſſe by the *way* is to make himſelf and others *happy*. Take him all in two words, he is a *man* and a *Chriſtan*.

And here (Sir) 'tis time that I beg both the Gentlemans pardon and Yours, for thus abuſing his name; and preſuming to give you his Charactar, whoſe excellencies are not to be *comprehended*, much leſſe *expreſſed*, by any one *leſſe* then himſelfe. I have

have an *Apology* at hand, for giving you this *rude* and *imperfect* draught of his *Picture*: that I give it you *at all*, it is my *obedience* to your Command; that you receive it so *misshapen* and ill *proportion'd*, besides the little *experience* and lesse *skill* of the painter, he has this to say for himselfe; he could hardly tell where, being absent from such as *you* Sir, to find a *true* Gentleman to draw it by: But either he was constrained to take it from the *Dead*, and then no wonder if his work fall short both of *complexion* and *life*; or by that faint *Idea* he had in his own mind, & therefore he hopes he is excusable, though he sometimes mistake in the *Feature*. If you meet in any place with too *deep a shadow*, where there should be more *light*, he desires, that beside the *weakneſſe* of his *eye*, you would consider the *Darkneſſe* of the *Time*, and the *uncertain light* he saw by. For we live so much in the *Evening* of the world, when the thick and foggy *mists* of *Ignorance* darken the air; and that fading light we have, is so *variously* refracted by our *Glittering* vices; and so *often* reflected by the *disfigured* glasses of *Phancy* and *Humour*; that there is nothing troubles him so

much, as that he is unhappily furnished with so *many excuses* to plead for his error. But if any will not be satisfied with this he yet layes claim to a further *Privilledge* of a *Painter*, that is, to be a little more *talkative*, and to say something more in vindication of what he has done and thereby demonstrate, that the excellent *Originall* he would have *Copy'd*, is either not at all, or very rarely to be met with, at this *day* in *England*.

SECT. 4.

SECT. IV.

§. 1. *How few of the true Gentlemen are now to be found in* England.

I Need not tell *You* (Sir) who have paid so dear for the sad *changes*, that it is our hard hap to live in a *reforming* Age, wherein most things grow every *day new*, but very few things *better*. And I do heartily wish it were as seriously *Consider'd* by *themselves*, as it is well *known* to *most*, *rejoyced* at by *some*, and sadly *lamented* by *others*, what a *decrease* and *wanting* there has been in the *Gentry* of *England* within a few of the last years; and that not only in the *number* of their *Persons*, and *largeness* of their *Estates*, but even in the *Excellencies* of their *Souls*, and the *greatness* of their *Vertues*, as if it had been a *small* thing for them to live so long the *despised Vassals* of their *Hypocritical Adversaries*, the good *masters* that have so long *ruled* us, except they

had been permitted by the severest kind of *cruelty* to take *vengeance* of their own *vertues*, and render themselves ten time more the wretched *Captives*, and despicable *slaves*, of their own Tyrannical *Lusts* and Atheistical *Humours* then before. Indeed an *Atheist* and a *Gentleman* in the opinion of many, have for a long time been either *Synonimous*, or at least *Convertible* termes: I dare not, I confesse, have such hard thoughts of *all*, though I could hartily wish, they would rather take some paines by their *lives* and *Conversations* to prove this to be an *absurd*, then *stretch* their *lungs* to cry out upon it; and *swear* it to be a *rash* and *uncharitable* Censure.

Indeed, if on the *one side*, in a feigned *show* of Religion to exclaime against *drunkennesse* and *swearing*, and other such like *lowd* and *open* Prophanesses, will suffice to denominate the *Saint*: Or if on the *other side* to cry out upon *Hypocricy* and *Injustice*, *Rebellion* and *Sacriledge*, *Lying* and *Perjury* may be thought sufficient to constitute a true *Son* of the *Church* of *England*: then have we *all* enough to say for our selves, and to prove that most of our *Gentlemen*

are

are indeed *Christians*. But alas, it is too manifest, that on the *one* hand, all this *Canting* and *superficial Sanctity*; all these *strained sighs* and *groanes*, and *turn'd-up Eyes*, are no better then Sathans *Sundaies Garbe*, or the painted *maske* and *vizards*, which *Avarice*, *Ambition* and *Interest* love to be *seen* in abroad. These are the *enriching Crafts*, whereby our *Demetriuse's get their wealth*. Many who have passed for *Saints* a long time (*experience* has shown it us) have been just such as *he*, who had rather make *Silver shrines* for *Diana*, so they may be sure to be well *paid* for their work, then build *Temples* for the *Worship* of a *Crucified Jesus* in hopes of an Heaven, and meet with his *Cross* for their paines. And on the *other* hand, all those *ravings* which we dayly hear against *Oppression*, *Hipocrisy* and *Tyranny*, I am afraid, they are not so often the *seasonable* overflowings of a *devout* Spirit, a *sincere* Soul, and a *Loyal* heart; as the wild *out-rages* of a *boyling* Passion, of a *confined* Vice, and a *restrained* lust, which makes the sufferer like a *mad man* to *gnaw* upon his *chains* and *fetters*: or else they are the *violent* motions of a *revengfull* soul, which *frets* it self at the *pro-*

Sperity of the *wicked*, and had rather see its *enemies miserable*, then *it self sober* and *good*. This is in truth that which many have thought enough to give *either* party the title of *religious*: but how they make good their claim to this title in their *Actions*, it is but too visible.

Certainly if the *Gentlemans life* and ordinary *Conversation* may be thought (as it ought to be) the best *Index* to point us out to his *opinion*; we shall have much adoe to meet, in most of those that own that name, with a *good Opinion* either of *God* or *Religion*. Most of them (I am sure the *Younger* sort) do grudge either of these the least place in their *discourse*, and therefore, it is to be fear'd as little in their *thoughts*. They would as soon, nay much sooner make choice of a *Tinker* or a *Fidler*, then of a *Religious* man for their *Companion*. Alas, such an one would spoil all their *mirth*, and make their very *lives*, by plunging them into a *melancholly mood*, meer *torments* to them. Any thing that's *grave* and *serious* they perfectly *loath*, and utterly *reject*, as that which cannot at present suit with their more *sprightly* and *flourishing* years;

Age

Age and *scarcity* of their *Juvenile* blood, will *hereafter* (they think) make this a businesse of *Course*, and so they had rather have it then make it now a matter of *choice*: what need *they* be Religious *now*, who shall (as they think) whether they will or no, be so *before* they *die*?

If we should but a while take notice how many *Riots* the *Gentlemen* of our times daily commit, all those wanton *Frolicks* and *Revellings* they are not onely *guilty* of, but *glory* in; especially when they are at the *Taverne* or some other *good house* of *expence* and *Merriment*, we should be readier to *lose* our *selves* in Admiration of their *Madness*, then to *find* out any thing of reall *Honour* and *Nobility* in *them*. To behold then their *Contending* for the *Victory* over a *pot*, and taking the *measure* of their *Gallantry* by the *strength* of their *Braines*, or *Capacity* of there *Bellies*: to heare them there drawing up with so much complacency an *Inventory* and *Catalogue* of all their *sinfull* extravagances, and in a *double* proportion intermixing their *prophanesses* with their *wine*: whilest they *drink wine with a Song* & prove themselves *mighty to drink strong drinke*. To

hear them *roaring* themselves *out* of *breath*, never taking leave of their *wine*, but of their *senses* too: nor forbearing their *Oaths* till they be able to *speak* no more; would you believe these men could ever be so *sober*, as to *mention* the name of a *Christian* or *Gentleman*?

And yet 'tis most certain as well as *sad*, that you can never be more sure to meet with our *Gentry* in any place, then at these *Academies* of *sin*, and *Nurseries* of *uncleanesse*, their *exercising* their *abilities*, and making themselves *expert* in all those *arts* whereby they may most gratifie *Sathan*, and as it were, in so many open *Bravadoes*, *challenge* the *Almighty* into the *field*, and *dare* him to do the *worst* he *can*.

But (alas) we need not seek so great an advantage over them, as to *take* them there, where they have so often *lost* themselves, and it heartily grieves me, as certainly it must do every *Charitable Christian*, to see them so desperately *madded* with the *fear* of being accounted *Holy*; and so ravenously *greedy* of eternal *destruction*, as thus to *swallow* it down by whole *Bowles*, & make their Companions *Merry* at the working out of

their

their own *Damnation.* Doubtleſſe *Sathan* hath but too much power over theſe men when they are moſt *Sober*, they need not give him the *advantage* of finding them ſo often *drunk.* Except in a *Gallantry* they deſire to ſhew the World how *boldly* they dare *defie Heaven*, and how much they *Scorne* to *owe* their *ruine* to *any* but themſelves.

At ſuch *good* places as theſe, is it, that our *Gentlemen* make all their *Bargain*, *entertain* all their *friends*, *treat* all their *Ladies*: here they *Conſult* about the weightieſt affaires of the *Common-wealth*; *Seal* and *Confirme* all their agreements in the very height of their *Intemperance*; as if they were afraid they ſhould *know* or *remember* hereafter what then they did; or as if they were Confident *then* to be in a Capacity of doing all things *beſt*, when they were leaſt of all themſelves: There can be no *meeting* at leaſt, no *parting* without a *Cup*; as if there could be no ſurer pledg of *friendſhip*, or tie of a *civil Correſpondence* and *Familiarity*, then by being thus *Drunk* together, or at leaſt, next dore to it.

And now all this *Madneſſe*, muſt be thought

thought no worse then the *Demonstration* of that *civility* and *courtesy* which they owe one another; a *necessary kindnesse* or an *handsome treatment*: And who so refuses either to goe along with them, or to do as they do when he is there, he is no better then an *uncivil fellow*, and no *Companion* for *Gentlemen*: what a *disgrace* is it held for a man to leave a *drop* in the bottome of his *Cup*? what *affront* is it to the Company, not to pledg every man his *whole one*? And not to admit every *Health*, it is no lesse then the greatest disrespect and *Injury* can be offer'd to the *person* in remembrance; whosoever refuseth it, especially if it be a *Lady* or a *Minion* is remembred, shall be sure to hear of it with an *Oath* now, and perhaps a *Challenge* anon.

More *Ceremony* is used, and more *Reverence* by halfe, to *set off* their drunken *Revel*, then to *grace* the *Worship* & service of their *God*: All must be *bare*, and all upon their *knees*, and a *Catch* instead of an *Hymne*: this is their *morning* and their *evening Devotion*; but whether this be the true *service* of their *God*, or the *businesse* of *Gentlemen*, I dare appeal to those *Consciences* of

theirs

theirs, which they now endeavour so to *silence* and *drown* both by their *Drinking* and their *Roaring*.

Nay, it seems very evident, that even these *Gentlemen* themselves make this *Sottish-passtime* the most infallible *marke* of true *Gallantry*: and account him a person of *worth*, and without all exceptions *fit* for their Company, whosoever can but *take off* his *Cups* handsomely, and is versed in all the *Methods* and *Maximes* of this *Hellish Art*. Indeed they have made it a kind of *Science*, and have given it so many *rules* and *lawes* of late, that he that will now be *expert* in it, had need to serve out an *Apprenticeship* to learn all the *circumstances* and *termes*, though he be never so perfect in the *Substance* before. *Any* person how *contemptible* soever shall not be thought unworthy of their company, if he be but the *Master* of this *Art*. Even he whom they would almost scorne to own for a *man*, when *Sober*, and in his *right wits*, when he is *drunk* or *mad*, though but a *Tinker* or a *Cobler*, he is a companion for *Gentlemen*. I do not grudge the poor fellows the *honour* of such *Society*, or indeed can I think it any: But

I am more the *Gentlemans friend*, and more tender of his *Reputation* then he himself: I do therefore make it my *prayer* as it is doubtlesse much the *grief* and trouble of all *good* men to see them otherwise at present, that they may at last become more *chargeable* to themselves, then thus to *debauch* and *un-man* their own soules, and fall as much below the *Nature* of men, as the *Quality* of Gentlemen.

§. 2. *An Enquiry into the more civil sort of our English Gentlemen.*

But let us look upon our *Gentlemen* in a more *sober* Posture; though, I am afraid they will take it as an *Injury* done them, to consider them thus *abstractedly* from the *highest* degree of *debauchery*: take away their *Pot* and their *Pipe*, and you rob the most of them; of the most delightsome *method* they know, of *spending* their *time*, which is such a *trouble* to them. This is it, which is their *burthen*, and their *disease*, that as the Stag with the Arrow in his side, they run, and shift, and throw themselves about from place to place, and are alwaies *mad* to

to be *rid* on't; 'till the *ſad moment* appeare wherein they are call'd out of the world, and then their *time* and *life*, both equally *deſired*, *vaniſh* together. This *waſting* of their *time*, they eſteem as a thing ſo *innocent* in it ſelfe, that they ſeem to apprehend a *Goodneſſe* in it, great enough to make them a *pretence* for all their *other* vices, and *ſinful* employments, ſhrouding them all under the generally approved names of *Neceſſary Paſs-times* and *diverſions*. *Cards* or *Diſe*, *Bowling* or *Hunting*, or *Fidling*, or any thing that has but a *Motion* in it to delude the tedioufneſſe of their *houres*: ſhall be welcome to them, and thought to be things not onely *harmleſſe* and *honeſt*, but as invented to this good end of *paſſing away* the *time*, things *deſireable* by moſt, and very *commendable* in a *Gentleman*. In theſe they *merrily* ſpend, both their *Nights* and their *Dayes*, their *livelyhoods*, and the greateſt part of their *lives*; whileſt the poor neglected *Soul* all this while, cannot be allowed ſo much as *half an hour's* time in the *Morning*, by her *Devotions*, and viewing her face in the Glaſſe of *Gods Word*, to *dreſſe* her ſelf for *Heaven*.

Into

Into how many *Gentlemens Families* shall you come, where they do not ordinarily by *sleeping* out all the *morning*, make it *Night till Noon*? They rise from their Beds *just* so *early* as their *Dinners* may prevent their *Devotion*: When they are thus removed from *Bed* to *Board*, they feed there their *Lusts* better than their *Bodies*, and yet their *Bodies* more than their *Soules*. The *Table* is the *Altar* where they *sacrifice* their *Healths* to their *Appetites*; and *Temperance* to *Luxury*. They chuse their meat, by its *Cost* and *Rarity*, not *Use* and *Wholsomnesse*; and it is too true a Proverb, That *what's farre fetch'd and deare bought, is meat for Gentlemen*. After they have thus fatiated for a while their *Lusts*, and gratified the *delicacy* of their *Pallates*, they must sit out an hours *impertinent* and *idle tattle* to digest their *excess*: when they have done this, they are ready for another *nap*, and that prepares them for another *meale*, except the *Tavern* or their *game* prevent it.

If they chance to hear of some *Pamphlet*, *Libell* or *Pasquill*, wherein some *honest name* is a sufferer, or where *Chastity* is put to

do

do *penance* in an *obſcene ſheet*; any picee of *Drollery* or wanton *Ballad* upon a *Miſtreſs*, a *New Romance* or a *play*, preſently the *News* of it is diſpach'd from one to another, theſe ſhall be *read* and *pondered over and over*, and be their diſcourſe and paſſe-time at every meeting. For mine own part it hath very rarely been my Fortune to meet with a *Club* of *Gentlemen*, but as often as I have, I have been *frighted* out of it again, or have had good cauſe to repent me afterwards, that I was *not* ſo, by that *wild* kind of *behaviour*, and *looſneſs* of *talk* I *heard* or *ſaw* amongſt them. The *beſt* of their talk at any meeting, is but to ask and impart the *News* then ſtirring, or to give their judgments of the *Ladies* and the *fa-ſhion* of the times; to find fault with their own Taylors, or to commend *anothers*; to *roll* out the time, or vie *Wits* by abuſing each other, but every man moſt of all himſelfe. If any man in the Company can (and there be not many that can do ſo much) *by* ſome ſlight *probleme*, make a ſhift to poſe his fellowes; he thinks he has done wonders, and has ſufficiently vindicated his *credit* from the Imputation of *Ignorance*

norance or *idleneſſe* for ever.

Alas(Sir)what is it that even the *prim* of our *Gentlemen* pride themſelves in? ever *they* whom we are prone to eſteem highly and ſtile *Civil* and *Ingennous* Perſons! wha but a little *vain* and *glittering* Apparrel and he's the Compleateſt *Gentleman* for th moſt part, who wears the beſt *ſuit*, an ſhines moſt in a *tinſel bravery*. Who i thought the man of the higheſt *inward* ac compliſhment, but he that can talk *volubl* of the *cuſtome*, and *vices* of the *Court*, o that which is moſt *like* it now there is *none* He that can tell you how much he is *cour ed* by the *Ladies*, and how much he is i *favour* with our *Great Folks*. He that ca expreſſe himſelf *modeſtly* in a Complement that can *ſpeake* much, and *dance* well, an *hand* his *Lady* with the greateſt *grace* alon the ſtreets. theſe are the *brave gentleme* that are every where cry'd up as they g for *Gallant* and well accompliſh'd perſons Or if you would go higher yet, then he mu be the man, that has *laden* his memory wit a few broken *Ends* and *Chippings* of Hi ſtory: or can tell you ſtrainge ſtories o the *faſhions* and *Cuſtomes* of *other Nations*

and

and tell you where he has been, and what *rarities* he has ſeen; and at once perhaps both *diſcommend* and *practiſe* their vices. Or if he be yet a more through *Scholar*, and generally acquainted both with *books* and *men*, ſo far as to *applaud* and *cenſure* and talk *Skeptically*. If he be an exquiſite *Mathematician*, or *Muſician*, or the like; We think we have reaſon enough to ſuppoſe him company for the *beſt*; and certainly he were ſo, would he but labour to be *one* of them, when he is *amongſt* them. But, alas what's become of his *God* and his *Religion* all this while? If you can find a *little* of either in his *diſcourſe*, 'tis much, though there be juſt *nothing* of them in his *life*; All thoſe *other* accompliſhments were truly commendable, were they thus accompanied, but not being ſo (*alas*) they are ſtark naught.

Let us paſſe on to thoſe who are thought by many the moſt *Sober* and *ſerious* perſons of all others, and even amongſt theſe (I fear) we ſhall find too many, on whom we can only beſtow this *poor* commendation, that they are more *gravely wicked*, more *cautiouſly ſinfull*, and more *ſoberly Atheiſtical*,

call. Such are the men, who (as I have told you before) flatter themſelves up in a kind of *Negative Juſtice*; and thereby with thoſe whoſe *perſons* and *eſtates* they have not *actively* violated or deminiſhed, are eſteem'd perſons of much *worth* and *Honour*; and yet theſe are no better then the *tamer* ſort of *Sathans* ſervants, whom by a long *uſage* he has made ſomewhat leſſe *wanton*, and b ought up to his *hand*; and has *taught* them to *cozen* and *diſſemble* almoſt as well as himſelf. I need not tell any affectionate *Son* of the diſtreſſed *Church* of *England*; how good *friends* and *ſervants*, theſe *good*, *honeſt*, *civil*, *ſober*, and *Prudent* men, have all along been to their poor Mother: How many of them have *quietly* ſtood by, and look'd on, if with no *delight*, yet (I am ſure) with a great deal of unworthy *patience*, and baſe *connivence*, whileſt *ſhe* has been mercileſly *torn* in pieces, by the *cruel* teeth of thoſe *ravenous* beaſts, which *pretended* to *watch* and *defend* her: and yet not ſo much as an *Arrow* ſhot out of any other *Quiver* then their *mouths* in a *Chimney-corner*, againſt any of them. Whileſt the *Younger Gentlemen* want *true*

Prudence,

prudence, and the *old* have *too much* of that they *miscall* so, they all prove very bad *Souldiers*, for such as pretend to fight under *Christs Banner*, and on the behalf of his *Church*; which truly *now*, if ever may be call'd truly *Militant*, and that too for *want* of *good Souldiers*. If *our* English Gentlemen be made to *stay* for, and *expect* their *Honour*, till they shall be *Knighted* in the *field* for that *good service* which they have done the *Church*, of which they would be thought *Members*; It will I fear, be a *sad* and unwelcome *sword* must *Dub* them.

It is too plainly apparent, that very few of them have so much reall *Honour*, as may make them *sensible* how they *lose* it. For if they had, could you imagine it *possible*, that so many *horrid murthers* and *rapines*, so many incredible *Treasons* and *Blasphemies*, such as their *Posterity* will not find *faith* enough to believe, should be thus *openly acted* and *frequently vented* even in their *faces*; and not a man so much as *move* his hand to *revenge* what's *past*, or *prevent* what's to *come*? Nay how often have the greatest part of them, by a base *compliance* with those men who have alwaies struck at the very

very *root* of that *Religion*, which they ſo *ſolemnly* (ſome of them more then once) *ſwore* to defend, given themſelves not onely the *lie*, but the *perjury*? Alas, their *Honours* are ſo *jaded* by *drawing* after them the *Dung-Cartes*, of their *eſtates*, that they now brooke any *rider* whatſoever. Had but one *tenth* part of thoſe *vaſt* ſums of *Money*; and thoſe many excellent *parts*, which theſe *ſuppoſed* Good-husbands, have *prodigally* laviſh'd out in the *Tavern*, or at their *Game*, been put to that *good* uſe it might have bin, the *Church* might have received her own with *uſury*, *England* might yet have had the *face* of *England*, and they deſerved the *Name* of *Gentlemen*.

Sect. 3. *An Appeale to the Gentlemans own Conſcience.*

For *Confirmation* of all this that hath been ſaid, I ſhall dare to make my *appeal* to the *Gentleman's Conſcience* though I dare not think it to be one of the *beſt* or moſt *impartiall* in this caſe. I heartily wiſh he could in *earneſt* and in *truth* tell me, that whoſoever ſaith *England* has now but *few*

true

rue *Gentlemen*, is guilty of a *Scandall*. I confesse I could almost willingly be *guilty* of the *Sin*, upon condition his *innocence* would once *prove* me a *liar*.

If he can think it possible to be a true *Gentleman* without any *sense* of true *Honour* or *religion*; or if he dares call him *Religious* and thinks him *desirous* of *Heaven*, who (though his whole *life* be little enough to prepare for it, yet) grudges to spend one *minute* of his time to gain it: If he have the *charity* to account him *pious*, who suffers his *soul* to *starve* for want of *Spiritual* food, and yet can *feast* and *Pamper* up his *lusts* every hour: if he can have a true *sense* of *Honour*, who can phancy himselfe happy in *Sathan's* service, and oftner upon his *knees* to *him* then to his *God*; who makes his *Soul* the very *drudge* of his *Body*, and his *carnal* appetite the *Mistresse* of his *life*; and every one of his *members* the *slave* of some *lust* or other: If that man can rationally be thought, to set a *just* estimate upon an *honest reputation*, who had rather lie *dabling* in the *dirt*, and *wallowing* in the *mire of Sin*, then *walke* in the *pleasant* paths of *Holinesse*, the *high way* to *Heaven*:

If

If it be a mark of *Religion*, to drein out a vast estate, by a vain *ambition* placed in *fine* cloaths, *delicious* meats, *rich* wines: *wasting* Games, and other such like *expensive* sins as are now the *mode*; and all this while not one *mite* cast into Gods *exhausted treasury*, not a *Rag* designed to cover the poor mans *nakedness*; If to behold Gods own *peculiar* servants and *Ambassaders* lie starving in the streets for want of some few *morsels* or *crumbs* of that *bread* which they grudg not by *whole loaves* to throw to their *Dogs*: If to see Gods *House* all on *fire*, occasion'd by the *outrages* of their own *flaming passions*; and Gods *children* frying in the midst of the flame, and yet not so much as *move* a *foot* to fetch a little water to quench the *one*, or stretch out an *arm* to *save* the *other*: if any man can judge these things to be the tokens of *Religion* or *Honour*: If to *sit still* all the day *idle*, and *laugh* at those who are *working* in the *Vineyard*? if to come into a *Church* with a long train of *gaudy* attendants, and to *shine* a while there in a little *garish* pomp; if to sit in the *highest* Pue, and to make this the chief part of their *devotion* (without so much

much as the Pharisee's *Lord I thank thee?*) that they are *better then other men*; if to justle a *poor* neighbour out of their presence, with a *stand off, for I am more Honourable then thou*, if to *scoffe* at all those who make any *shew* of *Piety*, or to *deride* all those who think it necessary to have *more* then a *show*, be the *infallible* characters whereby we may know a *Gentleman*, then indeed I must of necessity confesse we have yet *more* then *enough* such *Gentlemen* in this poor *England*.

I had rather *mourne* in *secret*, and in *sadnesse* of *Spirit*, *sigh* out the rest unto my *God*, then proceed at present any further in so *unpleasant* a theme. O that the spilt *blood* of Christs poor languishing *spouse*, cry not too lowd in *Heaven* at the *last* day, not only against those *bloody* soules, who have now *barbarously* thrust their *spears* into her side, and with *inhumane* hands *torne* out her very *Bowels*; but even against all *those* too, who could have a *Calme* upon their *Spirits*, whilest the *tempest* continued in the *Church*, and could hold it prudence to sit still, and not come forth to the help of Gods *spouse*, and his *anointed* one against the *mighty*, and

therefore only because they appeared *mighty*. My prayers are, that an *early*, and an *active* repentance, may *seasonably* prevent their *threatned* ruine; and a timely *understanding* of their own *names*, may make them before it be too late, truly *sensible* of their *duties*, and in earnest endeavour to regain that *Honour*, which they have been too remiss hitherto in preserving *spotlesse*. This is my great *Charity* to the *Gentlemans* soul, and the highest *respect* I can conceive any man owes to his *person*, is to wish that *part* of him *best*, which he seems to regard *least*, I would to God he could *once*, though *late*, have so great a charity and respect for himself, that so he might not one day be found, with *weeping*, and *wailing*, and *gnashing of teeth*, crying out upon himself with no lesse *reason* then *despair* and *horrour*, even as that *once glorious* Church, to the untimely *ruine* whereof his *sins* have in so large a measure contributed cries out upon him now with *sorrow* and *amazement*. Had he not shown himself all along so *stupidly* senseless of, and *brutishly* unconcern'd, in the *afflictions of Joseph* I might have had the *charity*, to think him

capable

capable of *counsel* and *advice*, and to wish him *one* better able then *my self* to serve him herein. However give me leave to mention one or two of those *considerations*, before I conclude this letter, which (doubtless) if he have not quite *forgot* himself, must needs sink *deep* into his thoughts, and *provoke* him, if any thing can do it, now he is at such a *distance*, to *returne* to himself.

§. 4. *Motives to the Gentleman to be indeed Religious and first of common Civility.*

To perswade the *Gentleman* to be *good*, a man would think were no *hard* task, seeing he takes it so ill, that any man should *suspect* him to be *otherwise*: and yet notwithstanding, it may well be thought a very *difficult* and *bold* undertaking, when it shall be consider'd how much he is in *love* with his *present* self, for as *self love* is *blind* whensoever it should look upon its own *faults*; so is it altogether as *deaf* when it should hearken to *instruction*. Yet because the *difficulty* lies not so much in making him *understand* what he *should* be, as in making

king him *see* how much he is at preſent what he *ought* to be; for that he ought to be *good* and *Religious* I know he will readily *grant*, but that he is *not ſo* already we ſhall have much adoe to perſwade him to *believe*: Seeing *one* half of our work is already done to our hand in his own *conſcience* we may have the greater encouragement to proceed in the *other* yet behind. I am confident, that by reading what goes before, he cannot chuſe but behold himſelf in his own *ſhape*, at leaſt in one ſo *like* it that the very *ſight* muſt of neceſſity beget in him an *hatred* of the *old* object, and *love* to the *new*: and therefore at preſent I ſhall confidently ſuppoſe, that I have no more to do but this, to let him ſee in ſome meaſure how *rational* a thing it is for him to be, what he himſelfe ſo well *knows*, he ſhould be.

I intend not here to trouble you, or him with any large Encomium of *Vertue* or *Religion*, which would ſwell up this Diſcourſe much above the *juſt* proportion of a *Letter*: neither is it my purpoſe to call all thoſe *Auxiliaries* I might from ſeveral *common places* be ſupplied withall, to compleat my

conqueſt

conquest over the *Gentlemans affections*: I shall only mention *one* or *two* of those *motives*, which I hope *may* be, I am sure in another *would* infallibly be prevalent and effectual.

The *first* and *slightest* which I shall here most humbly offer to his serious consideration, is an argument which he too often makes use of to a *worse* purpose, and thereby suffers his *sensual* to gain the *victory* over his *spiritual* self. And this is taken from that *Topick* of *Common Civility*, which naturally obliges him to make *suitable returnes* to those many *real kindnesses*, and respect which the *best* of his *friends* have ever had for him. I shall beseech him to remember, how whensoever he is by the swing of his own *dominering lusts*, no lesse then by the *attractive vices* of his acquaintance drawne to a *Taverne*, or carried on to any other *excess* or *riot*, it is to this *one pretence* he confidently betakes himself for Sanctuary: that he was meerly *drawne in* by the *civility* of others, and that he was not able to resist the *importunity* of his *friends*: that *common courtesy* did strongly oblige him, not to show himself *reguardlesse* of his *ac-*

quaintance, by forſaking *their company*, who had expreſſed themſelves ſo *deſirous*, and had taken ſo much paines to enjoy *his*. I wiſh he could but call to mind what weight this argument hath when preſſed upon him by his *lewdeſt* companions, and aſſiſted by his own forward *inclinations*, to that which is *evill*; and how infinitely *more* force then it ought to have, when made uſe of by ſuch as *really* deſire his *happineſſe*, and applied to that which in it ſelf is ſo deſervedly *commendable*.

Would the Gentleman but open his ears, how many *reall friends* might he heare, and ſuch whoſe *Courteous Inventions* he cannot either with *Civility* or *Gratitude* refuſe, every where with no ſmall *importunity wooing* him into *Heaven*, and to *walke* along with *them* in thoſe *paths* which will lead him thereunto. I might here tell him how heartily God *himſelf* calls and *Invites* him, and daily ſends abroad his *Meſſengers* early and late to *beg*, and *intreat* him to *accept* of his *invitation*: how he has prepared his *Oxen* and his *Fatlings*, and made ready his *Supper*, how he *bids* him to a *Feaſt of fat things*, and to *drink wine and milk without money*.

money and without price: How he ſtands with his armes of mercy *ſpread* wide open, to *receive*, *embrace*, and *kiſſe* his returning *Prodigals*, with a new *Robe* and a *Ring*, nay with a *Crown* and a *Kingdome* to welcome them. Can it now be judged *civility* to refuſe and *ſlight* the *invitation* of ſo *bountifull* and *indulgent* a *father*? I might tell him how the *Angels* in Heaven even *long* for his company, and will be *overjoy'd* to ſee him, and to hear him exerciſing that voice ſo long abuſed *warbling* out his laſcivious *Love-Song*, or *roaring* it in his wild *Catches*, by bearing a part in their *Holy Quire*, in perpetual *Halelujahs* to the King of Heaven: And can he think it *civility* to make void the *hopes*, and prevent the *joyes* of ſuch *Heavenly company*. I might further mind him how the poor *Church* of *England* his *mother*, *longs* to receive him *again* with joy into her *boſome*, and to *kiſſe* him with the *kiſſes* of her *love*, and to uncover to him her *breaſts of Conſolation*; whence he needs not draw the *wind of falſe Doctrine*, nor fear to taſt the *blood* of *Tyranny* and *oppreſſion*, but may *ſuck* in that *ſincere milk* which is his ſouls only true *nouriſhment*; *She* whoſe *tender care*

and *wholsome instructions*, like an *unwise child* he hath so long *despised*, longs yet once againe to *rejoyce* in his *Love*, and would be *proud* of so *Glorious* a Son which might not only *cherish* and *defend*, but *grace* and *credit* his mother. And can he call it less then an *incivility*, to envy *Her* this *Honour*, which wisheth *him* that *happinesse*? can he chuse rather to augment her *sorrowes*, and provoke her *teares*, and bite her *brests*, and suck out her *blood*, then *cherish* her and be *nourished* by her? All the *good men* in the World, all the most *Honourable* of Gods servants, his special *Ambassadours*, do with all the *power* of their *Rhetorick*, and *moveingnesse* of *Passion*, *cry aloud*, calling upon him, and beseeching him to come *home*, and live *happily* in his *Fathers house*; these who have had the high *charity* from him, to take the *care* and *charge* of him, and night and day to *watch for his soul*, and must be *accountable* for it at the *Great* & *Dreadfull Audite*. Upon *Him* they looke with a more *vigilant* and *tender* eye, as upon the very *best* and *fairest* of the flock, whose *straying* would be not only the *losse* of *one*, and him the *fattest* and *chief*, of all the *rest*,

but

but *such* an one, as by his *influence* upon the others, may probably *occasion* the *loosing* of *many* more: These *perswade* and *intreat* him, and that for *Christs sake*, for *his* who *loved* him *so* well, that he did not grudge to *purchase* him with the *best* treasure in Heaven, his own most *precious blood*: And now, how can the *Gentleman*, who pretends so highly to all manner of *civility*; think it less then an *unworthinesse* in him, to set so light by all this *care*, and this *kindnesse*? He that would be thought *all courtesy*, *all civility*, O let him not *now* only be *unkind* and *discourteous* to his *God*, and *Gods Church*, *Gods Angels*, and *Gods Ministers*, unto *Gods Sons* and *his Saviour*. He that expressed so remarkable a *kindnesse* to a *false friend*, who is most certainly the *greatest* and most *dangerous* of all *enemies*, to him who was only *set* by the *Devill* in a *friends habit*, to *decoy* him *out* of the *way*, and watch his opportunity to *murther* his *soul*, let him not now for *shame* be so *unnatural* to *himself*, and *unkind* to *them*, as to slight those *real* and *sincere friends*, who make it the greatest part of their *study* to *save* him from *eternal torments*: He that would not be *bought* out

of his *civility*, though but to a *sin*, and *sinner*, by the *high* price of an *Heaven* and *eternity*: shall he now any longer be *bribed* to offer so many *affronts* to his *God*, with an *Hell*, and its *endlesse torments*? Certainly if any *importunity* could ever prevail, as alas too often it hath, even to the *melting* of his *Soul* into *Sin* and *Vanity*: what must it *now* do? never so *great*, never back'd with so many *obligations* to *civility* as here: for where ever did there appear so much and so *earnest wooing*, and *intreating* and *begging*, and *watching*, and *dying*.

Again in civility to the *Nation* wherein he lives, and which he should labour both to *Serve* and *Credit*: he is her *Hopes*, and he should be her *Honour*: She calls him her *choice Treasure*, her *strongest Pillar*, her *potent Protector*: and shall he not think it *base* to *evacuate* her *hopes* and *detest* her too *charitable* Errour, by *neglecting* to *deserve* and *maintain* his *name*? shall it be to his *Honour* when he shall here it said by others, that the *Precious Stones* and *Jewels* of *England* are all but *vile* and *unprofitable pebbles*: that all her *purest* Gold is full of *Drosse*, her *best pillars* quite *rotten*: and her *Guardians* her

her principall *underminers* and *deſtroyers*? that with the *leaſt wind* that blowes, her *pillars ſhake*, and the *building tumbles*?

The Gentleman is that great and faire *White*, at which all men *aim* and *direct* the *beſt* of their *Reſpects*: and on whom they thinke the *greateſt* of their *Honours* not *miſplaced*: And is this his *civility* to all his *Lovers* and *Admirers*; to leave them embracing a *ſhadow* for a *ſubſtance*, and to pay home their *affection* and *reſpects* to him, with *neglect*, and *diſgrace*, and too often with *miſery* and ruin to *themſelves*? Is this his *care*, to provide that no man ſhall ever be *deceived* in him, but he that *thinks well* of him? If this be the Gentlemans *civility*, then what, I pray Sir, is his *Unkindneſſe*?

§. 5. *A ſecond Motive grounded upon Shame and Diſgrace.*

The *next* thing which I ſhall propoſe to his conſideration, is that which uſually has *too* powerfull an operation upon him; I mean *Shame* and *Diſgrace*. The pretence of ſecuring his *Name* and *Reputation* from theſe blurs, being *another* of thoſe *Fig-*

leaves,

leaves, wherewith he would faine hide his moſt *foul* and *deformed Vices*: He had rather throw himſelfe headlong into the *groſſeſt* ſin imaginable, then by *chuſing* what is *beſt*, but *out* of *faſhion* with the *multitude*, expoſe himſelfe to the *laughter* of *fools* and *ſinners*. O what torment, what affliction is it to him, to be *jeer'd* and *mock'd* and *hooted* at by a company of *mad-men*, for behaving himſelfe with more *ſobriety* and *wiſdome* then they?

Here I ſhall moſt earneſtly beſeech the *Gentleman* to conſider, how miſerably he *befools* himſelfe, and how inconſiderately he runs himſelfe upon thoſe rocks he endeavours ſo carefully to avoid; whileſt *nothing* can lay him more open to *ſhame*, than that which was the firſt *parent* of it, his *ſin*: which makes him a meer *laughing-ſtock* to all but thoſe that *pitty* him. Let him remember how he daily provokes that *God*, who is the only *Fountaine* of all *true Honour* here, as well as *Happineſſe* hereafter, to *laugh at him and have him in deriſion*. Will it be no *ſhame* for him to be found, at laſt one of thoſe *wretched* and *contemptible* creatures, which ſhall have the *door ſhut* upon them

them, and be forced to *ſtand knocking* at the *Gates* of Heaven, with *ſighs* and *tears*, and like ſo many miſerable ſtarving beggars in *bitterneſſe* of ſpirit, craving admiſſion, and yet for all their ſelfe-conceited Greatneſs, be vouchſafed no more reſpectful an anſwer, then a--*Depart ye curſed*, and--*Begone I know you not.* What *ſhame* and *diſgrace* can the *Gentleman* fear to ſuffer like *this*: when *he* who *pranced* it up and down, with no leſſe *ſecurity*, then *pride* and *vanity* and *laugh'd* to ſee others take ſo much *paines* to go to *Heaven*, ſhall even *then*, *when* he thinks himſelf ſo ſure of all, meet with a ſcornful repulſe?

But if the Gentleman will venture *this diſgrace*, becauſe he phancies it to be yet at ſo great a *diſtance*, yet I muſt tell him he is much miſtaken to think he ſhall ſpeed much better here *below*. Is it no *ſhame*, to be *juſtly* accounted by all, who underſtand *themſelves*, a poor, ſilly, ignorant fool, ſuch an one as can pleaſe himſelf with a *toy*, a *rattle*; and can think himſelf the *only wiſe man* in the world, when alas all they who are *wiſe indeed*, look upon him and *pitty* him, as the moſt *ſilly deſpicable wretch* under

derHeaven? it is thus, men commonly make trial of the *Fools Genius*, they propose at once to his *choice*, a piece of *painted glasse* and a *Diamond*; a *Feather* and a *suit of Clothes*; that so by preferring the *gayer toy*, before the *precious* or the *serviceable substance*, he may *betray* his *ignorance* and *simplicity*. Alas! Sir, what can we judge the *debauched Gentleman* to be *better* or *wiser* then such a silly deluded *Idiot*, or (as we call him) a meer *Naturall*, that sports himself with his own *shadow*, and places his *happinesse* in *dancing* about his *Party colour'd Goat*, his Cap and his Feather? Did the *Gentleman* but know his *Friends*, or durst he be so much his *own*, as to entertain fewer *Flatterers*, who cover his *eyes*, and stop his *ears*, so that he neither *sees* nor *hears* of himselfe, what otherwise he might: how soon would he grow *ashamed* of his owne *face*! Did he but know how even *all they*, whose *tongues* are *bridled* either by his *power* or *prodigality* in his presence, talk of him when they are *out* of it, at their severall *meetings*, doubtlesse this would bring him *out* of *love* hith his owne *Gayety*, and *Prettinesse*. The *Stoick* talkes of him with *contempt* and *derision*; the

Charitable

Charitable Chriſtian with as much *pitty* and *compaſſion*; and what a ſhame is it for the *Gentleman*, who alwaies thinks himſelf both the *beſt* and *happiſt* man in the world, either to *deſerve* the *one*, or *need* the *other*?

If he yet regard nothing of all this, but contents himſelfe hith the *Phancy*, that *he* can do as *much* for *them*, and that he can think *others* as very *fools* as *they* think *him*; and *pitty* them as much, Alas, how is he to be *pitty'd* for theſe *thoughts*! whileſt like a man in an high *Feaver*, he makes a *Felicity* of his *diſtemper*, and in the *lightneſſe* of his *head*, phances he is amongſt *Angels*, and in as *glorious* a condition as they. Let him conſider how great a *ſhame*, even *this is*, to ſay, he can *laugh* at, or he can *pitty* he *knows not what*: *others* know (alas *too well*) what in him they *pitty*: They have, moſt of them, ſome time or other, *taſted* of his *ſweets* to their *ſorrow*, but found them at laſt bitter to their *preſent joy* and *comfort*: Let *him* then firſt *taſte* of *theirs*, and then let him *chuſe*, Whom he will make the *object* of his *pitty*. I am confident he would in the *firſt* place be thus *charitable* to himſelfe.

But

But this is not all the reaſon the *Gentleman* hath to be *aſhamed* of his preſent courſe of life. Is it not a *diſgrace* for a man *therein* to be *cheated*, *wherein* he hath ever thought himſelfe to be the wiſeſt of all men: and to have ſuch *tricks* put upon him, by what he moſt *confides* in, as will caſt a *damp* upon all his *Follity* at once? There's no man but will confeſs it an *high* degree of *indiſcretion* in himſelf without a very *ſtrong temptation* indeed, to place his greateſt *confidense*, and beſt *affections* upon a *meer cheat*: and yet that *Gentile Sinner* we ſpeak of (if ever any) is highly guilty of this *folly*. He may aſſure himſelfe, if he repent not in due time, *Sathan* will put the ſame cheat upon him, whereby he ſo ſadly beguilded his *wiſe brother* in the *Goſpel*; whom in *that very night*, when he *lullaby'd* his ſoul into a groundleſſe *ſecurity*, by preſenting to her eye the *abundance* of his *riches*, he ſuddainly ſnatches away into the place of torments, and makes this *addition* to the *reſt* of his *ſorrows*, that he *derides*, his *former ſecurity*, and *laughs* at his preſent *miſery*. But this is too *common* and *topious* a *Theme* to dwell any longer upon; I du. ſt not altogether omit

to

to mention it, becauſe I have not yet met with any thing more frequently prevalent with the *Gentleman*, to *perſwade* him to *ſin*, then this *fear* of *ſhame* and *diſgrace*; and if it have been ſo powerfull to hurry him on to his ruine, I hope, rightly apprehended, it may have ſome efficacy in drawing him to his *Felicity*.

§. 6. *A third motive drawn from Equity.*

I ſhall but propoſe two Conſiderations more, and theſe are ſuch, as much concerne the *Gentleman* to entertaine, viz. of *Equity* and *Honour*.

And *firſt*, in all *equity* and *juſtice* the *Gentleman* ought to proportion his *Gratitude* to the *Bounty* which enrich'd him; and to live a *Gentleman* is as little as can, with any reaſon, be thought a juſt requitall of his *goodneſſe*, who made him more Honourable then others. For it was not he himſelf by whom he was made *better then another man*, neither hath *he any thing which he hath not received*. It cannot therefore be *Gratitude* in him like a *Spongy* ſubſtance, to *ſuck* in *all* which

which is profer'd, but to *returne nothing* againe without a *Squeezig*: Or like a black and heavy *clod* of earth, to receive the moſt *curteous* and *enlivening raies* of Heaven, and yet requite the *bounty* neither by a *preſent cheerful reflection*, nor a *future ſeaſonable fructification*: neither yet to lie like a rotten *dunghill*, which repaies all the ſweet *influence* it participates of, in a *ſtenchy* fume, or a *generation of vermine*. He ſhould rather labour to reſemble the true Chriſtal, whoſe property it is, either to *tranſmit* or *reflect* thoſe rayes it receives, with great *advantage* of *light* to the *darker objects* about it; and of a more *viſible ſplendor* and *glory* to the *light* it ſelfe. A true Diamond will not ceaſe to ſparkle in the darkeſt night, & the true *Gentleman* too, will take care, that his *light ſo ſhine before men, that they may behold his works* rather then his *perſon*, (as the *Sun* gives us a clearer proſpect of the other parts of the world, then of its *own body*) and teach them much more to *glorify his God in Heaven*, then to pay *him* a reverence upon *earth*. The *gold* was not made ſo *excellent* a Mettall, that it might lie *hid* and *ruſt* in the *Bowels* of the *Earth*, but by a recep-

tion

tion of the *Princes* Image *administer* to the *neceſſities* of commerce amongſt the *ſeverall* members of the world. It would be a poore thing to imagine God ſhould make the *beſt* of *Creatures* for the *worſt* of uſes: or the *Nobleſt* of *Men* to be *Sathans Inſtruments* now his *Companions* and his *prey* anon. The Gentleman I know will eaſily grant himſelf to be a *Veſſel* created for *Honour:* but 'tis ſtrange he ſhould go about to prove himſelf ſo, by continuing alwaies *empty*, or refuſing to hold any thing, but the worſt of *poyſon*: by ſtanding (as ſome of thoſe do which coſt moſt paines in the *making*, moſt *mony* in *procuring*, moſt *time* in *ſcouring*) *idle* and *uſeleſſe*, only to adorne and grace the *Cup board*, and *ſhine* there, till they become *duſty* againe. As *all fleſh* is *graſs*, ſo is the *Gentleman* the *Flower of* the *graſs*, but let it not appeare in *this*, that the *graſs* is more *uſefull*, though the *flower* more *beautifull*, neither let the *leafe* ſmell *ſweeter* then the *Roſe*. Though all *mankind* be but *Duſt* and *Earth*, yet certainly we may in reaſon think the *Gentleman* a part of the *Richeſt ſoyle*, and from which the *Huſband man* or *Gardiner* may juſtly expect

pect both the *faireſt flowers* and *fulleſt Crop*; as from that ground which in *it ſelfe is fatteſt*, and in the *Cultivating* and *Manuring* whereof, has been ſpent both the moſt *money* and the beſt *ſweat*. Far be it from the *Gentleman* to be call'd (as we do ſomtimes our moſt *fertile* fields) only the *Proudeſt ground*, ſuch as ſwager it out with *Poppy* and *Cockle*, and flatter the eyes with many fine *Blew* and *Yellow* Flowers, but ſuch as are neither for *uſe* themſelves, nor will ſuffer the good *corn* to *thrive* and *grow* till it be ſo. The *Gentleman*, I am ſure, would be troubled to be *thus* requited for his *care* and paines by his *field*, and ſhall not God be juſtly *angry* for the *like* bad uſage from the *Gentleman*? Certainly he cannot in *equity* expect the *leargeſt wages*, who doth the *leaſt work*, or think he can *merit* the moſt *Honourable* reward, by *ſtanding all the day idle*; nay for hindering and Deterring othe s who were going to *labour in the Vineyard*. Shall the *Steward* be the greateſt *loyterer*, and moſt *carleſſe ſervant* in the whole *Family*? And is it fit the *Heir* ſhould be the meereſt *Prodigal*? I am confident the *Gentleman* would

would think it an *injury* to be *thought* ſo, and is it not then as great an *injuſtice* to *be ſo*? I ſhould not have breath enough to enumerate *half* thoſe many *Honours* and *Dignities*, thoſe ſeveral *Priviledges*, and *Advantages*, *Endowments*, and *Poſſeſſions* which the *Gentleman* is bleſt with above his *poorer* Brethen, and can we think all theſe, not *encouragement* to be *better*, but *rewards* and *Bribes* to and for being *idler* then others?

The *Gentleman* is apt to boaſt himſelfe much of his *Noble Anceſtors* and *Vertuous Progenitors*, and is it not therefore *equity*, that all men ſhould expect from that *tree* the *beſt fruit*, which hath the *Nobeſt root*? Men do not of *Thiſtles expect Grapes*, *nor of Brambles Figs*: but even of the *wild Olive tree*, when but gratfted into the *true Olive tree*; God expects the *Natural fruit*. That *Noble* perſon who *adopts* a *Clown* his *heir*, will expect he ſhould henceforward become a *Gentleman*, and how much more is this to be expected from him who is *born* the *true Son* and *heir*? The Gentleman will pull his *Cocks* head off, if he *degenerate* from his *kind*, and why ſhould his God uſe *him better*?

The

The *Gentleman*, again, is apt to talk very much of his good *breeding*, and ingenious *Education*: and certainly it is the greateſt *happineſs* which can ſo *early* betide him, that uſually he hath *Parents* which are as tender of his *Honour* as of his *life*, and very often *more* carefull of *his* ſoul, then of *their own*: who howſoever they live *themſelves*, yet will be ſure to reprove the *leaſt vice* in the *child*, and it is a very ordinary *forme* of *bleſſing* him, to pray he may be a *better man then his Father*. Now the *Gentleman* will expect this from his *Horſe*, or *Spaniel*, to behave himſelf *hereafter*, as he has beene *taught* when he was *young*. Alas, how many *brave* and *Generous* diſpoſitions are *flatted* and *loſt*, how many *ingenious* ſpirits are *dull'd* and *beſotted*, how many *keen* wits are *blunted* and loſe their *edge*, by being put to *delve* in the *earth*, being altogether *Cow'd* and *Enſlaved*, by the *Tyranny* of *Poverty*, and an *Adverſe Fortune*: whileſt they could not be allowed that *timely* and *Noble Nurture* and *Cultivation*, whereby they might have been *weeded* and improved to a very high degree of excellency and *fruitfulneſſe*? how much *good* and *tractable* earth has been

loſt

loſt meerly for want of a *Skilfull Potter*, or *ſpoyled* upon the *wheele* of one *unkilfull*? Whileſt the *Gentleman* has all the aid and aſſiſtance that *Prudent Parents* or a *rich purſe* can afford him; and ſhall he, whom God has thus bleſſed with that which may procure him as well what's *beſt*, as what's *neceſſary*, grow more *barren* under all this care and *Good Husbandry*, which is beſtow'd upon him? Shall he like a *ſtubborne* and unweildly *branch*, ſo ſoon as ever he is from under the wiſe *hand* which would have *prun'd* and *ſtraightned* him, ſtart back into his *natural rudeneſſe*, and *deformity* againe? Shall he be like the *Viol* or *Watch*, *one* whereof will only continue its *even* and *certaine* motion, ſo long as the *owner* forgets not to *wind* him up; and the *other* gives us its ſweet *ſound* no longer then the *Muſicians hand* provokes and *beats* it; but ſo ſoon as the *hand reſts*, the *Motion* and the *Muſick* ceaſes, and in a ſhort time the *ſtrings crack*, and the *Pegs fall*, and the *Noble* Inſtrument growes *mouldy* and *worm-eaten*? Is it not moſt *unnaturall*, that he who has all theſe great *advantages* in his youth, which others do often in *vaine*, and he himſelf too often

when

when it is *too late*, *wish* to enjoy, should not doe something whereby he might shew all that *care* and *cost* not quite *thrown away* and *misspent*? And yet much more, that he should only so behave himselfe, as one that knows how readily to *forget* whatever had cost him so much *time* and *pains*, and *money* in acquiring; and one that can now make *that* a part of his Glory, *which* indeed is no small argument of *shame*, that he *once had* a little Learning, and *might have been* a *Christian*, had he not had *wit* enough to *befool* himself, and so become a *gentleman*. It troubles me to *say* that very many of our *English Gentlemen* do thus *Commence* (as it were) and take *Degrees* in *Ignorance* and *Vanity*, I wish it troubled him as much to *do so*.

Again, it were but *just*, our *gentlemen* should think upon their *large Portions* and *fair Inheritances*, and so take the *Measure* of their *Duties* by their *liberal Allowances*. To *have* an Estate makes no man *happy*; but to *use* an estate *wisely* may bring a man very *far* on his way towards it. O let it never be said of the *gentleman*, what is recorded to the perpetual dishonour of the *Young*

man

man (he knows [I hope] where) that he departed from *Christ* becauſe he was *very rich*. It is certainly a miſtake in any man to think a mans *ſoul* may no way *feed* and grow *fat* upon his *wealth*; or to ſay a man may not become a *better Man*, by having *greater Poſſeſſions*. *Wiſdomes ſeaven Pillars* are moſt readily *erected*, and firmly *grounded* upon a *Baſis* of *Gold*: And *Vertue* cannot there have the *beſt Fare*, and *thrive* moſt, though ſhe may have a *kind welcome*, where *Poverty* keeps the houſe. Though the *treaſures* of *wiſdome* and *knowledge* lie not in the *Cheſt*, yet are they for the moſt part ſo *lock'd* up, that he who would at any time come readily at them, muſt not fail to carry the *Key* in his *Pocket*. Though *Vertue* and *Piety* may live *Quietly* and *Contentedly* under a *thatch'd* roof, and may meet with ſuch entertainment as may preſerve *life*; yet, alas, they are but *there* as in *Priſon*, and ſhall hardly obtain the *Liberty* to walk much *abroad* except there be ſomthing in the *purſe* to purchaſe their *freedome*. Without this they may have that fetter'd *Captives* may enjoy, their *hearts* and *tongues*, but very ſeldome their *hands* or *feet* at liberty. What

rare perfections might be attain'd to, and what wonders wrought, had but either the *Rich Gentlemen* the *poor mans ſoul*, or the *poor man* the *rich Gentlemans purſe*? What aſhame it is, that he whom God hath bleſſed with enough to buy the *Precious Pearl*, ſhould rather chuſe to lay it out upon an *Hobby-horſe*; that he ſhould ſuffer either *himſelfe* to be a *Fool* or *Vertue* a *Begger* when it is in his power to prevent both? If his *wealth* know not what to do with his *Vertue*, let him give *Vertue* the *key*, and ſhe knows how to make uſe of his *wealth*? What an ungreatfull fool is he, who with what is given him will neither fulfill the *Donors* will, nor make uſe of the gift to his *own* advantage? How might the *Church* become truly *Glorious*, and her *rayment* literally of *wrought* Gold, how might the *Poor* man grow *Rich*, and the *Rich* man *good* and *happy*, did the *Gentleman* ſtudy to make that improvement, which he ought to make of this one *talent*, and not either with the Ranting *Prodigal* waſte his inheritance by *riotous living*; or with the other *Ill-husband* and *fooliſh ſervant*, wrap it up in the *Napkin* of a *lazy*, or hide it in the

Earth

Earth of a *Worldly* mind?

There is a *third* obligation whereby the *Gentleman* in *equity* is bound to outgoe his Inferiours, no leſſe in *Goodneſſe*, then in *Wealth* and *Pomp*. I mean an *Immunity* from the *Drugeries* of the World: *Nature* and *Fortune* both ſeem to conſent in granting him a *Diſpenſation* from thoſe *Brick-kilnes*, to which by the *Pharoah-like* cruelty of a *Neceſſitous* Condition, many a better *Iſraelite* is ſentenced. He tugs not at the *Oares*, nor delves in the *Dirt*, nor *waſhes* his face, & *bathes* his body in his own *ſweat*; nor *lives*, as other men are often conſtrain'd to do, almoſt by a *wearineſſe* of *living*: But ſeems to plead an *Exemption* from that part of *Adams* curſe, whereby he was condemned *in the ſweat of his browes to eat his bread*. Whileſt many others by their continual *labour*, ſeem from meal to meal to *kneed* their *own* dough, and *other* mens too; and, like the poor *Iſraelites*, when driven out of *Ægypt* to run up and down with their *kneading-troughs* upon their Shoulders. They carry both their *Lives* and *livelihoods* to and fro in their *hands*; and by a *toilſome* improvement of the *Gentlemans* vaſt eſtate,

pick up for themſelves a very ſcant ſubſiſtence. He eats the *fat*, and drinks the *ſweet*, and has *one* part of him alwaies provided for to his hand; and ought not this to lay a ſtrong obligation upon him, to take more pains about the *other*? Ought not this to bind him to the ready ſervice of his *God*, who has made the whole *World* in a manner to ſerve *him*? certainly he never had a general *diſpenſation* granted him from all *labour*, but only from the more *ſlaviſh* and *drudging* part of it: that the leſſe he has to care for beſides, the more time he ſhould have to care for his *ſoul* and *Heaven*. It was *Adams* growing *wanton* in *Eden* where the *Earth* freely brought forth all things of it ſelfe, and where his *taske* of labouring was but his *Recreation*, not his *toyl*, which ſent him *firſt* abroad to *ſweat* in the *World*, and to wage a conſtant *Warre with Bryers* and *Thiſtles*. And if the *Gentleman* will not take ſome pains to dreſſe the *Garden* of his Soul, when all the world ſeems to be ſo much his own round about him that *one* part of it is his *Steward*, the *other* his *eſtate*, he can expect no leſſe then to be driven out at laſt with a *flaming ſword* to ſeek a

Miſerable

Miſerable *killing* livelihood in another.

Could the *Gentleman* be truely ſenſible of his extraordinary *privileges*, he enjoyes, more then the reſt of his *labouring* brethren do, in this *one* particular: doubtleſſe we ſhould ſee him more *thankfull*, and leſſe *Idle*; for though *leaſure* be a very great *bleſſing*, yet is *lazineſſe* a meer *Canker*, which will in a ſhort time, if not ſeaſonably cured, *eat* out both *Purſe* and *Soul*. Let him not thus turne the *Opportunities* of doing *good*, into *encouragements* to *ſin*, nor the *Means* of *Happineſſe* into the *Inſtruments* of *Miſery*.

O what an ineſtimable advantage is this, for any man that would either *learne much* or *do well*, to have alwaies a Soul ſo *tranquil* and *Serene*, that all's *Smooth* and *calme* within him? What would many a brave *Ingenious* ſpirit, which could never yet obtain one ſmile from *fortune* but lies alwaies under the black cloud of *Poverty*, and toſſed upon the tumultuous waves, of much *buſineſs* and more *ſufferings*, what would it not give to be bleſt with ſuch a *Sun-ſhine*, and to have ſo long a *vacation* from the *world* and its *ſorrowes*? None of theſe *diſtracti-*

ons wch come from the affairs of the world without him, which with ſo much eagerneſſe and irreſiſtable importunity, *call*, and *pull*, and *hale* away many a good ſoul from his *Study* and *Devotion*, need to be ſo much as *harken'd* to by the *Gentleman*; who, if he would but underſtand the *eaſie* diſtinction betwixt being *careful* and being *buſie*, betwixt *Idleneſs* and *Leiſure*, we ſhould find him betaking himſelf to another and more cheerful courſe of life, having *much* time to *uſe*, but *none* to *loſe*.

And ſuppoſe you ſhould ask the *Gentleman* this queſtion, and wiſh him to anſwer it according to *Conſcience*—Whether, if he had a Servant whom he had deſigned for ſome more *honourable* and *extraordinary* employment, and to this end had exempted him from all *common* buſineſſe and works proper to an *inferiour* calling, and not onely ſo, but furniſh'd him alſo with whatever he could ſuppoſe *inſtrumental* to his work, and for his better encouragement had given him a conſiderable ſumme of *Money* beforehand; if after all this, this Servant ſhould neglect *this* buſineſs, and throw away all the time allotted him, in matters of *ſmall* concern-

concernments, or in meer *Idleneſſe*, goe and *ſpend* his allowance, and *waſte* his Maſters money in *bad Company*, and in pampering up his own *humours* and *luſts*; let him tell you in good earneſt, whether he would not think himſelf *ſlighted* and *abuſed*, and for a reward turn that Servant *out* of *doors*, or *into Priſon*? And why then ſhould the Gentleman flatter himſelf up with fairer *hopes*; his *charge* I am ſure is as *great*, his *care* much *leſſe*, and therefore his *caſe* can be no *better*.

I may here very ſeaſonably adde, as another branch of this *Motive* the *Gentlemans* fair *opportunity*, not only of doing good to *himſelf*, but *others* alſo: and ſuch an *Opportunity*, it is, as is indeed a *Neceſſity* of doing either much *good*, or much *hurt* by his *Example*. For the *gentleman* ſtands upon the top of an *Hill*, and being advanced to ſo conſiderable an *height*, is thereby made ſo *conſpicuous* to the eye of the World, that his Actions have an influence upon the inhabitants of the *vallies* round about him. His *Tenants* muſt for fear *flatter* him, and many *others* will for his *favour honour* him, and there be yet *more* who have an *Ambiti-*

on to be *like* him. Every *ſin* in him is like an *Eclipſe* in the *Sun*, whereby not only his *own* luſtre and brightneſſe is obſcured and hid, but his rayes are with-held from the *world* below, and a *maligant influence* ſcatter'd abroad upon *inferior* Bodies. It is a very hard matter for a *gentleman* to be bad *alone*; I dare ſay, his heart will bear witneſſe, that he owes not a few of his own ſins to the powerful *Example* of his *ſuperiours*; and that he has very often reſiſted the more *ſober* and *vertuous* inclinations of his *own* ſoul, and the more *rational* dictates of his *own* judgment, only out of an *Ambitious humour* to make himſelfe Company for *great ones*; and becauſe he was *aſhamed* to be found *leſſe* then a *gentleman* in *any* thing though in *Sin* it ſelfe. Let him therefore conſider how much it will concern him, who is the true *Loadſtone* of the *Nation*, whoſe *Motion* the poor *Iron ſoules* of the multitude with trembling *expect*, and perceiving *follow*, to turn himſelfe alwaies to the *right Pole*, I wiſh the *gentlemen* of our Iſland would remember this, that by their vices they prove not only *Bad* in *themſelves*, but *unjuſt* to their *Neighbour*: that

ſo

ſo they may ſee how much in *equity* they are obliged to amend their lives.

§. 7. *A fourth Motive from Honour and Reputation.*

The other *mark* to which I would gladly perſwade the Gentleman to turn his *eye*, is that which he pretends to *aime* at moſt, his *Honour* and *Reputation*; things (if you'l believe him) whereof he is more *tender* then his *Life*; but let us ſee how he will endeavour to make this good, for I cannot believe he values much, what he takes no paines to *preſerve*.

The main *Character* of an *Honourable* perſon, is a great care in him, never to do any thing below his *Name*, or which may reflect upon his *Progenitors* or his *Family* with *ſhame* and *diſparagement*. He therefore can admit no employment which is *baſe* or *low*, but as his *Honour* was at firſt *raiſed*, ſo he ſtudies to maintain it at that *height*, by ſome *noble* and *gallant* atchievement. But how truly *tender* he is of his *Honour*, who thus (as we have ſaid before) is willing to *degrade* himſelf into a *Beaſt*, and to *trample*

upon his *dignity* and *Humanity* at once? He that can *bend* his proud neck to the most *gaulling Yoak* which *Sathan* can put upon him; and patiently *kneels* him down to receive so many loads of *Dirt* upon his back? who scorns not to *drudge* for the *worst* and *basest* of Masters, and that in his *meanest* and most *beggerly* service, when he sends him out (with the *young Prodigal* into the *field* of Carnal pleasure, there to *feed* a few *swinish* lusts: and all this too, upon hopes of the *slenderest* reward here, a few deceitfull *husks*, and in daily fear and expectation of the most dreadfull *punishment* hereafter, that of *endlesse Torments*.

The *Gentleman* that values his *honour*, will be sure not to mix with any *company*, but such, from whom he may reap both *credit* and *profit*; such as will be no *lets* to him in his vertuous *progresse*, nor *blemish* to his desired *Reputation*. But alas how little do those *Gentlemen* regard either of these, who indeed care for no *companions* but such as have made themselves altogether the *creatures* of their *vices*, and the nearest *Pandor* of their *Lusts*.

The truly *Honourable Gentleman*, is alwaies

waies most *faithfull* and *punctuall* in the performance of his *promises*, and sheweth himself to be as *good* as his *word*, esteeming no *disgrace* like that of *deserving* the *Lie*. Every *promise* he makes, he pawns his *Honour* and *Reputation*, to secure the *performance*: and looks upon no *disrespect* as comparable with that, of not being thought a person fit to be *trusted*. But how little care do our *Gentlemen* take to maintain *this* support of their *credit*: who *swear* so frequently to, they *know* not, or *heed* not what, that they cannot possibly so much as *remember*, much less *discharge* one third part of their *Oaths*. These upon every *slight* or *no* occasion they send out in such *Volleys*, and with so much *inconsideration* and *temerity*, that they cannot have time to consider whether one halfe of what they swear be *true* or *false*. Nay there is one solemne *Vow*, and that the most *sacred* one that ever they made, and to a *person* with whom it most concerns them to be punctuall, and deal faithfully, I mean that at their *Baptisme*, which, alas they, so well *perform*, as that they hardly ever *call to mind*, or can *believe* there was any *such thing* done by them

them: Was it not *this* that then they promiſed, to *forſake the Devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, withall the Covetous deſires of the ſame, and all the Carnall deſires of the fleſh, ſo that they would neither follow nor be led by them?* In which, the engagement of their *Honour* would not ſerve the turn, but they brought their *ſureties* and *Bondmen*, who promiſed (as much as in them lay,) to ſee all made good, I tremble to think how this vow has been fulfil'd by all thoſe perſons who would be thought ſo ſenſible of *Honour*, that their bare *word* might at any time ſerve for their *Bond*. What they vowd to *forſake*, they with all earneſtneſſe *follow*; and that whereby they would not be *led*, they ſwear to *Outgoe*, hugging and embracing thoſe *temptations* they promiſed to abandon, and making the *Vain Pomp and Glory of the World*, the only *Gods* they dare *love* and *adore*. If the *Gentleman* be thus careleſſe in maintaining his *Credit*, thus falſe in his *promiſes* to *God* and his *Soul*, I hope he will not think it ſtrange, if others be ſo ſcrupulous and weak-faith'd, as not to believe him to be a *Gentleman* upon his own bare *word*.

Further

Further yet, he that desires to be truly *Honourable*, and esteem'd so, will so provide for his *Honour*, that the world may have no just cause to throw the miscarriages and sins of his *Country* upon *his* shoulders, or that all the *Miseries* thereof should be found the *Daughters* of his *Vices*. But whether or no we have any reason to blame the *English Gentleman* for the Calamities of his *Nation*, I appeale to himselfe, let his *Conscience* determine it. To whom shall we impute the *Blindnesse*, the *Ignorance*, the *Giddiness* of the *People*, but to him that pretends to be the *eye* and the *head*? We know it is the *Lightness* of the *head*, which often makes the *heels* stand *uppermost*; And when we see a Drunkard *reel* and *stagger*, we all know it is the *Giddiness* of his *head* which causes his *uneven* motion. It we e happy for us, if all those who would be thought the *Heads* of this *Headlesse Nation*, would dayly consider their office; and how much of the *Graziness* and *Distemper* of this *Infatuated* people, is to be imputed to the unsettledneſse of their own *Brains*, and want of a due *Government* of themselves. O that the World might no longer have just cause to

say

say (as now many are apt to do) that the sad *disease* of this poor Kingdome, wherein it has well nigh *cough'd* out its very Heart, proceeded from a *Cold* it has taken in the *noblest* members of its *Body*; and that indeed is *Atheisme*.

If therefore our Gentlemen ever intend to *deserve* that *Honour* they so eagerly *desire* let them learn to *be*, and *act* like *themselves*, so shall they assure themselves of true *Honour*, both before *God*, and amongst *men*. Let them pluck up their *Courage*, and make it appear to the World, that they have yet something of a *Noble* and *generous Spirit* within their breasts; that they dare yet own a *God*, in despight of *Atheisme* and *Blasphamy*, and stand up for his *Church* in opposition to *Tyranny* and *Sacriledge*: That they have *Spirits* above the reach of *Swords*, and *Soules* not to be out-braved by the terrours of the *grave*, nor *blown* out of their bodies with the proud and threatning *breath* of those that can but *seem* mighty. Let it once be seen that they have espoused a *Religion* which has a *Majesty* enough to Daunt *Nebuchadnezar* with the hottest *furnace* in his *Mouth*; and an *Holie zeal*, which

which (as the brighter *Sun beames* do upon the fainter light of a *Candle*) can prey upon, and *consume* to nothing the most scorching *flames* of *Persecution*, When they have learn'd to take the *roaring Lion* by *the Jaws*, and pull out his teeth, when they can (with the stout Champion of *Israel*) defend the endanger'd *Church* against that great *Goliah* of *Atheisme*, which now or never appears with the *Weavers Beam* in his hand; when they have once got the Couarge, to *slight* and *pitty* all the *cursing Shimoi's*, and *railing Rabshekahs* of the Land; to scorne the Ba kings of *Reproach*, and not to be afraid of the teeth of *Poverty*, when they dare goe with *Abraham* to sacrifice their *lesse* lovely *Isaacks* at the *Mountain of the Lord*: In a word, when they dare be *good* without *feare* of *shame* or *want*, and *Religiously Loyal* without dreading either *Beggery* or *Death*: Then shall they have *Honours* without *stain* or *blemish*, and *Names venerable* in the Mouthes of all men, then shall they set their *feet* upon the *Neckes* of the *Mighty*, and *Tyrants shall bow down* under them, and they shall be set up on high with the *Rulers* of the People: then shall they

they have the *acclamations* of the *Saints*; and the *bended knees* of the *poor* at the *throne of Grace*, for their long *life* and *Happineſſe*; Then ſhall they be *fear'd* by their *enemy*, and *loved* by their *friends*; They ſhall have the *Motherly Bleſſing* of the *Church*, the joyful welcome and *plaudite* of *Angels*, and the Bountiful *reward* and *euge* of their *God* and *Father*; a Glorious *Robe*, an immarceſſible *Crown*, a perpetual *Kingdome*: for indeed *this Honour have all his Saints.*

I am really *aſhamed*, and heartily *ſorry*, that either the *Gentlemans* unnatural Behaviour, that ſtrange *Meander* of all vices, or the ſad and deplorable condition of this poor *Church* and *Nation*, to which in all *Reaſon*, *Honour*, and *Conſcience*, he ought to ſhew a more *filial* reſpect and Affection, have provoked me to this unuſual length of a *Letter*: But the *Copiouſneſſe* of the Theme, which *you firſt* propoſed to my thoughts, will I know be my ſufficient *excuſe*; though the *unpleaſantneſs* of it, together with thoſe many other *buſineſſes* which are never *wanting* to *You*, but now *incumbent* upon *me*, might afford *you* an opportunity of being more *profitably* imploy'd, and *me* more *ſuitable*

table to my preſent *calling*, then in *reading* or *writing* of what I here ſend you. I ſhall therefore in a very few lines more, give you a *Breviature* of what I have already ſaid, or have more to ſay concerning the *mix'd* Theme of this Letter.

§. 8. *The Concluſion and ſumme of all.*

I ſhall alwaies with all readineſſe Confeſſe that I *dare* not have a low eſteem of any of thoſe *worthy* Perſons, whom the All-wiſe God by advancing them to the *Top* of the *Pinacle*, ſeems to commend both to *me* and *others*, as the moſt *fit objects* of our *Admiration* and *Reverence*: Only I hope the *Gentleman* will give me leave to make it a part of my *Prayers* (and too *ſad experience* daily ſhews us what great reaſon we have ſo to pray) that they who *ſtand* both ſo *high* and ſo *tickliſhly* may ever *take heed leſt they fall*. *Sathan* had the Confidence upon as *high* a place (though at that *height* he met with the moſt exemplary *Humility* that the World ever heard of) to venture a temptation upon the *Lord of life*: where certainly his *hopes* of prevailing muſt rationally be thought

thought to have been as *low*, as his *attempt* was *high*: It is therefore too much to be fear'd he hath very often his wish'd for *Successe* in overturning the *braveſt Sinner*. The *Subtile Serpent*, though he deſpair of *Heaven*, is alwaies crawling *upwards*, and can as eaſily twiſt and wrap himſelf about the *Gilded ſpire* of *Honour* and *Nobility*, as once he did about the faireſt *tree in Eden*, and queſtionleſs not ſeldome with as much unhappy *Succeſſe*, as malicious *Subtilty*. Here I am ſure, he hath the *ſame* or *ſurer* holds to *faſten* upon, and *climb* up by, which there he had; Even the wild *protuberances* of *Pride* and *Ambition*. The firſt aſſault he made, was upon an unſpotted *Innocence*, but match'd with an over facile and flexible *Humanity*, and meeting there with the *hoped Iſſue* of his temptation, he takes the Boldneſſe to venture on an infinite *Wiſdome* in the Boſome of *Omnipotence*: and though there he was foyl'd, yet being the more *madded* with the *ſhameful* repulſe, 'tis likely he will fall the more *deſperately*, and ſo with the greater *violence*, upon that *Prudence*, which is at beſt much *abated* by the baſe mixture, and too exceſſive alloy of a

Beloved

Beloved Folly. I wish it might be the *Gentlemans* good *Fortune* or *Courage*, to *draw* the ſt oak, and come off *unhurt*.

When I hear this inferior *world* wherein we are to breath out our *Minority*, compared (and not unfitly) to an *Inne*, or *Diverſory*; whereinto *Man*, whoſe life is a *journey* or *Pilgrimage* onely turns in to take a nights *lodging*; that ſo he may ſit and dreſſe himſelf againſt the *Morning* for a *Better* Country: I am ready to take the *Boldneſſe* to proſecute the *Metaphor* a little farther, and I would fain ſay, that thoſe *glittering, ſpangled ſouls*, are moſt *noble* and *honourable*, which *wiſe Nature* treats with the greateſt *reſpect* and *Ceremony*; thoſe for whom, as her *chief guests* ſhe hath reſerved her moſt *ſtately*, and *faireſt* roomes: that *theſe*, if any are to be thought the *Gentlemen* of the world to whom *Nature* as well as *Fortune* ſeems to pay a *reverence*.

Theſe are the *Men* who enter into the world with that *Ceremonious* ſtate and *pomp*, that would almoſt perſwade us they were ſent hither on an *Ambaſſy* from Heaven. They are indulged an *Honour* ſeemingly too great for *Mortality*. They are *admit-*

ted

ted into the world by the moſt *beautiful gate* of a *Renowned Parentage*, they are *uſher'd* along with all that *Pomp* and *Magnificence*, which uſe to attend our *higheſt hopes* and moſt *teeming Expectations*; and are moſt ſignificant of our *greateſt joyes*: Their *births* are congratulated, and *they* welcomed hither, with a *long* and *Methodically order'd* train of *ſolemne* and *honourable* both *Civil* and *Religious* Ceremonies, They are honourably placed in the moſt *richly* furniſhed, and *neatly* contrived *Lodgings*, of *Comely* and *well-featured* Bodies; in adorning whereof the *Divine Art* of *better Nature*, hath beſt ſhown it ſelf; theſe are Glorioufly ſet forth by all thoſe moſt lively *Images* of *Majeſty* and *Honour*, which *Corrupted Nature* can be thought capable of receiving. All theſe are more ſweetned, by a lovely *proſpect* into the world abroad, where an *Indulgent fortune*, to give the better *reliſh* to the gifts of *Nature*, preſents her ſelf in all variety of *Dreſſes*, of *Riches*, *Pleaſures*, *Preferments:* ever creating ſuch ſtore of New delights as may ſooneſt *win* upon the *ſenſe*, and beſt *recreate* the *ſoule*.

And now, *Sir*, would any man ſeeing all

all this, think it possible, that after *Nature* and *Fortune*, and the *great God* of *both*, by so long a *Succession* of no lesse truly *Delectable* then indeed *inestimable* blessings, have been so *industriously Solicitous* for the *Gentlemans* welfare, and with so much *Charitable importunity*, have Constantly *Courted* his soul, to be in *love* with that *fair hand* which made it; to invite it to an early *sense* of its own *worth* and *excellency*, and to set a due *estimate* upon it *self*; to possess it with the true *Apprehensions* of that, which is certainly the higheſt *Honour* that can befall a *mortall here*, or Crown him *hereafter*, I mean his *Relation* to *Heaven*, and the *God* of *Heaven* his *Maker*: Would any man believe it possible after all this, that the *Gentleman* should be either so *uncharitable* to *himselfe*, or so *ungrateful* to his *Creator*: either so much a *Churle* or a *Fool*, or *Both*: as neither to yeild to those *Importunities* of a *Wooing Heaven*: not *Embrace* the Courteous *Invitations* of an *endlesse Felicity*? Would you believe, that when he is *intrusted* by the *King* of *Glories*, upon so honourable an *Expedition* as that of *winning* a *Crown*, he should be *tyred* and *foot-sore* at the very

first

first ſtep; and ſit down to *reſt* him upon the firſt *cold ſtone* in his way, there flattering his *Childiſh humour*, in the *Empty* fruition of ſome *Gariſh* but *fading vanity*? Could any man with a *rational ſoul* in him, hope to find an *Happineſſe* in ſuch *toyes* adequate to the *immenſe* deſires of an *Heaven-born* ſubſtance? Alas, who is ignorant, that theſe *petty Glories*, and *little felicities*, which ſo pleaſe us *here*, cannot in any reaſon be thought *more* (ſeldome ſo *much*) then the *ſmaller tokens* of a *Fathers love*, or an *Earneſt-penny* to a future *Inheritance*; ſomething for the *Child* to *keep* his *purſe* with whileſt he is here at School. Nay, they are ſo often *leſſe* then this, that they amount not to ſo much, as thoſe *leſſe* tokens, which we uſe to call the *Mothers Bleſſing*; but are rather like the *deceitful* Gifts of a *Stepdame*, ſuch as a *braſs ſhilling*, or a *guilded Nutmeg*, the *ſlight kindneſſe* not of a *Fond* but a *diſſembling Fortune*: whereby the unwary *Child* is very often *bribed* and *Flatter'd* out of his due *Portion*, and *Inheritance*.

Doubtleſſe, if the *Gentleman* find himſelf to be ſo much *Fortune's Darling*, or (as he would

would rather have us think) the *Favourite* of *Heaven*: to be afforded a more *tender* and *delicate Education* than his poorer brethren. I dare hardly beleive all this an *Indulgence* to *ſin*, but an *encouragement* unto *Holineſs*, and to go on with *Cheerfulneſſe* to ſee what that *good Father* has in ſtore for him in *Heaven*, who is ſo *liberal* to him *here* upon *Earth*. The Comfortable *warmth* of his *Proſperous* condition, is indulged him, thereby to preſerve his ſoul, more *tender* and *pliable*, *zealouſly* forward to receive both more *generous* and more *pious impreſſions*, not to *ſcorch* or *dry* it up into a *rebellious obſtinacy*, neither to give him the *opportunity* of *melting* it away in the *ſoft embraces* of more *wanton* and *laſcivious* delights, or to *diſſolve* his happineſs into the *Aery* and *ſhadowy* vanity of a *Carnall* pleaſure. The *golden Foundation* being laid, God expects he ſhould not ſo abuſe it, as to erect thereupon any meaner *ſtructure* then an *Heaven*. The right *uſe* of what he already *enjoyes*, ought to *diſpoſe* his ſoul into a *Capacity* of receiving *more* and *better*, even of thoſe *ſpiritual* bleſſings which will ſet him up above the reach either of an *adverſe Fortune*, or a *Malicious Devil*. If

If the *gentleman* would be perſwaded to caſt a *Religious* eye upon the Excellent *Symmetry* and lovely *features* of his own *Body*, wherewith it is no *ſtrange* thing to find him *beautified* above *other* men, certainly he would preſently conſider with himſelf, that this *fine Out-ſide* was not the *onely* or *beſt* piece of work *intended*, but there ſhould be a ſuitable *Inſide* too, ſuch as may make the *man* a fit *temple for the holy Ghoſt* to reſide in: that this *Stately* and *well wrought Body* ſhould be but the external *Embleme* of a more *Beautiful* and *Majeſtick Soule*.

If it be his good luck to find the way to *Paradice* ſtraw'd all over with *Roſes*, whilſt other poor ſoules are forced to run *Bare-footed* through *Bryars* and *Thiſtles*, *Flints* and *Pibbles*, whereby their feet are often ſo *gall'd*, that their pace proves *ſlow*, and ſo *prick'd* and *ſcrach'd*, that you may trace *them*, as they their *Saviour* into *Heaven* by their *blood*; he ought *wiſely* to conſider, that this entertainment ſhould not *retard* him in his journey, neither make him Phancy that he is already *in* the *Garden*; and therefore may *ſit* down, or *roll* his ſoul upon

upon these sweets to a *satisfaction*, alas, the more he thus *tumbles* upon them, the sooner will these *tender Blossomes fade* and *wither*: They are only scatter'd in his paths, that by their *fragrancy* his decaying *Spirits* may be restored and *cherish'd* that he *faint* not ere he reach that *garden* where growes the *Tree of life*, and *never-perishing Flowers* of *sweetest pleasures*, even at *Gods right hand for evermore*.

If the *Gentleman* may boast of his honourable descent, from a *vertuous*, and if so, a deservedly *renowned* family; how much will it concern him in *Honour* and *Duty*, to provide that his *Children* by his vertues, may be enabled to brag of as much as *he*? It will certainly be a greater *disgrace* to *him*, when his *Son* shall be constrain'd to say, he had a *Worthy Grandfather*, then it can now be his *glory*, that *he himselfe* can tell the World he had a Deserving *father*. Can he imagine it halfe so *Creditable*, to swagger it out with the old *Name* and *Tittle* of his *rotting Ancestors*, as to manifest their yet *surviving Virtues* in himselfe their *genuine Of-spring*? What a pittiful Credit must it needs be for him, to shew a

ſtranger a firme and ſubſtantiall *foundation*, laid by his *Anceſtors* many years agoe, towards an intended *Heroick* and ſumptuous *building*, if all this while he have neglected by his *own virtues* to adde a *ſuperſtructure*, *proportionable* to ſuch a *Ground-worke*?

I am Confident the *Gentleman* needs not a remembrancer to mind him of his *Name*; nor any other *Herald* to perſwade him he has a *right* unto it, then his own *Ambition* and *Conceit*: But how unlikely he is by the meanes he uſes to make the world believe him, he ſeems not ſo well to Conſider. Is it a matter of ſuch Credit, to ſhow us how well he can put on his *Fathers Old Cloathes*, or play his *Ape* in his *Silver Jerkin*? Is this the main *Badg* of his *Gentility*, that he has never a *Coat* but what was *given* him by the *Herald*; or that he lives as *Beggars* do, upon the *Charity* and *Almes* of the *Pariſh*? Let him ſay, what other *title* it is *he* can pretend to, who by his own *perſonal* merits cannot *purchaſe* his *name*? What does he leſſe then *pick* up his *Crumbs* under the *Old-mans Table*: *Nobility* without *Virtue* has juſt ſo much *life*, as it can *Borrow*; and only *breaths* by the common and Ignoble

noble *breath* of the *People*. What does the unworthy *Gentleman*, but goe from *door* to *door* for an *Almes* of *Honour*? One throws him in a *Sir*, another a *Maſter*, a third a *Good your-worſhip*; and with theſe few *ſcraps* he makes a ſhift to preſerve *alive* his *meagre* and *raw-boned Reputation*.

A *name* that thus feeds onely upon the *fragments* of *charity*, is not like to *grow* truly *great* in haſte: And a *Reputation* ſo long *worn* already without *mending*, is too *vile* and *cheap* for a true *Gentleman* to appear abroad withall. The *cloak* muſt need be very *thread-bear*, that is ſo *old*, and has bin ſo *ill uſed*: It were more *Noble* to weare a *New one* of his own *buying*, then that of his *Great-grandfather*, which at beſt he can by his *ſcantling virtues* onely fill full of *patches*. *His Fathers Honours* can be his but at *Second hand*: and to be proud of an *Hereditary title* onely, is but to rant it in a *Dead-mans ſuit*, and like him, whom he too often Imitates, after his *Fathers Death*, to *fright* the world by *appearing* in *his likeneſſe*; for when we come more narrowly to examine the *Reality* of what we *think* we *ſee* in him, we find *nothing* but a *cheat* and *Deluſion* of

the *sense*; we *catch* at a bare *Apparition* for a *substance*, or at best *grasse* a senseless *clod* of cold *clay* insteed of a *Man*. What is it to be thus Sollicitous after an *Old Coat of Armes*, but to wish the *Herald* were a *Broaker*, And that he might buy *old scutcheons*, as he may *old cloaks*, because his *Merits* will not amount to the *price* of *Newones*. Whilest he thus opens his *Presse*, and showes it to be well lined with the rich *apparel* of those who lived *before* him, he does no more then what often his Fathers *Page* or *Lacquey* is able to do: Nay I shall be bold to say it, whatever the *Gentleman* may therefore think of *himselfe* or *me*, that he who showes his *Fathers bearing*, without some *Honourable Addition*, *due* at least, if not *given* to his *own* vertues; has but litle more reason to boast of his *Gentility*, then his *Fathers Fool* or *Fidler*, whom I have often observed to beat his *Masters Coat* upon his *Livory*. O that the *Gentleman* would in good earnest Consider, how much all *Wisemen laugh at him*, even in his *Finest* Cloaths, and how much more all *Good men* do *pitty* him, when they see him withall his *borrow'd Bravery* delight to *tumble* in the *Mire*!

He

He that will be a *Gentleman* indeed, must look no lesse carefully *before* him, on what yet *remains* for *him* to doe, to *maintain* his *Honour*, then *behind* him, on what has been already done by his *Ancestors* to *purchase* it. *Honour* has a very *delicate* palate, and loves to feed upon *fresh Diet*; and very much *Nauseates* the *Moulded offals* of *Antiquity*. No *broken Dishes* come to her *Table*, neither can she subsist by *Chewing the Cud* after the largest *feasting* upon the *Grandfathers deserts*. The *sharp* teeth of *Time* will at length enter deep into the *Marble Monument* under which the *Fathers Ashes* are laid to *rest*, or at least the *Injurious Dust* will fill up and hide the fair *Characters* thereupon in which perhaps *alone* the *Honour* of the *Son* stands legible: It can be no *long-lived Honour*, where the *Patent* is onely a *Dead-mans Epitaph*. It will therefore highly concern the *Gentleman* in due time at least to lay a *New gilt* upon the *Old letter*, that so he may transmit an *Honourable Memory* of his *name* to late *Posterity*, rather under his own *hand* then his fathers *Seal*.

The *stateliest* Pile, yeilds and stoops by

little and little to the importunities of *Age*: And 'tis rare to see a Building left by the *Father* so *firm* and *weather proof*, but it will require *some repairing* before the Death of the *Son*. An *Good husband* will therefore make haste even to prevent his *fears*, and not expect an *Invitation* from a visible *ruine*, knowing that tis a *Necessity* not deserving the name of *Providence* to under-prop the *declining* wall; Neither will a *Prudent* person *cover* a dangerous breach in the wall of his house with a superficial *plaister* of *paint*, thereby to Cozen the World into a false Opinion of his Counterfeit *thrift* and *Providence*, till a sudden *fall* of the whole house discover at once his *folly* and his *Policie*. In vain shall the *Gentleman* by the bare *shadow* of a vertue endeavour to make the world believe he wants not the *substance*: He must by the *real* and *undissembled* excellencies of a *generous* soul, *sincerely* devoted to the service of *Religion* and *Virtue*, both adde many *solid Pillars* to support the *Old*, and lay a firme *Basis* for a new structure.

A *Fathers good name* deserves *a reverent* memory in after ages, but will never be injured or grow lesse renowned, by being

out

ent ſhone in the *Sons vertues*: It is rather proud thus to grow *young* again. There can be no perpetual *entailment* of *Honour* upon all ſucceeding *poſterity*, The beſt *Gentleman* holds his *Nobility* but by *Leaſe* from *Heaven*, which is to be *renew'd* once at leaſt in every *life*; when a good round ſumme of *Heroick Actions* are expected as his *Fine*. God hath his *Stewards* alwaies ready to receive the *Gentlemans* rent, the *Church* and *State*, and he that payes not at his *day* to either of theſe, forfeits all.

It is no ſlight ſin to ſuppoſe *God* ſo vainly *Prodigal* of his *Jewels*, as to think them well diſpoſed of when placed in *Swines ſnouts*, where they onely ſerve to root up the *Earth*; and delve in the *Dirt*. *Common*, *Ruſtick*, and *Plebeian* ſpirits fitted by the *hardneſſe* of their *Nature*, to *dig* and *plow* the ground, theſe are the *Out-labourers* of Gods great *Houſhold*, who by the greatneſſe of their *Neceſſary* Drudgery, take off much of the *Burthen* from the more *refined* ſort of Mankind. The *Gentleman* God has choſen to be as it were the *ſteward* of his *Family*, and *Guardian* to his *Church*. and therefore in all *Prudence* and *Gratitude* he ought to endeavour

endeavour, a due discharge of so great a *trust*. No *Loyterer*, much less a *Spend-thrift*, can be a member of *his* Family, we know the certain wages of such *unfaithful servants*. He then that thinks himself exempted from all that hardship, which many others by a *leaden soul* and an *iron body*, besides the course usage of an *unkind Fortune*, are *naturally* or *casually* sentenced to, takes a very *preposterous* course, when he arrogates to himself a *licence* to do *ill*, or to do *nothing*. If the *Gentleman* would be *valued* above others, it is but reason, if we require him to make it appear, that he is of better *metal* then others, which is to be judged of, not by the *colour*, but *service*.

I would not see the *Gentlemans soul* sitting in his *beautiful body*, like a *breathlesse Idol* of *God* in a *Temple* of *Silver*, there to be *worship'd* by *all*, but do *good* to *none*. It is not fit it should be thought onely such a *fine gay* thing, as is sometimes by the choicest of *Natural endowments* and *Artificial accomplishments*, *embellished* into something more then ordinary, or *burnish'd* over into such a slight superficial *glosse*, as may make *it*, as well as his *body*, *admired* and *gazed*

upon

upon by a few *ignorant* worldlings. Neither should it be his business to get his *Body* alwaies *New-moulded* to the varying humours of the *Court*, and *trick'd* up in all the late invented *Gauderies*, *gorgeous Accoutrements*, and *gingling Trappings*, wherewith the *Levity* of *Art* has made bold to *overload* and *abuse* the *modesty* of Honest *Nature*. He that has no *Nobler* a *Soul* or *Body* then these, may still be no more then a meer *Carcasse*, such as, if it expresse any *motion* seems rather to be *actuated* by the multitude of crawling *vermine* within it, sprung from its own *corruption*, then by a true *rational soul* inspired by *God Almighty*. All the *salt* of *Wit* and *Ingenuity* which such a person usually so much brags of, will not be enough to preserve so *putrid* a Lump from *sinking* above ground.

In a word, *Sir*, the true *gentleman* will labour so to qualifie his *soul*, that he may be disposed to do a *service* to his *God*, in some proportion answerable to those several *tokens* of *favour* and *Honour*, whereby he has so *blest* and graced him in the eye of the world. Seeing *God* has been pleas'd to advance him some degrees above the

multitude,

multitude, he takes care to raiſe his *ſoule* too to that ſpiritual *height* and *pitch* of true *Piety* and *Holineſſe*, that when thus advanced in *outward* dignity; he may not ſeem a *Dwarf on Horſback*.

And becauſe the *Common Gifts* of the moſt *Bountiful Nature* will not put a man into a capacity of performing his part to the full in ſuch an employment, much leſſe with *Idleneſſe* and *Negligence*: It ſhould be every *Gentlemans* care in his *Youth* to give and reſign himſelf wholly up with all his *pleaſures* and *Intereſts*, to the *Care* of his *Soul*; that ſo by the *Prudent Induſtry* of a *Learned* and *godly Inſtructer*, ſeconded with his own *Indefatigable pains* and *patience*, he may have his *golden parts* made truly *bright*, & be, as it were, midwifed afreſh unto ſuch a *perfection*, that he may, not by the *low* and *beggerly* condition of a *rude* and *Ignorant Soul*, be a *diſcredit* to his *Lord* or a *Scandal* to that *calling* he profeſſeth. God delights in *Honourable*, though not in *proud* attendants; and although he is many times pleaſed to fill up his *houſe*, and make up the number of his *Family*, with thoſe who have not been very much befriended

friended either by *nature* in a *noble birth*, or by *Fortune* in a *plentious* and *prosperous life*; yet doth he long to see his *Religion graced* and *credited*, with a long train of such as the *King hath delighted to honour*.

And (blessed be God!) the *care* of our *Ancestors* has been such, that we want not *Nurseries* both of *Learnig* and *Piety* in this *nation*, such as may afford a *breeding* to our *young Gentry* not unsuitable to their *Quality* and intended *employment*. It is my hearty prayer, that these may never be *unstocked* with such *hopefull* and *generous Plants*, as may there *grow* and *thrive*, till they arrive at that *Maturity* both of *grace* and *good Literature*, as well as of *Yeares*, that they may in due time become, not onely *strong*, but also *curiously polished Pillars* for the support of those two glorious Fabricks of *Church* and *State*. That, as by the special *Indulgence* of God they were *Honourably born*; so by his special *Grace* too, they may indeed *live*, both truly *profitable* to his *Saints* here, and as truly *glorious* with them hereafter.

Thus (*Sir*) have I done my best to obey your *Commands*, and, as largely and fully, as

as a little *time*, lesse *leisure*, and yet fewer *abilities* would give me leave; I have given you my present *thoughts* and *wishes* concerning our *English Gentlemen*. I have sent you (I feare) a very little *Kernel* in a large *Shell*; but now you have it, you may chuse whether you will take the pains to *crack* it, or throw it into the *fire*. Whatever it be that here you receive, as *your Commands* gave it *birth*, and *my confidence* of your *goodnesse*, has taught it to *speak* and go *abroad*; so does it now submissively expect your *sentence*, whether of *life* or *death*. Do what you will with all the *rest*, so you do but vouchsafe to read thus much in it, that I am—Sir,

Your most humble and obedient Servant.

THE END.

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